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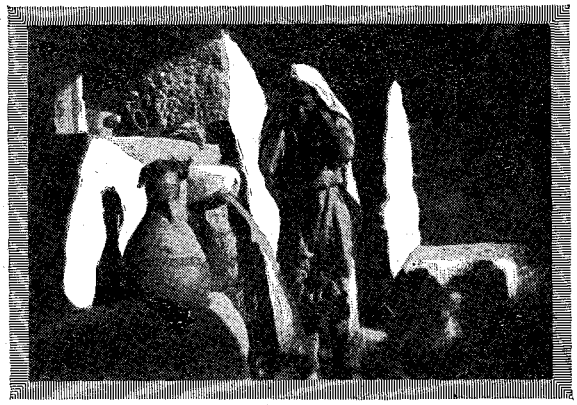

*From a photograph by Doctor Finley.*

# AIN KARIM

*(Meaning the "fountain of mercy," at the traditional birthplace of John the Baptist, where Mary came to visit Elizabeth after the Annunciation)*

By John Finley

O SPRING of Mercy that for untold years
Has flowed unceasing from these sacred hills
O'er which the Virgin hastened as she went
To tell her secret to Elizabeth,
Singing her wondrous canticle of Him
Who "hath put down the mighty from their seat,"
Who "hath exalted them of low degree"
And showeth tender mercy unto men.

. . . . . .

Here did she come with balanced jar,
Here bathe her face and feet as she who stands
To-day before the splashing, sparkling stream
Ere lifting to her head the living gift.

. . . . . .

Water of Life was He who came of her,
The heart's own proof of that same lasting love
Which flows from sources pure and infinite

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And knows nor time nor circumstance—
Only man's thirst for the immortal thing,
Eternal life with everlasting love.

Divine Ain Karim, I would drink of thee,
And so have life and love eternally,
E'en though my body lie in lonely grave
Deep in some cypress-mourning vale of earth,
As they of British mothers born who died
Regaining hills that first knew Mary's Son,—
But life with love, for endless life alone
Were an eternal death, or deathless hell.

JERUSALEM, 1918.

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## "TO CAMOENS IN MESOPOTAMIA"

By Kermit Roosevelt

Two small black tomes that saw the light
In Lisbon scores of years ago,
A wanderer's friend have often proved
Amid the desert or the snow.

When first I turned the yellowed leaves
'Twas 'mong the palm trees of Brazil,
Now in the caliphs' land I find
Their magic unabated still.

And when the sweltering troopship streamed
Through Ormuz Strait 'neath molten sky,
The sea-worn galleons of Camoens
Seemed there at anchor riding high.

Upon the housetops of Baghdad
I've read of *Inez'* luckless fate,
And mid the scorching desert dust
Heard stout da Gama's sailors prate

In long sea watches, of the bout
That once was held in London town,
'Twixt twelve of England's sturdy knights
And Portuguese of far renown.

Now in pursuit of cautious Turk,
With kit reduced to the absurd,
One volume still I've brought and read
Among the mountains of the Kurd.

And so I've scrawled these vagrant lines
To offer thanks where they are due,
For many a weary moment cheered
By these companions tried and true.

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# MARSHAL FOCH AND THE SECOND VICTORY OF THE MARNE

BY RAYMOND RECOULY (CAPTAIN X)
Author of "General Joffre and His Battles," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM FRENCH OFFICIAL MAPS AND FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

THE German army, mightily strengthened in morale as well as materially through the defection of Russia, and in full possession of all its resources and means of offense, fell upon the English with terrific force on the 21st of March, 1918, and upon the French on the 27th of May. Although the decisive victory for which Germany longed was not won, she achieved very important success. In some places the German front was pushed forward for fifty kilometres; a large number of prisoners were taken, also rich booty in supplies of every sort, machine-guns and artillery of all calibres.

The heroism of the French army, which allowed itself to be cut to pieces rather than surrender any vital points, succeeded finally in stemming the German flood, but in the meantime the enemy had drawn disquietingly near Amiens, which it was essential that we should hold in order to keep in communication with the English army; he was also approaching Paris, where the almost daily bombardment of "big Bertha" made even outsiders fully aware of the width and menace of his advance. Two of our important railways, almost indispensable for the movement of our troops, ran from Paris to Calais by way of Amiens, and from Paris to Nancy by Châlons; the first was under the fire of the enemy's artillery, and the second had been cut altogether.

The Germans were determined, at whatever cost, to pursue their advantage and to press onward, first in Flanders, and then between Montdidier and Compiègne. They were halted, but there was every indication that they did not mean to be stopped; they concentrated their forces, regrouped their divisions and drew their reserves closer, in order to launch a third great attack.

It is not necessary to pore over the map in order to see that the Allies could not afford to lose much more ground. Any new advance of the German army would bring it dangerously near Paris, or if made in the region of Amiens-Abbeville, communication between the French and English armies would be imperilled.

The third German onslaught was on the 15th of July, when Ludendorff threw all his forces against the Allied lines, from Château-Thierry as far as the Main de Massiges, to the east of Rheims. But this time the furious assault was stopped short; advance was impossible except at one point of our centre, and almost at once Foch delivered a thrust in return which was irresistible and overwhelming. The French and American troops counter-attacked on the 18th of July, and from the first this counter-offensive, which took the Germans completely by surprise, was a brilliant success. The enemy, jostled and confused, abandoned a wide stretch of territory, losing many thousands of prisoners; and as their communications were threatened they made all haste to retreat, falling back from the Marne, which they had so imprudently crossed, as far as the Aisne. Thus they lost nearly all the ground which they had wrested from us, and the great railway from Paris to Nancy was ours again.

But that was only part of Foch's scheme. In Picardy, on the banks of the Somme and of the Oise he repeated the same masterly stroke which had suc-



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ceeded in Champagne. Again the Germans were surprised, and again our troops advanced, taking many prisoners, and this time the other great road from Paris to Calais was given back to us.

In the course of one month the situation had completely changed. In the beginning the Germans seemed to have won; they trumpeted forth their victory, and announced that the inevitable end of the war was close at hand. Now they were vanquished, and forced to acknowledge their defeat. They had pushed forward, and now they were being pushed back. They had threatened the most vital points of the Allies, and now in their turn they were in danger, forced into a general retreat, of which the scope and gravity became each day more evident.

It would be in vain to search the pages of military history for another example of such a sudden change, for none can be found. It is this reversal of conditions which we call, and with full justification, *The second victory of the Marne.* To the same extent as in the first victory of 1914 the situation of the Allies, from seeming almost desperate, became favorable materially and also as to morale; the pressure of the German power was broken and the liberty and the civilization of the world were saved. It shall be my endeavor to indicate concisely the chief outlines of this second victory, and to point out the various factors, psychological as well as strategic, by which, to my mind, it was determined.

The chief problem in a war where the armies are intrenched, so that their lines stretch without a break for hundreds of kilometres, is to pierce the enemy's front, and the breach once made to widen it, following up the first success in such a manner as to force him to stand upon the defensive. This problem is complex and difficult in the highest degree, and it is not to be wondered at that different commanders should have felt their way, changing their methods, and even their principles, in the attempt to find a solution.

I remember having long discussions upon this important question with one of the greatest fighting men of our day, General Ratko Dimitrief, a Bulgarian by birth, who, however, was in the Russian service, and the brilliant commander of a large army upon the front of Riga. His whole career had been intensely interesting and exciting. After passing all his youth in the Russian army he went back to Bulgaria, where his military talent showed itself so unmistakably that he was given the task of organizing the Bulgarian troops and preparing them for war against Turkey. When that war broke out, Ratko Dimitrief, at the head of the first Bulgarian army, carried out a manœuvre so admirable that it will bear comparison with the finest of Napoleon's. He crossed the Balkans, by mountain passes which were supposed to be inaccessible, fell suddenly upon the Turks, who were completely taken by surprise, and won the great victory of Kirk-Kilissé. This first smashing blow led to the success of the whole campaign.

At the beginning of the present war, Ratko Dimitrief, who was not looked upon with eyes of favor by King Ferdinand on account of his sympathy with Russia, took service again in the Russian army, where the Czar gave him first the command of an army corps and then of an army, which he led from one victorious fight to another during the invasion of Galicia.

In January, 1917, I found myself at Riga, having been sent on a mission to the Russian front, and I was in the habit of passing my evenings with the General, who was delighted to be able to discuss the war with a French officer.

He said to me once: "I have given a great deal of thought to the problem of the best way to pierce an enemy's lines, and I am convinced that Staff officers are on the wrong track when they seek a solution only by accumulating artillery, and by using it in an intense and prolonged bombardment. By dint of thinking too much about the means at their command, they end by forgetting the element of *surprise*, which always has played and always will play a leading part in the game of war. When you have hammered away, day after day, at a certain sector of the enemy's front, it is as if you told him that you mean to attack him there. It is a sort of visiting-card which you leave in order to let him know that you will soon

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begin an assault. The enemy, thus forewarned, makes his arrangements accordingly. He masses his reserves at that point, and when your attack is launched, sooner or later it is checked.

"In my opinion," continued Ratko, "another course should be followed. The solution of the problem consists in bringing a dozen or fifteen good divisions into more or less close proximity to the spot where you mean to strike. That being done, it is, above all, important that the attack should be a surprise, after a brief but violent preparation by your artillery. The enemy should be dazed by the force of your impact and the brutality of your sudden blow. His line once broken, you must push on at once with redoubled speed, in order to widen the breach still further."

Since then I have often remembered these prophetic words of Ratko Dimitrief, for the course of military events has proved that he was right. Early in 1917 a British army in the neighborhood of Cambrai made a surprise attack which had the greatest success. The famous Hindenburg line was broken through in rather a wide sector, but as the English had not sufficient reserves they could not follow up their advantage.

The German Staff, which on account of the treachery of the Russians had a large number of available reserves, sought to solve the problem in the manner suggested to it by the English. According to its view, the two essential points were: *first*, a surprise attack by a strong force, and, *second*, a short but intense artillery preparation, not so much meant to demolish the enemy's defenses as to destroy their occupants by the use of poisonous gas-shells.

General von Hutier, who has one of the best brains on the Prussian Staff, was ordered to try out this method on the Russian front at Riga, as a sort of dress rehearsal; he did so, and the result was very satisfactory.

Early in March last specially trained German divisions began to assemble in a radius of about a hundred kilometres in the country around Saint-Quentin. The most careful precautions were taken to disguise their movements; the troops were absolutely forbidden to march during daytime; any fires in the camps were forbidden also, and no communication was allowed between their front and rear.

In their two first attacks the German army was thus enabled to profit by an element of surprise which counted for a great deal in its success, and, besides that, their furious bombardment with asphyxiating shells made our first lines absolutely untenable.

These German successes had at least one good result—they led to *the unity of command*. The Allied governments at last decided upon an indispensable measure, which it would have been greatly to their interest to have adopted long before; there was to be a sole responsible commander on the western front.

It is only bare justice to M. Clemenceau to say that his influence had great weight in this decision. The choice fell upon General Foch, and none could have better deserved it.

Foch's principal characteristic is an admirable flexibility and clearness of mind, to which is added a dauntless and imperturbable spirit. It is at the most critical time, when a situation seems to be desperate, that he is most captain of his soul; his hand holds the rudder in a firmer grip than before, and he forces events to follow the dictation of his will.

I happened to be in his army, at the centre of the French front, during the first battle of the Marne. There are in every battle, as in every war and every revolution, strongly marked points of bifurcation, when circumstances, instead of following what is apparently their determined course, might have branched off in a different or an entirely opposite direction. These points of bifurcation may be called the *moments of history*. I use the word in its etymological sense; *momentum* is the weight, sometimes feather-light, which turns the trembling scale. It is at these moments that the impulse of a born leader makes itself felt. If he is sufficiently energetic and far-seeing he will not allow himself to be carried along without resistance; he rises to the height of his fortune, and, like Brennus, throws into the scale the weight of his sword.

In the evening of the 8th of September, the most critical day of the first battle

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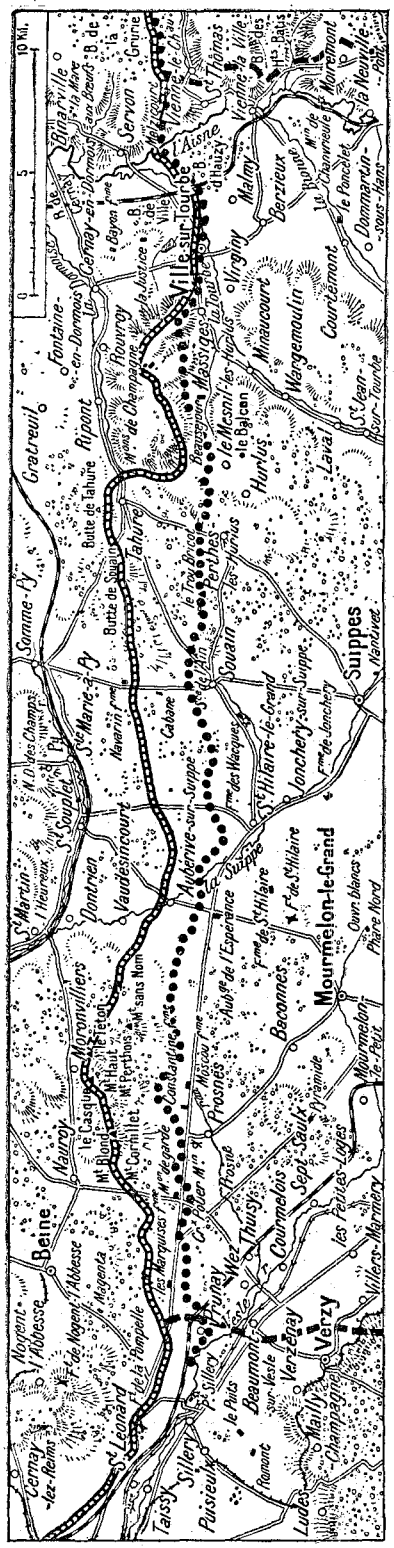


Map showing the disposition of the defense adopted by General Gouraud's army east of Rheims.

The dotted line shows the tactical withdrawal voluntarily carried out by the French troops behind the first line where the German offensive was broken.

of the Marne, the situation of Foch's army seemed hopeless. The centre and the whole of the right wing had been forced violently backward by the Germans, so that the front, instead of being horizontal, appeared oblique and bevelled. The left wing only held because its two divisions still clung with savage obstinacy to the extreme outer edge of the high ground, near Mondement; one was the 42d, commanded by Grossetti, the other the Moroccan division (in which I was) under Humbert. If these divisions fell back, if they loosened their hold on the plateau and allowed themselves to be swept back into the plain, the centre of the French armies would be broken.

But fortunately Foch was there. It was in that most critical moment, with three-fourths of his army pushed back and his losses enormous, that his genius conceived and immediately carried out the manœuvre which decided our great victory. Taking Grossetti's division on his left, he threw it abruptly by what our military men and chess-players call a "*mouvement de rocade*," against the flank of the German army, which projected at that point in a sort of pocket or triangle. This division, one of the best in the French army (it was made up of regiments from Verdun), fell like a thunderbolt upon the flank of the Boches, who did not expect to be attacked from that quarter. Surprised and thrown into disorder, they were forced to fall back with all speed in order to escape disaster.

The battle was won, not only by this masterly manœuvre, but by the strength of Foch's will; he was able to transmit to the minds of those who carried out his orders, and to the troops under them, the ardent and imperious confidence with which his own soul was filled.

Foch applied there, in the heat of action, a maxim of Joseph de Maistre's which he had often quoted to his pupils when he was professor at the École de Guerre: "Battles are won or lost in the minds of those who fight them. No battle is lost until it is believed to be so."

The appointment of Foch as Generalissimo of the Allied armies had a twofold meaning. It meant the complete co-ordination of these forces in the hands of a man who had no equal in the science of

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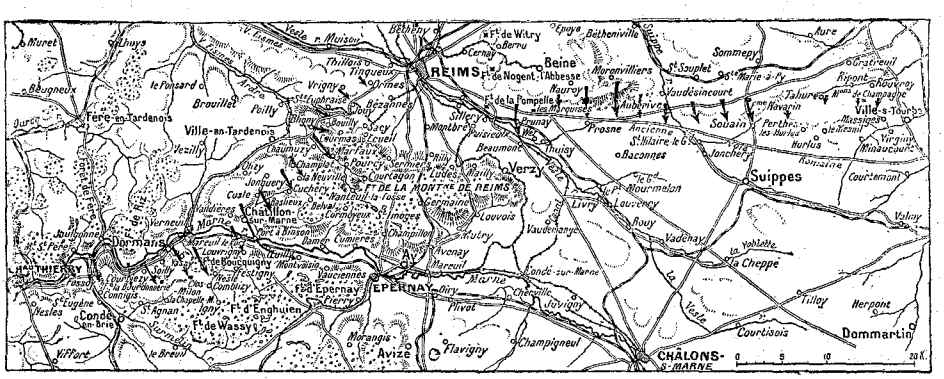
strategy, and it meant also and above all that that science would be applied in the conduct of the great and decisive battle which must soon be fought. It was absolutely certain that Foch would not confine himself to defensive positions, but that he would attack at the right time and would not be willing to receive blows without paying them back with heavy interest.

As the German successes of March and April had been due to surprise, as well as to skilful tactics, the first thing to do was to be fully prepared against a repetition of the same methods. And there it was that the keen, sane, and systematic genius of Pétain, who was commander-in-chief on the keenest alert. Toward the end of June it was definitely known that the attack in Champagne was definitely decided upon. On the 6th of July the indications were still more exact, and the next day, July 7, General Gouraud, who commanded the fourth French army, gave out a stirring order of the day to the French and American troops under him, exhorting them to stand firm against the impending attack.

On the 10th of July our intelligence service reported that the date fixed for this attack was the 14th or 15th, whereupon our Staff proceeded to probe into the German lines by vigorous raids, in order to ascertain positively whether this




Directions of the German offensive.

of the French army, came into play. Pétain had an instinct for organization, he paid the utmost attention to all details, and he had also the faculty of quickly finding ingenious solutions for the most difficult and unexpected problems.

It was above all imperative to discover at any cost where the German troops were concentrated, and to know what sector, and at what time, they proposed to attack anew. Our intelligence service and those connected with our staffs whose business it was to collect information redoubled their efforts and their precautions. The German plan was ferreted out. It was found that they meant to attack in Champagne, and all signs showed intense activity of preparation on the enemy's part.

The French and American troops were information was correct. In the evening of July 14 one of the most successful of these probings was carried out by a French detachment, led by one of our lieutenants. He rushed boldly into the German trenches, and, thanks to the prisoners whom he brought back, we found out everything, down to the most minute details. It was the most wonderful haul that could possibly have been made, and through it we knew that the German artillery preparation was to begin at ten minutes past midnight; at a quarter past four in the morning the infantry would leave the trenches and advance, protected by a creeping barrage.

The names of the heroes to whose coolness and daring we owed this most valuable information ought to pass down to posterity. They were Lieutenant Bales-

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tier, Sergeant Lejeune, Corporals Hoquet and Gourmelon, and Private Aumasson. General Gouraud himself fastened the cross of the Legion of Honor upon the breast of Lieutenant Balestier, and never had it been won more worthily.

That same night at eleven o'clock the General ordered our artillery counter-operation to begin, and by half past eleven every battery in his army was in full blast with a furious barrage, meant to forestall and disconcert the German attack. This terrific cannonading during the night of July 14 was plainly heard in all the region around Paris.

### THE DEFENSIVE BATTLE

In the great combat which was now beginning, and which was to prove one of the decisive battles of the war, the strategic plan of General Foch was the following:

To hold back the enemy and prevent him from gaining any ground; those were the tactics of defense. This result once attained, and the German assaults broken up, counter-attacks were to be made with the utmost vigor by all of our available forces, taking advantage of the perilous position in which the German army had placed itself on account of the enormous "pocket" which it had made between Soissons, Château-Thierry, and Rheims. These two parts of the battle were closely linked together, and one was as important as the other. In order for the counter-attack to succeed it was necessary that the defense should be proof against any assault. Every reader will understand that it is impossible for many reasons to set forth here in full all the details which went to make up the ingenious system of defense which had been devised by General Pétain; it may suffice to say that its leading idea was to allow the Germans to launch their first assault into space, as it were, by causing his own first line to fall back slowly, reserving his chief defensive for the second and third. In a fencing-bout, when you have to deal with an opponent whose game consists in lightning-like and repeated thrusts, it is the part of wisdom to give way in time, yielding as much ground as is absolutely necessary at the moment when he makes his thrust. His rapier, instead of reaching your breast, finds itself in empty air, and in that moment your counter-thrust is made.

But whether it be a question of fencing or of war, everything in this manœuvre depends upon the way in which it is carried out, and in order to profit by this defense to its fullest extent a leader of the highest degree of talent and troops of the first order are indispensable. The units left in the first line are of necessity sacrificed; their duty is to die if need be where they stand, after holding back the enemy's attack by every possible means, so that when he reaches the second line his ranks will be already thinned and his first wind and strength exhausted.

The soldiers under General Gouraud and General Berthelot made this sacrifice of their lives with the courage of Stoics.

The Germans launched their great attack from Château-Thierry as far as the Main de Massiges. A glance at the map will show what their objectives were: They proposed to overflow the country to the right and left of Rheims and the Montagne de Rheims, by a double enveloping movement to overcome the defense of that city, and afterward to push on to Epernay and Châlons. Their shock divisions expected to reach these two latter cities on the first or second day of the battle. It is easy to see that a German advance on Châlons was a grave menace to the Allies, as it would imperil the safety of communications between our army of the east and that of the north.

The French army was most fortunate in having for the guiding spirit of its defensive battle, on whose forces the chief weight of the German attack must fall, one of our greatest leaders and most skilful trainers of men, General Gouraud, a hero worthy of the famous phrase: "The mere sight of him made men brave."

In all our armies there is no chief possessed of more influence and more personal magnetism; when he is with his troops a miraculous growth of devotion, heroism, and sacrifice springs up among them into a rich harvest.

The reason is not far to seek; his whole life has been made up of devotion and sacrifice to duty and to his country.

On the 15th of July, at a quarter past

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four in the morning, as day was breaking, the troops of the Kronprinz left their trenches and flung themselves against the French lines. Our plan of defense, which had been thought out to the last detail, worked to perfection; the battle went on and developed exactly as the French commanders had foreseen. The signallers on our first line threw up warning rockets at the approach of the enemy, and immediately our barrage-fire fell upon the German first positions. Our first line, meant to be yielded, was only feebly manned, but every man therein was a hero, and their intrepid officers were prepared to lay down their lives for France. They all knew, officers and men, that nine-tenths of them would die in their tracks; it was their task, as I have said, to hold back and disperse the first attack of the enemy, and they fulfilled their mission to the end. Many heroic deeds were done which will never be known, while others belong already to history. At Mont-sans-Nom, for instance, half a platoon—made up of fifteen or twenty men at most, commanded by a captain, held on from five o'clock in the morning until six o'clock at night, besieged and almost submerged by the German flood, but managing to keep in touch with the rear by means of carrier-pigeons and wireless telegraphy. A major in command of a battalion was not far away, also hemmed in at his post with all his men. By nightfall they had exhausted all their ammunition; when the order to retire came from their division, the major, the captain, and their handful

*From a photograph copyright by R. Meley, Paris.*

General Gouraud.



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of men opened a way for themselves with their bayonets and arrived at our line with fourteen prisoners. These islands of French resistance, of which there were many, stopped, divided, and scattered the oncoming German waves of assault, as they were meant to do, so that when they came upon our principal line of defense, two or three kilometres further back, their force was three-quarters spent and they did not succeed in seriously encroaching at any point on General Gouraud's front.

By noon the French commanders had a very distinct impression that the victory was ours; a general commanding an army corps remarked in popular language that we "had broken the beast's paw." This was then the situation: To the right, on Gouraud's front, our advance formations were holding on to their shelters; in the centre the enemy had only reached our intermediate positions; on the left he had got as far as the old Roman road, and the woods to the southeast of Prunay.

The check of the German attack was from that time a foregone conclusion. The Kaiser, as we knew from our first prisoners, had been watching the battle from Ludendorff's house at Blanc-Mont, no doubt waiting for the approaching time when he should make his entry into Châlons. But that entry never came off, any more than his entry into Nancy—or into Paris!

In the evening of July 16 General Gouraud issued an order of the day to his army, announcing the victory. In this army there was an American division, fighting among our poilus and giving every proof of splendid courage. The young American soldiers, of whom many were under fire for the first time, bore themselves like veterans. In one trench where they fought side by side with French chasseurs, the dead bodies of more than sixty Germans were found in a stretch of a couple of hundred yards.

The defense made by General Berthelot's army, which held the left sector between Rheims and the Marne, was equally energetic, equally full of heroism. The German effort was especially furious at this point; their encircling manœuvre, which had for its objective the capture of the Montagne de Rheims and of the city, had another as well; General Fritz von Below aimed at breaking the front of Berthelot between the Marne and Rheims, just as Von Einem sought to break Gouraud's front between Rheims and the Main de Massiges.

The German attack was launched with extreme violence. Our lines, which were held by French and Italian troops, wavered somewhat before the formidable thrust; the Italians lost the wooded slopes of Bligny and Champlat, and we were forced back to the outskirts of the forest of Rheims. But we stuck firmly to our second positions, on which the enemy could make no impression.

On the left-hand sector, which lay along the Marne, between Château-Thierry and Mareuil, another German army, led by Von Boehn, had rather better success. Six of their divisions managed to cross the river between Jaulgonne and Verneuil, and climbed the heights to the southward. Fierce fighting took place around the villages of Reuilly and Courthièzy, and by the end of the day our men had been obliged to yield some ground. The Germans gained a foothold in the villages of Saint-Agnan and La Chapelle-Monthodon, and by July 15 their advance south of the Marne had reached five kilometres at this point. On the other hand, further to the left, west of Fossoy, the American troops had thrown the Germans back across the river.

The enemy, having gained a local success, immediately sought to push it farther, by enlarging, toward Epernay, the pocket which he had dug out on the left bank of the Marne, but vigorous counter-attacks on our part soon succeeded in winning back part of this ground, and the villages of Saint-Agnan and La Chapelle were ours again. In vain Von Boehn redoubled his efforts; he only got possession of the hamlet of Montvoisin, ten kilometres from Epernay.

The situation on the evening of July 17 was very much in our favor, and the great defensive battle was three-fourths won. It is easy to divide into three sectors the wide front over which it was spread:

1st. On the front of Gouraud's army, between Rheims and the Main de Massiges, the Germans were completely checked.

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2d. On Berthelot's front, between the Marne and Rheims, our lines had been somewhat bent back, but our second positions were untouched, and already the French and Italian troops, not satisfied with having made a stout resistance, were getting back some of the ground which they had lost.

3d. Along the Marne, between Château-Thierry and Cailly, the Germans enlarge and make use of it for further advance. If that was not possible, the salient was a serious drawback, since it laid them open to flanking attacks. Now, Foch was a past master in that particular kind of fighting, as he had shown at the first battle of the Marne.

The Boche being thus held at every point, the hour for a counter-attack had manifestly come. It was now time for

The French detachment which, just before the German attack, reported, as the result of a bold dash, the most exact details of what was to take place.

Lieutenant Balestier in the centre.

had been able to get six of their divisions across the river, but these troops were unable to follow up their advantage, and, that being the case, their position to the south of the stream seemed perilous.

Taking it altogether, our Generalissimo, Foch, had every reason to be satisfied on that evening of July 17. The German push had been stopped short. The enormous salient which their successful offensive of the 27th of May on the Chemin-des-Dames had made into the French lines was no longer an advantage unless they should be able to the Generalissimo to pass from defensive to offensive warfare, which is, according to Napoleon, "the most difficult of all the operations of war, for which the right moment can only be grasped by a man of the highest talent!"

### FOCH'S RETURN THRUST

ONE of the chief reasons why Germany will lose this war (and she has lost it already) is because she has made gross mistakes as to the psychology of her enemies; of France, in the first place, then England, and after that America; and

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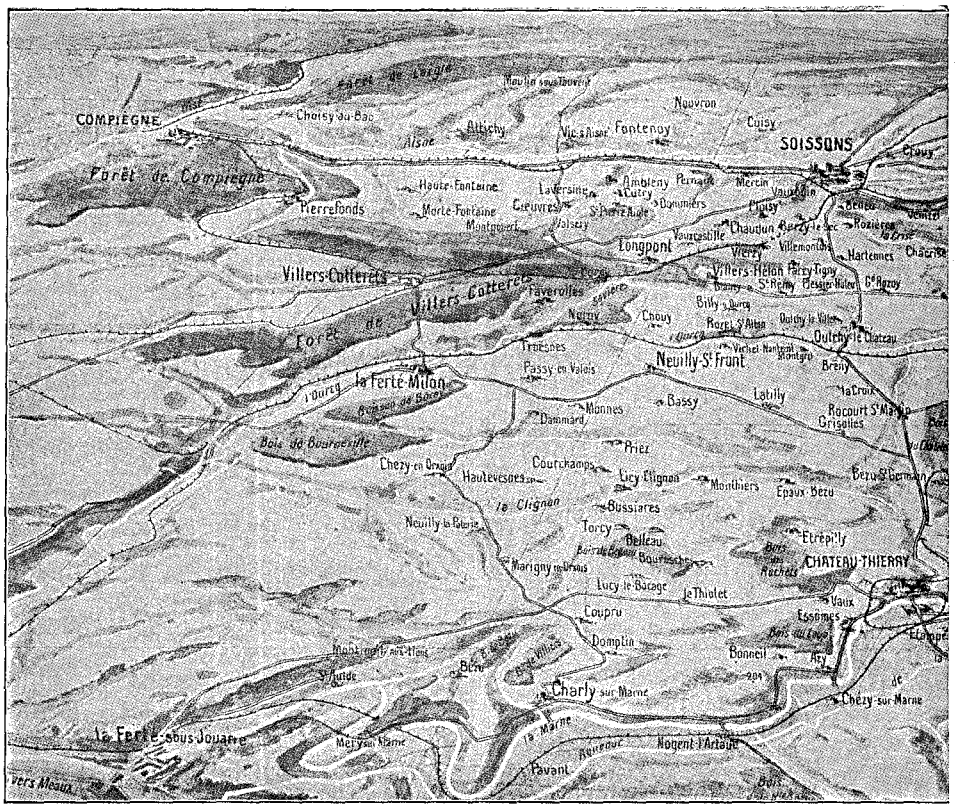


Field of the second

she has also entirely underestimated the military strength which each of these countries could bring to bear against her. These errors, and this faulty reckoning, doom her to defeat; if we should seek for the causes which have led to them, we might find some such explanation as this:

The Germans enjoyed a flourishing *material civilization*, but they had no *moral civilization* whatever.

The way in which they provoked this war, their obscene barbarity of conduct, in which officers and soldiers are alike, the innumerable crimes which have marked their passage through Belgium and France—cities burned to the ground, systematic and wanton destruction of ancient monuments, thousands of innocent people massacred, thousands more reduced to famine or carried into hideous slavery, desecration of religious symbols and graves of the dead, authorized and organized pillage and defilement—all of these make up the most monstrous offense against justice and humanity which has ever been committed by a great people, and for this they are one and all responsible, from the Kaiser down to the meanest of his subjects.

The world has been pushed back for twenty or even thirty centuries, and because much of the harm done is irreparable those who have wrought it must be severely punished. We should be lacking in our most sacred duty to our dead and to the generations which are yet to come if, through fatigue or moral weakness, we should allow the war to end without the infliction of signal punishment.

That long list of misdeeds could not have been committed if the Germans had had any true morality, or any real morale. And if a man has no moral standards himself, how can he measure and appreciate those of his enemies? He can form



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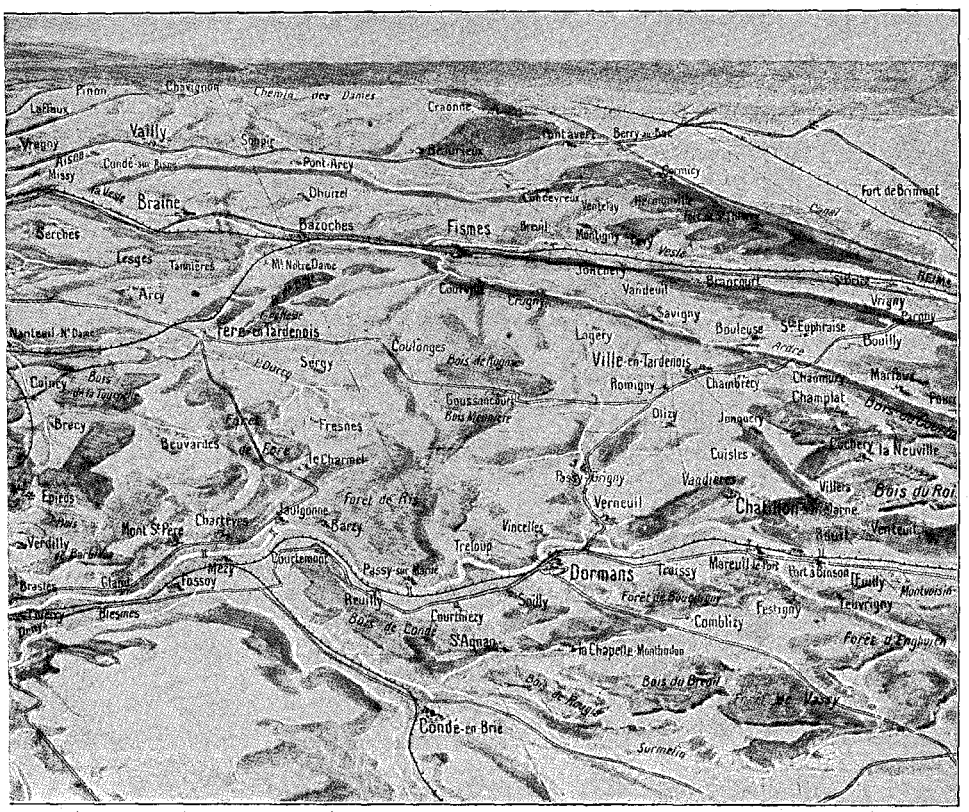


battle of the Marne.

no idea of them; what Bismarck called "those imponderables," are for him non-existent. This shadowy domain of the moral forces, from which, however, they rule the world, is an unknown country to the Germans; they grope about in it, go astray, and in the end lose themselves. At the outbreak of the war, misled by appearances and only accustomed to look at the outside of things, they stupidly decided that France would fall to pieces in a few weeks; they had not the slightest idea of the inexhaustible reserves of courage, energy, and resistance on which our country could draw.

The Germans have not understood the English character, and still less that of the Americans. They believed that the worship of the Almighty Dollar was so firmly established in America, and love of comfort and peace so deep-rooted, that nothing would induce the United States to go to war. They could not understand the American idealism, of which we have now in France such a magnificent example—an army of nearly two million men who within a year have rushed to take part in this new crusade against barbarism; against those who have been "faithless to humanity."

We shall see that the Germans made the same mistakes in psychology and in underrating the strength of their adversaries at the second battle of the Marne which we have just won.

They were convinced that the French army was incapable of resistance, and still more of making a counter-attack. Their successes of the 21st of March and the 27th of May had gone to their heads, until they were fairly bursting with vanity; they believed that the Allies were only fit to be their butt and would continue to be maltreated without hitting back.

That explains their overwhelming sur-



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prise at the French counter-offensive in July.

Foch's plan, which was at the same time very simple and extremely ingenious, consisted in taking advantage of the salient formed by the German front, in order to throw against their flank, between Soissons and Château-Thierry, two French and American armies, those of General Mangin and General Degoutte. Final orders for the attack were given on the night of the 17th and 18th. Mangin's army stretched between the Aisne and the Ourcq; that of Degoutte from the Ourcq to Clignon, where it joined the American troops. A furious storm during the night fortunately hid the last preparations for the advance.

The Boches, who had no idea that anything was going to happen, were all snugly underground in their dugouts, when, at the appointed time, thirty-five minutes past four, thousands of guns began a thunderous cannonade, and at the same moment our infantry flung themselves forward, led by an army of tanks. The surprise of the Germans left nothing to be wished for. By noon Mangin's men had reached Saconin-Breuil and Vierzy; they swept past Chaudun, Villers-Hélon, Mauroy-sur-Ourcq. Whole German staffs were captured in their headquarters; cannon were counted by the hundred, prisoners by the thousand, and farther to the south Degoutte's army and the American troops were having a like success.

The Germans, stunned by this overwhelming blow, hastily brought up their reserves, but to no purpose; on the 19th the Allied troops continued to advance, and Mangin reached the heights which dominated Soissons.

This triumphant advance was followed by immediate results. The German General Staff, conscious of peril, began to call back those divisions which were at the southern extremity of the salient, an operation which the French and American troops took care to interfere with by attacking all along the line, from Soissons to Rheims. During the night of the 19th and 20th the German divisions which had succeeded in crossing the Marne found themselves harassed and attacked from all sides. Incessantly pounded by our artillery and tormented by our aviators, they were forced to recross the river on shaking foot-bridges, which were demolished every few minutes by the fire of our guns. The roads were blocked by a dense swarm of retreating columns and supply-trains, on which our aviators and artillery poured tons of projectiles. At daybreak on the 20th the French and American troops lined the southern bank of the Marne.

That day Mangin and Degoutte pursued their course eastward; between Rheims and the Marne Berthelot continued to gain ground. We had already taken twenty thousand prisoners and four hundred guns, and the American divisions on Degoutte's right had gained a foothold on the plateau of Etrepilly, which overlooks Château-Thierry. This town, the birthplace of La Fontaine, the most national of all our poets, was set free by the Americans on the night of the 20th and 21st, after having been in the hands of the enemy for fifty days. On the 21st, 22d, 23d, and 24th of July our offensive advance became still more marked. The army of Mangin got as far as Oulchy-la-Ville; Degoutte went well beyond the road leading from Soissons to Château-Thierry. At the southern end of the salient the Americans crossed the Marne at many places between Château-Thierry and Dormans, and pushed boldly forward toward the north in the forests of Fère and Ris.

It was only natural that the fighting should have raged most fiercely between the Marne and Rheims, for there was the pivot of the German resistance; if that was carried his retreat would become a disaster. Berthelot's army, which was reinforced by English divisions, had therefore a very stiff task, for the Germans threw in three of their finest divisions, choice troops which they had been keeping in reserve. The struggle lasted until the 26th, when the Germans, worn out, at last made up their minds to retreat, and General Gouraud seized the opportunity to retrieve, by a brilliant stroke, some of the ground which he had voluntarily given up at the beginning of the battle.

In the night of the 26th and 27th the enemy was in full retreat on all the line

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from the valley of the Ourcq, southeast of Oulchy-le-Château, as far as the valley of the Ardre, above Bligny. We took Fère-en-Tardenois. The Germans, although they had been obliged to diminish their salient, still strove to hold on to their two pivots of Soissons and Rheims, but on the 29th one of these pivots was rudely shaken by General Mangin. On the 1st of August the Allied armies renewed their attack, with the object of throwing the mass of the enemy's forces back to the Vesle, and Mangin's army, reinforced by British troops, carried the villages of Grand-Rosoy, Beugneux, and Hartennes. The Germans were obliged to evacuate Soissons, as it was in imminent danger, and on the 2d of August, at six o'clock in the evening, the chasseurs of General Vuillemot made their entry into the city. On all the front our advance continued. Ville-en-Tardenois was regained, and in the morning of the 3d we held the banks of the Aisne and the Vesle from Soissons to Fismes, the outskirts of which were occupied by Americans. In twenty-four hours we had advanced ten kilometres, and had retaken more than fifty villages.

On the 4th of August, after very severe fighting, the Americans got into Fismes.

After the 5th of August we were in possession of the southern banks of the Aisne and the Vesle, from Soissons to Rheims, and the masterly manœuvre which Foch had started on the 18th of July had come to an end as far as that part of the front was concerned, and with the most inspiring success. The salient which the Germans had driven into our lines after their victory of the Chemin-des-Dames was reduced to a quarter of what it had been, and their losses in prisoners and in guns were grave. But those material losses were nothing compared to the serious injury to their morale. Ludendorff was stunned by the formidable blow dealt him by Foch; he appeared to have lost all initiative, and the situation was entirely reversed. The German army, instead of attacking, had now to suffer our attacks; the High Command seemed to be disabled and incapable of pulling itself together for any effective reaction. The High Command of the Allies, on the other hand, had never been in more magnificent form.

### THE AMERICANS IN THE BATTLE

One of the essential characteristics of this battle must always be the part played in it by the Americans. For the first time on European soil a large number of American troops, formed into divisions, found themselves engaged in a military operation on a very large scale; they were about to undergo a decisive ordeal.

From this ordeal they came out with flying colors, in every sense of the words. The gallantry with which they fought, the skill of their officers, the heroism of the men, excited the wonder and admiration of every Frenchman who came into contact with them. Many of my comrades were delighted to bear witness to their valor and coolness. General Degoutte was for a long time in Morocco, commanding the celebrated Moroccan division, which is one of the glories of our army; all its regiments have the "fourragère," and their flags are decorated with the Legion of Honor. In speaking of the American division which fought at Château-Thierry the general declared, "I couldn't have done better with my 'Marocaine,'" and General Gouraud said of the men: "They are as good as the best of our poilus."

General Pershing, in the ringing order of the day which he issued to his troops after the victory, designated a certain number among them; the 1st, the 2d, the 3d, the 4th, the 26th, the 28th, the 32d, and the 42d divisions—eight in all.

The American Staff is sparing of details touching the very brilliant rôle played by its units; it thinks more of preparing for the success of to-morrow than of celebrating the conquests of yesterday, and this is easily understood. But in the meantime, before the full official account is published, I may give here a few stories which I have gathered from French officers regarding the heroism of the young Americans.

Take, for instance, the divisions which were echeloned on the southern bank of the Marne, between Château-Thierry and Jaulgonne. When the German attack was launched they made an admirable defense; at one part of the front be-

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tween Fossoy and Crezancy the enemy was stopped short. He had more luck, however, to the eastward, where he pushed aside some French troops, and crossed the river. The Americans, finding their right flank menaced, made a bend five kilometres long in their positions, fighting on the defensive all the way. They carried out this difficult manœuvre under heavy fire with great coolness, and held their positions until the 20th of July, when the German retreat began. The Americans then hurled themselves in pursuit, and two days later the villages of Jaulgonne, Chartèves and Mont-Saint-Père were taken. There was very stiff fighting on the wooded hills which rise above Charmel; in the night of the 25th the Americans overran the village, and when the dawn came they were masters of the hill crests. On the 27th they reached the source of the Ourcq, and carried Ronchères. After twelve days of steady fighting since they left the bank of the Marne, they found themselves in a very difficult country, on the south border of the Meunière wood; and there they were relieved.

Another division went into action on the slopes of Ronchères on the 30th of July, and fought its way steadily in the direction of Fismes, reaching there on the 5th of August. It is an interesting detail that this division was largely made up of regiments from Wisconsin, and among them were many German-Americans, who proved their loyalty to their adopted country by shedding their blood for it.

It was on the evening of the 30th of July that they attacked the wood of Grimpettes, after a short artillery preparation, and occupied its southeast corner. The Germans resisted obstinately, counter-attacking with vigor, and pushing back the American front-line formations. The fighting became more and more bitter; much of it was hand-to-hand. The next day, the 31st, the Americans managed to seize all the wood, crushing the nests of machine-guns meant to stop their progress to Cierges. That village, which lay in a hollow, was drowned in asphyxiating gases; instead of trying to go into it, the Americans went round, and with one great rush took the northern slopes above. Then, after a short pause, they cleared out the wood of Joublets, while, at the same time, a French division advanced on Leroy, coming out of the Meunière wood.

On the 1st of August the Americans sprang forward again, to find themselves faced by very serious obstacles—the Reddy Farm and Hill 230. But they had shown, ever since they came into the fighting, that they had a talent for manœuvres and were already versed in infantry tactics; they were also masters of the art of rushing a position, and skilful in the use of machine-guns, automatic rifles, and field-mortars. Again they were more than a match for the Germans, and Hill 230 was carried at the first assault, the Americans taking seventy prisoners; after that the enemy stole off, leaving only a weak rear-guard, which was instantly swept away. Toward evening on the 2d of August the Americans were north of Dravegny, having pushed on for six or seven kilometres. For three days their infantry had been fighting continuously, notwithstanding the great difficulty of getting food, as there was only one very narrow road for all the supply-trains, and that was soaked by heavy rains. Notwithstanding all drawbacks, they went steadily on, until the line which passes Bouleaux was reached, and here the Germans faced them again; they had a large number of machine-guns and their artillery swept all approaches.

It was, therefore, necessary for the Americans to turn back upon themselves with all caution and have recourse again to manœuvring. The division turned all the enemy's bases, and succeeded in getting as far as the sloping ground north of Saint-Martin, having made a bend seven kilometres deep.

A last and greatest effort brought these fighting men to Fismes and the valley of the Vesle, but at the cost of heavy sacrifices. The 4th of August saw very heavy fighting; the Germans held Fismes in force, but the Americans kept up a steady fire with their field-mortars and some 37-mm. guns, and by nightfall were within a kilometre of the village. Heavy rain fell all night long, making the task before them still harder, but when day broke again, after their artillery had somewhat prepared the way, they made their final assault. Fighting in the village was from

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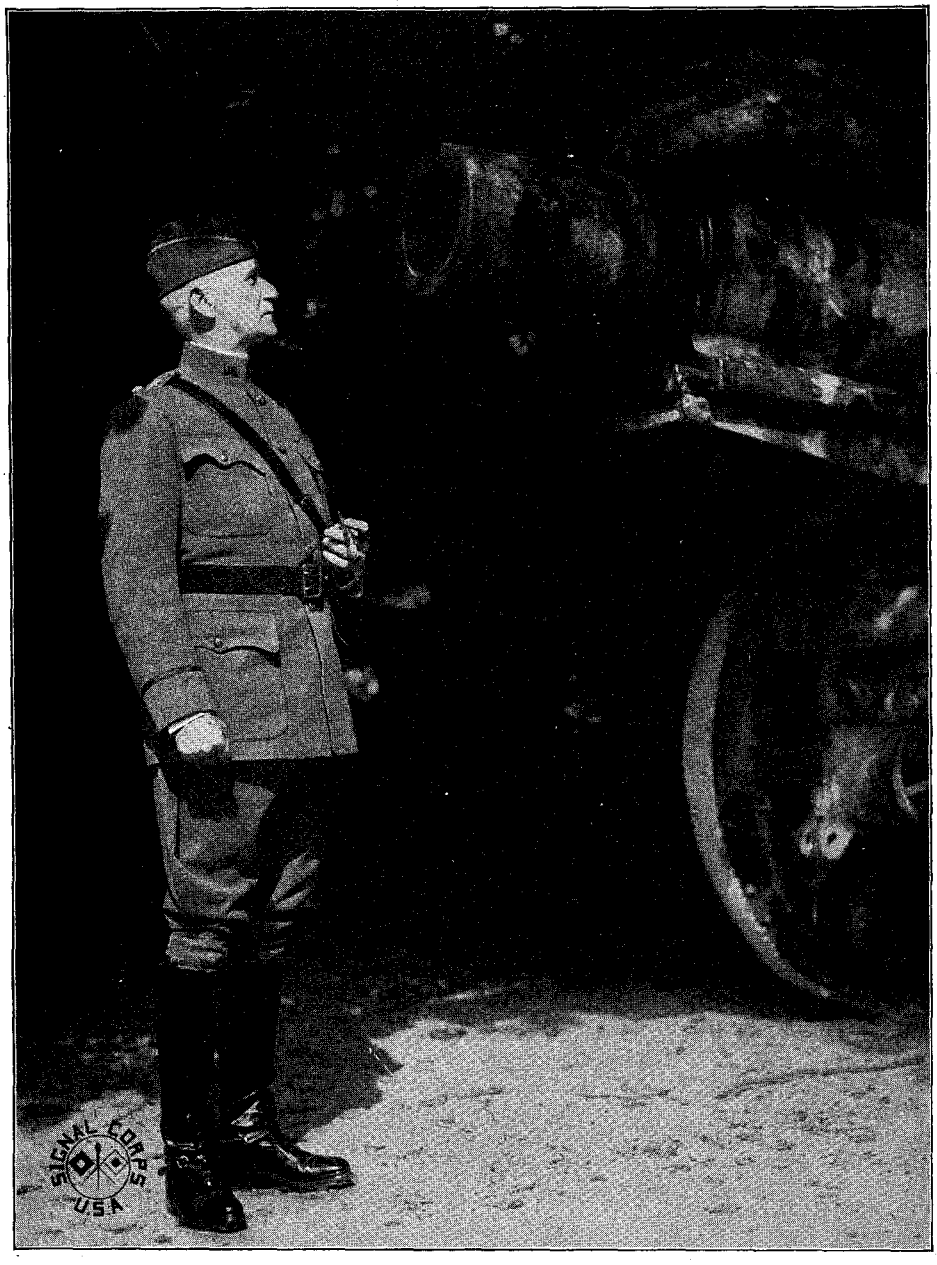


Major-General Clarence Edwards, commanding the 26th American Division, standing before a 210-mm. gun captured from the Germans.

house to house and hand to hand; each group of walls was an island of resistance to the steadily oncoming flood, but when night again fell the job was almost done; the Germans only held the northern end of the village, and the next day they were driven out of that and across the Vesle. The division had left Ronchères on the 30th of July; in six days it had fought its way successfully for 18 kilometres, ending up with the difficult feat of taking Fismes by assault.



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And here let me give, only too briefly, a mere sketch of the brilliant work done by what was known as "the Yankee Division," which had the honor of relieving, in Belleau Wood, the American Marine Corps, which there won immortality.

The Yankee Division held the sector northeast of Château-Thierry, between Bussiares and Vaux, on the road from Château-Thierry to La Ferté-sous-Jouarre, having on its right and left two French divisions. On the 18th of July, at thirty-five minutes past four in the morning, they attacked with vigor, although somewhat handicapped because their left wing was far behind the right, and therefore forced to advance very rapidly in order to straighten their line. The village of Torcy was carried in an hour, the Germans being taken quite by surprise; Belleau and Givry were occupied, and the railway reached. The fighting in Givry was very grim. Hill 193, which was to have been taken by the French on the American left, held out, and the Americans were thus exposed to a heavy enfilading fire, from which they lost heavily. At last this hill was carried, thanks to the help of the Americans, and the forward push went on; the villages of Epieds and Trugny were taken by storm, and the division reached the road from Jaulgonne to Fère-en-Tardenois. In six days it had advanced a distance of 17 kilometres, taken 248 prisoners, a heavy 210-mm. cannon and many machine-guns, thus deserving, as did all the other American divisions, the splendid praise given them by Foch when he received the representatives of the Allied press. "As to the Americans," he said, "you may say that they are admirable soldiers; I have only one fault to find with them—they want to go forward too fast—I am obliged to hold them back. They want to push on all the time, and kill as many Germans as they possibly can."

When these gallant American divisions received their baptism of fire, fighting magnificently beside the war-hardened French troops, a decisive moment in the war had been reached. The comradeship, the brotherhood between the French and the Americans was strengthened upon the field of battle, and their blood, shed side by side for the same just cause, sealed forever the union of these two great nations.

### THE STRATEGY OF FOCH, AND HIS PURSUANCE OF THE VICTORY

When this great victory of the second battle of the Marne had been achieved, General Foch, on the proposition of M. Clemenceau and with the concurrence of the President of the Republic, was given the rank of Marshal of France, and never was this high reward better deserved. M. Clemenceau's letter recalled with eloquent exactness the many claims of the new Marshal to the gratitude of France, and not of France alone but of all the Allies and the whole world: "Paris freed from danger, Soissons and Château-Thierry reconquered by main force, more than 200 villages set free, 35,000 prisoners and 700 guns taken—those are the tangible results of the manœuvre magnificently conceived by the High Command, and carried out by his incomparable leaders."

Foch received his Marshal's baton on the 7th of August. He had just beaten the Kronprinz of Germany, and he proceeded forthwith to beat the Kronprinz of Bavaria.

The battle of Champagne was won; he was now to win the battle of Picardy. The great salient which the Germans had made in our lines, from the south of Arras nearly to Soissons, gave him the opportunity of a new manœuvre as brilliant as his first had been.

In the morning of the 8th of August the 4th English army, commanded by General Rawlinson, and the 1st French army, under General Debeney, attacked from the west of Amiens to the south of Montdidier. The tactical move was the same as before; after a short but fierce bombardment the infantry threw themselves upon the German lines, supported by a host of tanks. Again the enemy was taken completely by surprise, and the success was amazing; in two days the 1st French army advanced a distance of fourteen kilometres, and took 4,000 prisoners. Nor was the success of the British army less remarkable—13,000 prisoners fell to their share. The town of Montdidier was won back by the French, and one victory followed another in a manner that was almost startling; in a

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few days the Germans lost 40,000 prisoners and 700 guns.

These great gains had hardly been reported when Marshal Foch, with the large view of genius, undertook to broaden the field of action still further. Humbert's army followed that of Debeney into the fighting, and the German army fell back before it. Then it was the turn of Mangin's army, which was on the other side of the Oise, to give the enemy smashing blows; at one stroke, on the 20th of August, he advanced four kilometres and took 8,000 prisoners. Finally he attacked the Massif de Saint-Gobain, a mountain mass which is the keystone of the German defenses in France, and is "nibbling" away at it, little by little.

Meanwhile the great battle was steadily widening toward the north as well as the south. One after another the British lines began to blaze; below General Rawlinson's army, that led by General Byng; then below him the army of General Horne, and further north General Plumer's army—one after another they came into action. Under these repeated blows, coming from all sides, the Germans staggered and weakened, and a general retreat began, leaving in our hands thousands of prisoners, guns by the hundred, and innumerable stores of munitions. This strategic movement of Foch's, in which he moved his armies as a skilful chess-player does his pieces, must always be considered as one of the finest achievements of the war.

While I write the battle is still going on, and there is every reason for the highest hopes. Already the lump sum of prisoners taken is not far from 150,000, and the captured guns are numbered by thousands.

For these amazing results we are indebted to the unity of command and to the genius of Foch. The plan of his strategy was classic in the simplicity and breadth of its design, while every detail was carefully and ingeniously worked out, the result being that the varied evolutions of his many different armies followed each other and worked as smoothly as the parts of a well-regulated machine.

Compared to his, the strategy of the German commanders seems poor, limited, and without breadth of view. Let us set aside the victories cheaply won over the Russians and Rumanians by Hindenburg and Mackensen, and look at the German strategy on the French fronts. Even after he had committed the ignominious crime of invading Belgium, Von Moltke, chief of the General Staff, was beaten by Joffre at the Marne in 1914. His defeat was so marked that the Kaiser himself removed him from his command. In 1916 the Germans attempted to take Verdun by the sheer weight of masses of men in a frontal attack, there being almost no strategy employed, and that attack failed also. Two years later they made two new offensives which during the first few days met with undeniable success, but when their advance was once checked they could not carry it on again; when they were unable to make the definite break in the French lines for which they had hoped, they seemed merely to mark time, thus losing precious days which gave their adversary an opportunity to pull himself together again. As to their third attack, on the 15th of July, which I have just outlined, it ended for them in a bloody and disastrous defeat, and was for the Allies the beginning of their final success.

The Allies will have won the war not only because their morale is finer than that of the Germans, but because of their superiority in military science, and for both those reasons they have every confidence that the victory thus won will be complete and lasting.

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# HADENBROOK'S INDEPENDENCE

By Armistead C. Gordon
Author of "Maje," "Ommirandy," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. B. FROST

HADENBROOK was always "going" somewhere or "going to do" something. Now, he was going to Pittsburgh and get a job as a waiter. Tom Williams was there, and was making forty dollars a month in a restaurant. Tom had sent him word through Uncle Henderson that he could give him a fine place where he was employed.

"Thin phwat the divil do yez be stayin' on here for? Go on wid yez at wanst, an' shtop talkin' av it, bad 'cess to yez, an' take the dog wid ye, ye black spalpeen!" counselled the King of Connaught, who lived next door to where Hadenbrook worked, at infrequent intervals and at odd jobs, in the negro undertaker's establishment.

"He vas lahst veek goin' to get Isr'el Schmidt to loant him some money alretty yet, und a nigger eatin'-house open up, und sell hot-dogs und wienerwurst und sauerkrauts mit de coons," commented Wasserbrod, who kept the barber-shop farther up the street.

"The thrubble wid this feller is, he ain't got no Irish in him," replied the King, regarding Hadenbrook with a look in which aversion and contempt were mingled. "Blarst his mug! He don't have thim little pig eyes for nothin'. Look at 'em! Usha! He's scaired av his shadder. An' him a-knockin' roun' the town, heftin' av nigger coffins, an' runnin' av arrants for a pittance, the black bostoon!"

The object of these expressions of regard on the part of his two naturalized fellow Americans stood on the ragged brick pavement in front of the Sicilian cobbler's door, and looked from one to the other benignly. Above his head hung a little tin sign which bore the roughly painted representation of a boot and a shoe, with what Wasserbrod called "ein oon sofort" between them—a crude pictorial chunk of advertising meat in an artistic sandwich, whose outer integuments were the legends "C. Salvatore" and "Maker."

It was a radiant morning in early summer, and the breeze that came from the mountains was soft and sweet with freshness. The moss-grown shingled roofs of the old houses along the narrow street caught the early sun that kindled the atmosphere and flung cool shadows of house and chimney upon the rough brick sidewalk.

Hadenbrook smiled with patient good humor at the observations of his acquaintances. Patience and good humor are the kindly characteristics of his race.

"I'm gwine roun' ter de Busy Bee ter see ef I kin git a job ter sweep de pavemint in front," he said. "Good mornin', gent'mun."

"There it is agin!" exclaimed the King. "He's 'a-gwine.'"

"Dese here furriners, after dey done been in dis country two ur three weeks, thinks dey owns it," Hadenbrook communed with himself, as he departed with Rocks at his heels. "I lak ter know what de Orrish ur de Dutch knows 'bout niggers, anyhow. Dey don't know 'em lak white folks knows 'em. No mo' duz de chinks ur de Eye-talyuns."

The two aliens continued their conversation.

"I'll till yez phwat the thrubble is wid thot naygur," observed the King to the barber. "He's pothered to death intoirely wid this dhraft. Usha, I heard Mike Rafferty tellin' him the yistiddy thot he was inside the dhraft age and moost go to France to fight the boches. Says Mike to him, says he: 'Hadenbrook, when they take yez, will it be ahfter j'inin' av the infantry, the cavalry, or the ave-ation thot yez will be?' The gossoon had heard thim other coons shpakin' av it, an' whin it is mentioned to him, bedad, he rolls



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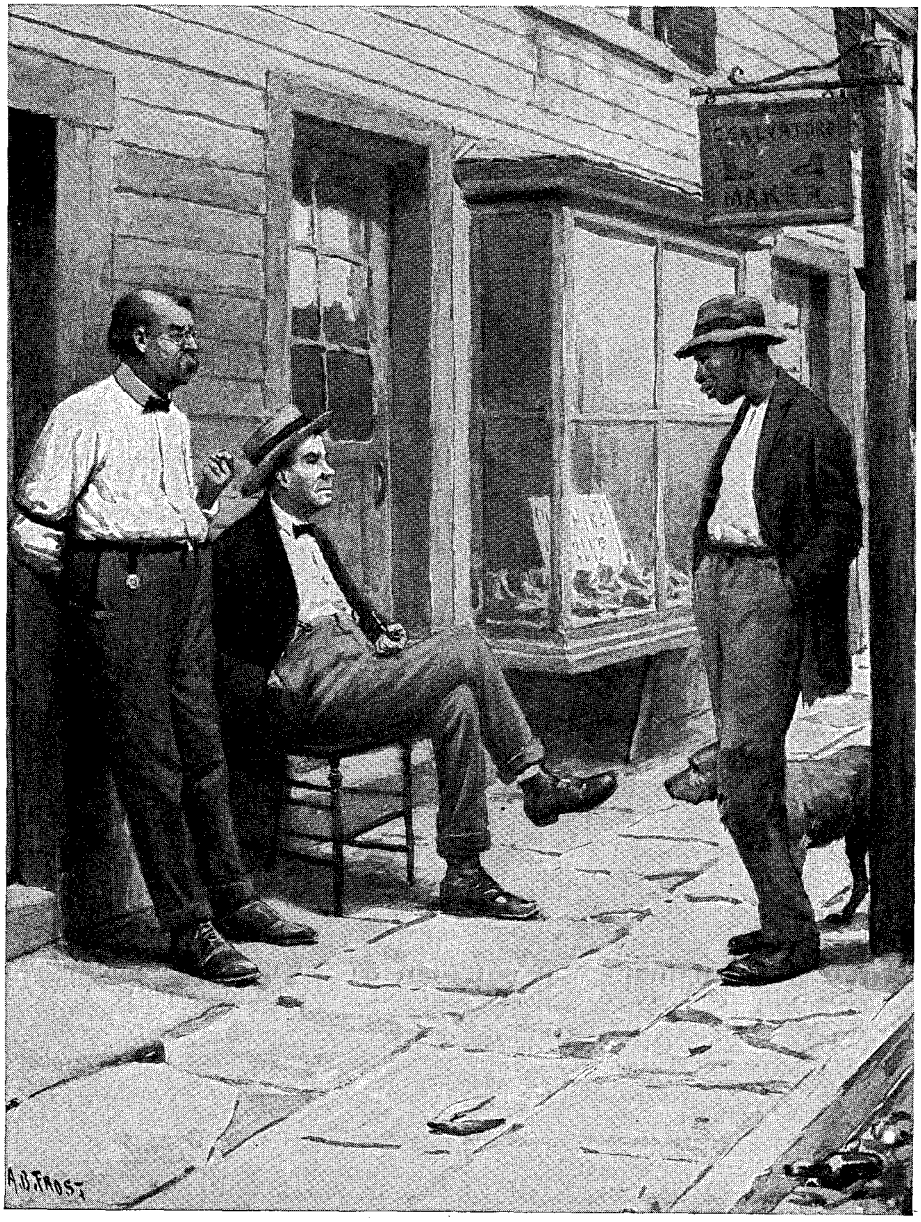


"I'm gwine roun' ter de Busy Bee."—Page 660.

thim pig eyes, an' his black mug gits gray as a bank av ashes, an' he moombles thot he'll not go, thot he's got his indepindince. 'But,' says Mike to the naygur, 'bedad,' says he, 'an' ye'll have to go. Ye're in the dhraft age, an' wirra, ye moost!' Thin the spalpeen says to Mike, says he, thot if he moost he'll not j'ine the ave-ation. 'An' why will ye not j'ine the ave-ation?' says Mike. 'Ye can ride through the air like yez was in an automobil,' he says. 'But,' says the naygur, wid the face av him gettin' chalkier, an' nothin' av his pig eyes showin' forninst the whites av 'em, 'I wooden' know how to get out an' crank it,' he says. 'It's the cavalry I'd



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ruther j'ine, on the groun', sorr,' says he."

"Himmel!" exclaimed Wasserbrod, with a gleam of humorous appreciation on his usually immobile face. "Moost he t'ink mit himself dot dey makes him in de sky git out uf de machine, it to crank, yet?"

"Yez niver can tell phwat Hadenbrook thinks," replied the Irishman. "He isn't by way av talkin' forninst sayin' thot he's goin' to do this or thot, an' thot it's not into the dhraft thot he'll be goin', because he's got his indepindince."

Hadenbrook had never made an effort to go anywhere or to do anything except to tinker at small jobs about the undertaker's shop, or to run occasional errands for the merchants on the upper street. The other members of his race in the town, when they mentioned him, said that he could live on less than Sam Ying, the chink, whose red-fronted wash-house, trouser-looned wife, and two-year-old son, little Sam, were anchored together three doors from Salvatore's cobbler-shop.

The town had come in recent years curiously to emphasize the new cosmopolitanism that immigration laws may create, even in a sleepy old American village which had had its origin more than a hundred and fifty years ago about an Indian trading-post, where two trails, north by south and east by west, crossed each other in a great valley. For more than three-fourths of its existence it had been typically rural, set in the midst of a fertile region of broad acres that were dotted with small homesteads and huge barns, where fields of golden grain billowed under summer suns, and sleek cattle fattened in green pastures of blue-grass and timothy. With the building of the railroad had come a new development, which produced a flouring-mill, an iron-foundry, and sundry other small industries. Their accompaniments were paved streets and water-works, and later followed a fire department and gas and electric lights; while the weekly paper that had long purveyed the events of village and county, blossomed into a daily, with telegraphic news service. In the wake of the industries and civic improvements followed, one after another, strangers and aliens of varied nationality, until now, on Opecquon Street, where Hadenbrook heard the comment of the King and the barber, were located small business places of two Greeks, three Germans, an Irishman, a Chinaman, a Russian, and an Italian.

Upon the little street, now a tiny "melting-pot" symbolic of the larger country, still stood the old steep-roofed houses, with dormer-windows, which had been erected there more than a hundred years before; and the town continued to pride itself upon its Colonial church, covered with thick creepers that reddened in the recurrent autumns, and on its small old-fashioned court-house, above the pillars of whose whitewashed portico the pigeons had built their nests through the generations, and where now a swarm of alien English sparrows had come to twitter and cheep and wage war upon the larger birds and upon each other.

Opecquon Street, native and foreign, was unanimous in its opinion of Hadenbrook. The Russian vender of hot-dogs at the corner said they told him that the black man dwelt in a poor hut outside the town; and he determined Hadenbrook's insignificance by the fact that he was not prosperous enough to live on "the street."

This assertion of Ivan Borowski's was true. Hadenbrook resided in a tumble-down shanty with one room and a dilapidated chimney, illustrating the poverty of a small lot, whose chief horticultural product was an annual row of great brown-disked sunflowers. It stood in the most squalid part of a little hamlet of colored people in the suburbs. For this abode he paid a nominal rent, which caused him much anxiety and trouble in its procurement; and with him in the narrow quarters of the shanty dwelt his little daughter, seven years old, and his dog Rocks.

Hadenbrook had been widowed when 'Dalia was a year old. Uncle Henderson, his next-door neighbor, who had known the young man's people in the time when they both dwelt "beyond the Ridge," himself now scarcely more prosperous than Hadenbrook, and whose superannuated wife looked after the child when her father was in town, had said on the occasion of the mother's early demise: "It's a Gord's blessin' de Lord tuk Dil-

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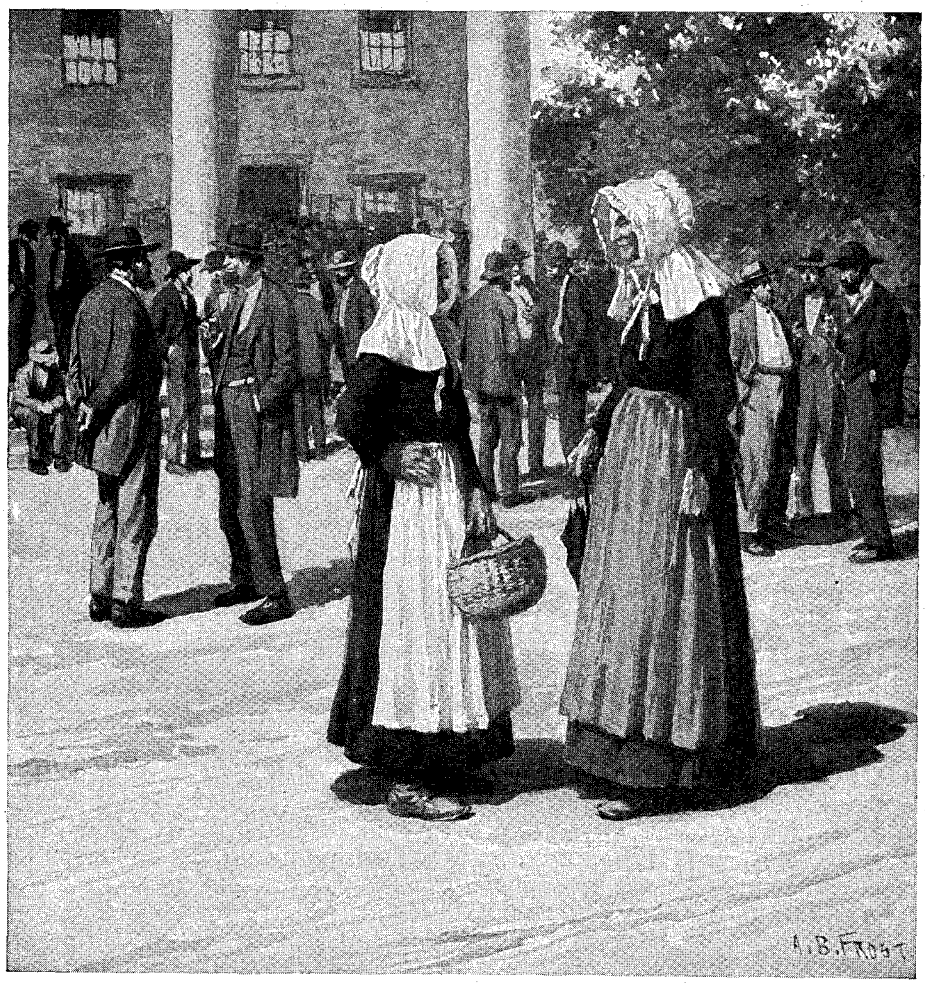
sey, fur dat 'Lyss' Hadenbrook nuver could 'a' kep' her. He been do-less an' no-'count an' skeered o' evvything uver sence I fus' knowed him in Tuckahoe."

But the general disapprobation visited upon Hadenbrook by his acquaintances, sometimes happened, his good humor continued unabated.

"I gwi' git paid, mebbe to-morrer, ur some o' dese days," he would think; and Uncle Henderson's frequent remark to him was: "You always *gwi'* git sump'n,



They had heard that ten million men would be drafted and sent across the ocean at once.—Page 666.

white and black, left his sunny temper untarnished. If he was "do-less" and timid, he was at least always kindly and constantly smiling; and his spirit of accommodation was unfailing. No one ever proffered a request involving an hour's work or a walk of a mile or more, that Hadenbrook refused; and if the reward of his labor was scant, as it often was, or if no reward at all was forthcoming, as

ur do sump'n, an' you ain' done git it, an' you ain' done done it yit. My prognostication 'bout you, nigger, is dat you ain' gwi' git nowhars an' you ain' gwi' git nothin'. But I duz say dis fur you: you p'intly thinks a heap o' dis here little gell, an' dat no-'count yaller dawg o' your'n."

"He mought go ter Pittsburgh, ur he mought go ter de Kanorway coal-mines, some o' dese here long-come-shorts, ur he

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mought do some o' dese here things he say he gwi' do, ef 'twarn't fur 'Dalia an de dawg. He ain' nuver gwi' leave dem," said Aunt Polly.

" 'Scusin' 'Dalia, it mought be not onpossible fur him ter eben leave de dawg," conceded Uncle Henderson, "but I don't b'lieve he gwi' do it."

The existence of the child was unknown to the denizens of Opecquon Street. They would have cared little if they had known. The dog was his master's omnipresent companion and an equal object of the contemptuous indifference with which the street regarded Hadenbrook.

Town and county alike seemed stirred to their ordinarily quiet depths as the day for the registration drew near. The Greek proprietors of the Busy Bee and the Italian cobbler discussed it with voluble interest; and Wasserbrod and the King of Connaught exchanged observations upon it in English of unique accent and curious construction. Anxious fathers and mothers, dreading the taking of their sons; merchants and other business men in shop and factory, anticipating, in their vague lack of knowledge of the war's possible demands, an inability to continue work without the accustomed help of employees likely to be called; farmers in the country, apprehending a total deprivation of labor for the cultivation of their crops, all talked and read the newspaper and carried on "business as usual," with troubled hearts and minds, as the fateful day approached.

But the old men and women of an earlier generation felt their slow pulses beat faster with the prospect. The war-spirit stirred in them quicker heart-beats than in those of the middle age, whose sons were to answer the summons.

"Don't git fidgety about it, Samanthy," said old Mrs. Tice, out on the Mill Road, to her perturbed daughter. "Little Bill's jes' got ter do like his gran'-pap done afo' him. He'll go over thar when they want him, an' fight them furriners the same as William here fit the Yankees."

She nodded to her gray-headed, time-worn husband, who sat in his rocking-chair near where she was knitting and serenely smoked his pipe on the vine-covered porch of the farmhouse, behind the honeysuckle-vines.

"I hope the good Lord'll raise up a gennul for us like old Stonewall," responded the patriarch, with a far-away look in his eyes and in his mind memories of "old forgotten, far-off things, and battles long ago." "We could lick 'em if old Jack was livin'."

"Bill's ready an' glad to fight for his country, Samanthy. Don't ye bother, child," concluded Mrs. Tice decisively.

And little Bill and all the other Bills, white and black, were ready—all save Hadenbrook. He seemed more and more unwilling.

"I ain' gwine," he would say, whenever any one broached the engrossing subject.

The boys in the street discovered his reluctance, and yelled "Coward" and "Slacker" at him as he passed on his way to the grimy undertaker's shop, whose few rough-pine coffins they imagined and hoped would fill him with a renewed and daily terror. Some even threw stones at him from a safe distance; and the yellow dog was in imminent peril whenever he strayed from his master's heels.

Hadenbrook went to the court-house where the exemption board was in session; but he went under compulsion of Uncle Henderson's assurance that he would be shot next day if he did not register. A member of the board filled in his card for him and signed Hadenbrook's name with a cross-mark, which he "witnessed."

"I didn't git no chanst fur schoolin' when I was little," the registrant explained apologetically.

Before the final signature, the last question on the card was read to Hadenbrook. It was whether or not he claimed exemption.

"Yas, sir, I claims it," he replied. "I 'bleeged fur ter claim it. I got my indepen'ence."

"Your what?" asked the clerk of the board, looking at him with a puzzled stare. "My indepen'ence," reiterated Hadenbrook.

Hesitatingly, and with a foolish grin, as though he might be suspected of perpetrating an untimely jest, he pointed to the dog, and added:

"Dis here is one uv 'em."

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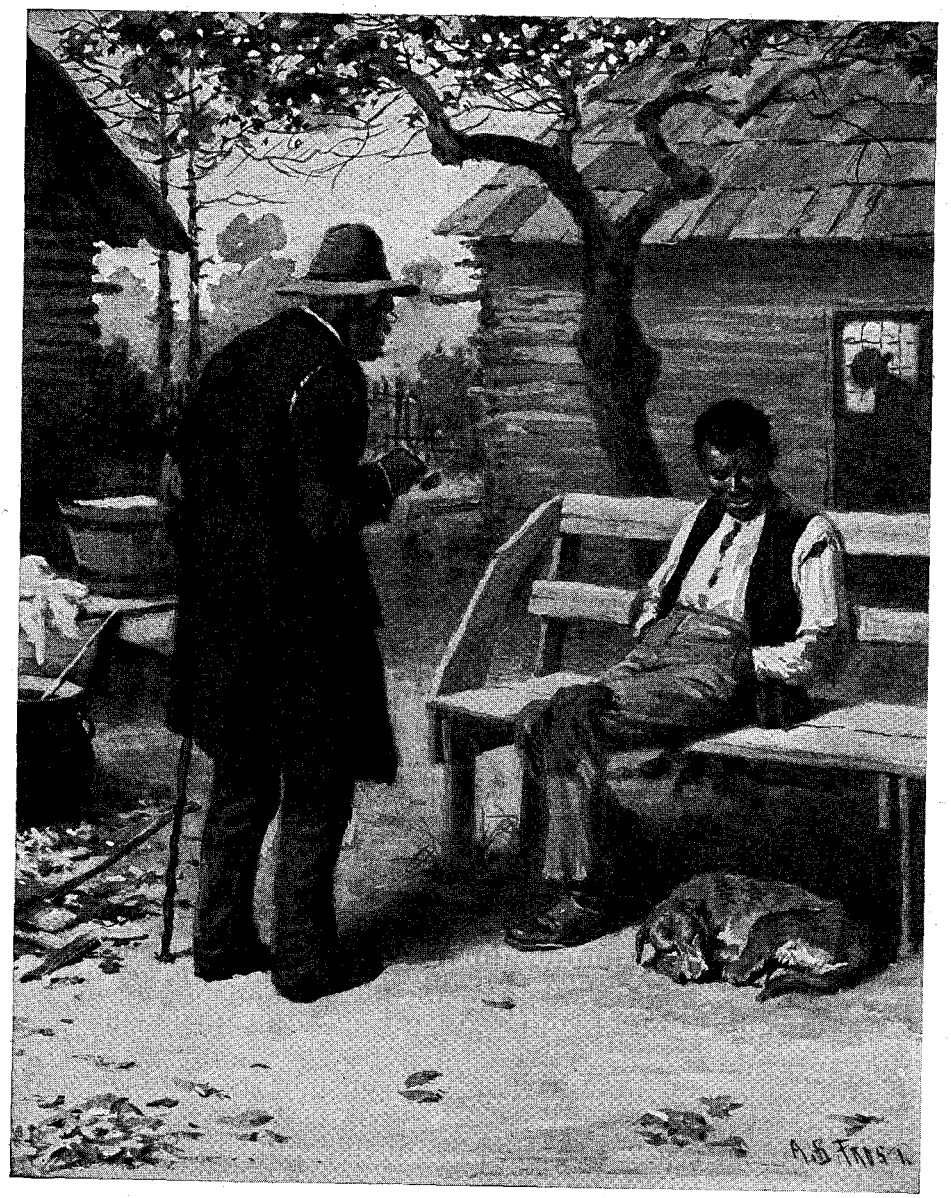

"You go on ter dat cote-house, nigger."—Page 668.

The clerk of the board was indignant.

"Do you mean that you are claiming exemption on account of dependents, and that this cur is one of 'em?"

"Dat's what I says, sir. Yas, sir. Dey tells me dat you kin claim it ef you's got indepen'ence. I'se got 'em. Dey says dat's de law. Dis here dawg is indepen'-ent on me fur his livin'."

"But haven't you sense enough to know that you can't claim it on account of a dog?" queried the official.

Hadenbrook was abashed. The yellow dog had a warm place in his affections. He loved Rocks only second to 'Dalia. The dog was helpless and worthless and incapable of gaining a livelihood for himself. It had never occurred to his master



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that Rocks was not within the contemplation of the law as it was written.

"I got a little gell at home, too," he said humbly, as though afraid this other ground of exemption might also fail.

"Hasn't she a mother who can work and support her and take care of her?"

"Her mammy daid, boss. She die when 'Dalia was a baby. 'Dalia jes' seben."

"Are you her only means of support?"

"Yas, sir, I means ter support her. She ain' got no kinfolks, nur nothin', on dis side de Ridge; an' dem on de t'other side is fur-off kin an' wudden do fur her, nohow. Boss, don't take me 'way f'om 'em, please, sir. Dey's my indepen'ence."

"You can claim on account of the child," said the clerk of the board.

"Can't I claim 'em 'long o' de dawg, too, boss?" Hadenbrook queried anxiously, looking down at Rocks, who stood with dejected tail between scrawny legs, apparently as apprehensive of his fate as was his master.

"You don't have to," was the answer. "Your card is filled out and ready to be signed. Let's get through with it. These others are waiting."

Hadenbrook left the room, troubled about Rocks's unimportance but happy for 'Dalia.

That night he opened his heart to Uncle Henderson and Aunt Polly, sitting under the starlight in the little garden in front of their cabin. 'Dalia was on his knee and the dog lay contentedly at his feet. The two old people contemplated his apparent cowardice with disfavor. They had been through another war long ago, and had heard that "the colored troops fought nobly."

The typewritten lists of selectmen, with each man's number in the order of his registration, flaunted their sibylline leaves from the worn wooden bulletin-board at the front door of the court-house, flanked by advertisements of judicial sales and legal notices of suits. Little groups gathered on the portico, where the English sparrows clamored and fought almost under their feet, and talked in low tones about the draft, while the registered men took turns at the lists, inspecting the pages to find their names and numbers. Women in calico sunbonnets and faded dresses and men with furrowed faces left the daily tasks of monotonous but tranquil lives and came to town to learn whatever might be learned about this war three thousand miles away, into which their country had been suddenly thrust. It was so far off, they could neither realize nor understand it.

What did it all mean? When were the boys to go? They had heard that ten million men would be drafted and sent across the ocean at once. Why did they need so many? It must be a terrible war. And what was it all about? A hundred questions stirred in the thoughts and rose to the lips of the simple-minded and the unsophisticated; but there was nowhere any murmur of dissent or rebellious utterance of objection. They had sprung from a race whose love of country was both innate and inherited, and whose ancestry had proven their devotion with Morgan at the Cowpens and Saratoga, and with Stonewall Jackson at Cross Keys and Port Republic. The foreigners, here and there, who had come among them of recent years and settled in the town, might be of unknown antecedents and of uncertain purpose; but these natives were the descendants of men and women who had conquered the wilderness and won their homes upon an old frontier of more than a century and a half before. Their progenitors had fought and died for their country. If this was what the new war meant, they were ready to do and to give.

Two military companies, whose organizations had been maintained since 1865, were already mobilized in the town, and the townspeople had grown more accustomed than were the rural folk to the sound of the drum and the rattle of the gun-butt on the ground, and to the sight of the khaki uniform. But the impending call to arms aroused similar emotions and equal purpose in both urban and rural population.

Hadenbrook avoided the vicinity of the court-house after he had gone there to be registered; and whenever he saw the soldiers drilling on the streets he hastened around the corner. His thought seemed to be to put the war away from him. After the drawing of the lottery in Washington, involving the lives and fortunes of

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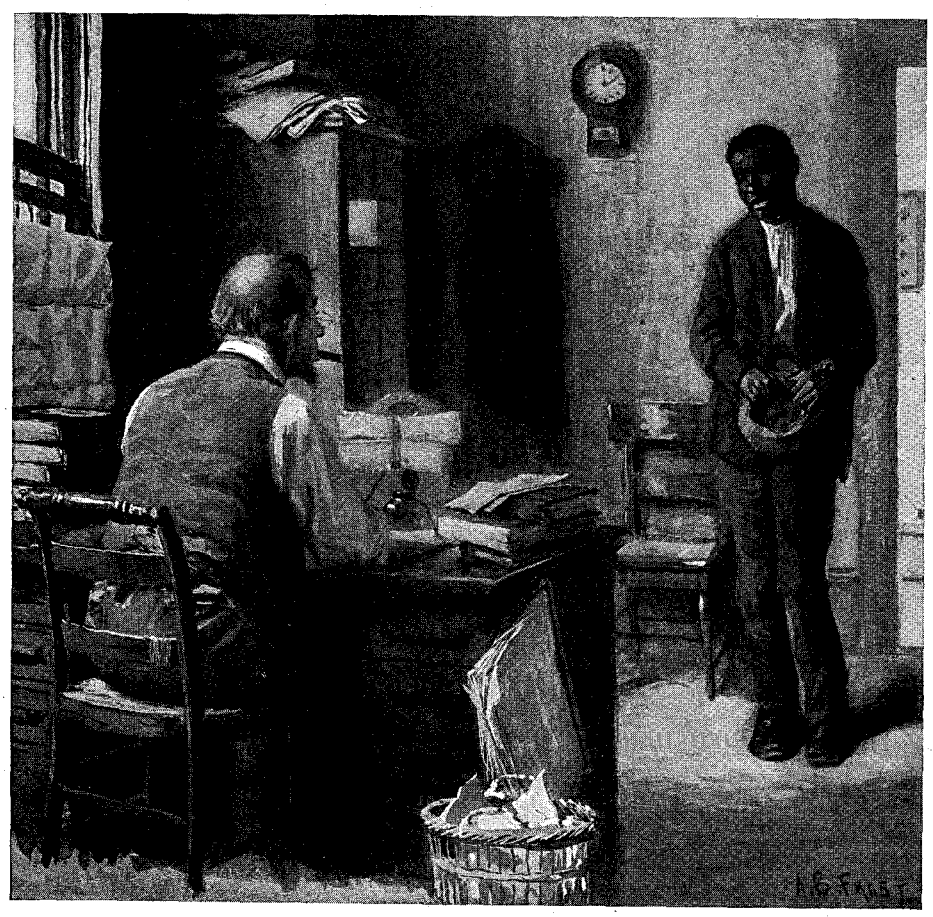
ten million Americans, Uncle Henderson, who had heard of it, said to Hadenbrook:

"Looky here, boy; de guv'ment is done tuk hole o' dis thing. Dey done give all o' you-all some new numbers on ter yo' names, an' done remove' dem numbers away f'om you dat de white men at

"I dunno what else you got, but you ain' got no sense. Mo'n dat, you's skeered. Dat what de matter wid you. You's mo' afeared ter git inter dis here scuffle dan dis dawg o' your'n is 'feared dem boys in town is gwi' ketch him evvy time he go dar."



"I done got back, boss."—Page 668.

de cote-house gin you. You better go down dar an' fine out f'om dat redemption board what dey gwi' do wid dis here United States Guv'ment. De fus' thing you knows you'll git lined up in front o' some muskets, an' fine yo'se'f wid yo' fool-head shot off'n you. Dat de way dey done deserters endurin' o' de war, when we-all was fightin' de Yankees."

"I ain' got nothin' ter do wid it," replied Hadenbrook. "I got my indepen'ence."

"I got my indepen'ence," persisted Hadenbrook stubbornly.

"You dunno what dey mought want wid you," argued Uncle Henderson. "Dey mought need you fur ter drive a mule-cart over dar, ur wait on de white gent'muns when dey livin' in dem holes in de groun', dat dey tells me dey lives in endurin' o' de time when dey ain't flingin' booms at de Kaiser. Dey mought want you fur sump'n ur nuther. You better go see. Dis here is gwine ter be a big scrim-

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mage f'om what I hears tell uv it. It gwi' be mighty nigh on ter ez big a war ez dat one we-all fit back yonder in de slavery times. Dat war back dar tuk de niggers out o' slavery. Dis here one, dey all tells me, is gwi' put evvybody, white an' cullud, back inter slavery ef we-all don't lick dem bushes. You go on ter dat cote-house, nigger, an' fine out what dem white folks wants you ter do."

Hadenbrook made no reply. His little daughter came from the cabin to where he and the old man sat together under the peach-tree in the garden and climbed up on his knee. He drew her to him and leaned over to pat Rocks, who had come closer and stood wagging his forlorn tail.

Uncle Henderson regarded the group for a moment and then arose to get a coal for his pipe from the fire where Aunt Polly was cooking supper.

"Polly," he said, "duz you b'lieve Hadenbrook is sho' nuf skeered 'bout gwine over yonder ter de war?"

"'Tain' nothin' else de matter wid him," she replied. "He been a coward ever sence he married Dilsey. He 'feared now de Lord gwi' deliver him inter de han's o' de Philistums."

"Well, I done change' my mine 'bout him," said the old man, as he stooped to the hearth and picked a live coal from beneath the spider for his gone-out pipe.

"He de onlies' nigger roun' here dat ack like he do," she replied, as she lifted the lid from the oven where the corn-pone was cooking. "He know dem soljers is gwine away f'om here ter-morrer; an' all de t'other young niggers, an' de white boys, too, look lak dey crazy fur ter go wid 'em. Hadenbrook 'feared he gwi' git kilt wid some o' dem cannon-balls an' swords, an' things dat dey fightin' wid at dat place over yonder. Dey tells me dem bushes shoots fire at we-all's folks, an' flings p'isen in dey faces. Dat what de matter wid Hadenbrook. He been heerd tell o' what dey duz ter 'em."

"I don't b'lieve it," said the old man, blowing a cloud of smoke from his mouth. "Dat what I useter think, but I done change my mine."

The two companies, with historic names, entrained next day for Camp Lee. They had served six months on the Mexican border, and they marched to the station like veterans. Behind them went a little squad of old men in gray uniforms, wearing bronze crosses on their coat-lapels; and one of them bore a tattered and shot-riddled battle-flag, with a cross of stars gleaming amid the ancient grime of it.

In the crowd at the depot Uncle Henderson was surprised to see Hadenbrook and Rocks.

The two moved about furtively in the throng of smiling and tearful women and cheering men. The band played as the boys in khaki crowded into the cars; and after the long trains had pulled out from the station, the man and the dog still lingered and were last to leave the platform.

For some weeks afterward Hadenbrook went upon his futile way as usual, performing small duties at the undertaker's shop and running occasional errands. Then a day came when he did not appear on Opecquon Street, and the King of Connaught asked the barber what had become of him.

The call had gone out from the exemption board for a quota of colored men to report for transportation to the training-camp, before Hadenbrook returned to town. When he came at last it was not to his usual haunts along Opecquon Street but to the court-house.

"I done got back, boss," he said gently to the clerk of the board, removing his worn and ragged hat and standing in an awkward position near the door. The burden of a great sorrow lay on his heart.

"You're ahead of time," responded the official, looking up from his work. "The colored selectmen leave to-morrow morning at eight o'clock."

"But ain't I got ter git it fixed fus'?" queried Hadenbrook, shifting his position uneasily and leaning against the door-frame.

"Get what fixed? Are you one of the men called for to-morrow?" came the question. "What's your name and number?"

"Hadenbrook, sir. I dunno nothin' 'bout no number."

The clerk picked up a sheet of paper lying before him containing a row of typewritten names.

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"You are not on this list. Wait until you are called. You'll get your notice in time."

"Dat's what I come fur now," Hadenbrook said. "You know I'se de man dat cudden go, 'long o' my indepen'ence."

The clerk laughed.

"Yes, I remember," he said. "You're the fellow with the dog."

There was no responsive smile on the grave face of the negro.

"Yas, sir," he replied. "I ain't got no indepen'ence no mo', an' I come fur ter go now."

They talked for a while, and Hadenbrook was informed that he should be ready to depart with the others next morning. There was a sick man on the list who would not be able to leave then.

"You can take his place," said the clerk.

"Thanky, sir," said Hadenbrook, and went out.

In the morning paper there was a paragraph which told what Hadenbrook had narrated to the clerk.

"A very appealing episode, but one in which the honor and sense of duty of the chief actor were demonstrated, occurred at the office of the local exemption board yesterday, when a colored registrant, whose exemption had been granted, sought the clerk of the board and turned over to him his discharge papers.

"The clerk was naturally surprised, as this was the first case where exemption papers had been returned, and inquired the reason for the action. The man replied that he had been exempted because of his little child, who was dependent upon him for support; but the child had since died and that, as he understood it, his first duty was to notify the board that there was no longer cause for his exemption.

"The discharge papers were accepted, and the man goes with the colored quota to camp this morning."

The little band of selectmen, with grips and bags, marched from the court-house to the railroad-station at eight o'clock, with Hadenbrook, who had been put in command of them by the board, at their head. He carried a bundle of clothing under his arm, and the mayor of the town marched at his side.

"You see, boss," said the black man, "'twas dis-a-way. Dese folks here thought I was 'feared ter go over yonder; but I would 'a' been on dat man's lis' f'om de fus', 'scusin' my indepen'ence. I cudden leave my little gell an' my dawg ter starve, when de guv'ment say I didn' have ter. Unc' Henderson, he too po' ter take keer o' bofe un 'em. Now, de Lord is done tuk 'Dalia an' Unc' Henderson is tuk de dawg. Dat's how come I'se settin' out fur ter fight in dis here war."

The King of Connaught told Wasserbrod about it next day. He had learned the story from the undertaker.

"Usha! The gossoon had the roight shtuff in him, intoirely," he said.

"Ja wohl!" replied the barber, puffing his pipe contemplatively.

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# THE HEARING EAR

## BY HENRY VAN DYKE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. HOPPER

THERE were three American boys from the region of Philadelphia in the dugout, "Somewhere in France"; and they found it a snug habitation, considering the circumstances.

The central heating system—a round sheet-iron stove, little larger than a "topper" hat—sent out incredible quantities of acrid smoke at such times as the rusty stovepipe refused to draw. But on cold nights and frosty mornings the refractory thing was a distinct consolation. The ceiling of the apartment lacked finish. When wet it dropped mud; when dry, dust. But it had the merit of being twenty feet thick—enough to stop any German shell except a "Jack Johnson" full of high explosive. The beds were elegantly excavated in the wall, and by a slight forward inclination of the body you could use them as *fauteuils*. The rats approved of them highly.

There were two flights of ladder-stairs leading down from the trench into the dugout, and the holes at the top which served as vestibules were three or four yards apart. It was a comfort to think of this architectural design; for if the explosion of a big shell blocked up one of the entrances, the other would probably remain open, and you would not be caught in a trap with the other rats.

The main ornament of the *salon* was a neat but not gaudy biscuit-box. The top of it was a centre-table, illuminated by a single, guttering candle; the interior was a "combination" wardrobe and sideboard. Around this simple but satisfying piece of furniture the three transient tenants of the dugout had just played a



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game of dummy bridge, and now sat smoking and bickering as peacefully as if they were in a college club-room in America. The night on the front was what the French call "*relativement calme.*" Sporadic explosions above punctuated but did not interrupt the debate, which eddied about the high theme of Education—with a capital E—and the particular point of dispute was the study of languages.

"Everything is going to change after the war," said Phipps-Herrick, a big Harvard man from Bryn Mawr and a member of the Unsocial Socialists' Club. "We are going to make a new world. Must have a new education. Sweep away all the old stuff—languages, grammar, literature, philosophy, history, and all that. Put in something modern and practical. Montessori system for the little kids. Vocational training for the bigger ones. Teach them to make a living. Then organize them politically and economically. You can do what you like, then, with England, France, and America together. Germany will be shut out. Why study German? From a practical point of view, I ask you, why?"

"Didn't you take it at Harvard?" sarcastically drawled Rosenlaube, a Princeton man from Rittenhouse Square. (His grandfather was born at Frankfurt-on-the-Main, but his mother was a Biddle, and he had penetrated about an inch into the American diplomatic service when the war summoned him to a more serious duty.) "I understood that all you Harvard men were strong on modern languages, especially German."

Phipps-Herrick grunted.

"Certainly I took it. It was supposed to be a soft-snap course. What do you think we go to Harvard for? But that little beast, Professor von Buch, gave me a cold forty-minus on examination. So I dropped it, and thank God I've forgotten the little I ever knew of German! It will be absolutely useless in the new world."

"Right you are," said Rosenlaube. "My grandfather used to speak it when he was angry—a sloppy, slushy language, extremely ugly. At Princeton, you know, we stand by the classics, Latin and Greek, the real thing in languages. You ought to hear Dean Andy West talk about that. Of course a fellow forgets his Virgil and his Homer when he gets out in the world. But, then, he's had the benefit of them; they've given him real culture and literature. There's nothing outside of the classics, except perhaps a few things in French and Italian. Thank God I never studied German!"

The third man, who had kept silence up to this point, now gently butted in. It was little Phil Mitchell, of Overbrook, a University of Pennsylvania man, who had been stopped in his junior year by a financial catastrophe in the family, and had gone out to Idaho to earn his living as third assistant bookkeeper in a big mining concern. He took a few real books with him, besides those that he was to "keep." Double entry was his trade; reading, his recreation; thinking, his vocation. From all this the great war called him as with a trumpet.

"Look here, you fellows," he said quietly, "in spite of this war and all the rest of it, there are some good things in German."

"What," they cried, "you, a fire-eater, stand up for the Kaiser and his language? Damn him!"

"Damn the Kaiser, with all my heart," assented Mitchell. "But the language isn't his. It existed a long while before he was born. It isn't very pretty, I'll admit. But there are lots of fine things in it. Kant and Lessing, Goethe and Schiller and Heine—they all loved liberty and made it shine out in their work. Do you mean to say that I must give them up and throw my German overboard because these modern Potsdammers have acted like brutes?"

"Yes," cried Phipps-Herrick and Rosenlaube, nodding at each other, "that's what we mean, and that's what America means. The German language must go!"

"Look here," said Phipps-Herrick, "you admit that modern education must be useful? Well, there won't be any more use for German, because we are going to shut Germany out of the international trades-union. She has betrayed the principles of the new era. We are going to boycott her."

"Won't that be rather difficult?" queried Mitchell, shaking his head. "Sixty

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*Drawn by E. Hopper.*

"I'm going to carry you in, 'spite of hell."—Page 676.



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or seventy million people—hard to shut them out of the world, eh?"

"Nonsense, dear Phil," drawled Rosenlaube; "it will be easy enough. But I don't agree with Phipps-Herrick about the reason or method. We are going to have a new era after the war. But it will not be a utilitarian age. It will be a return to beauty and form and culture—not with a 'k.' First of all, we are going to kill a great many Germans. Then we are going to Berlin to knock down all the ugly statues there are and smash the parvenu modern German Empire. Then we shall have a new age on classic lines. People will still use French and English and Italian because there is some beauty in those languages. But nobody outside of Germany will speak or read German. It is a barbarous tongue—shapeless and hideous—used by barbarians who gobble and snort when they talk. Sorry for Kant and Goethe and Heine and all that crowd, but their time is up; they've got to go out with their beastly language!"

"Yes," said Phipps-Herrick, "out with them, bag and baggage. Think what the German spies and propagandists have done in America. Schools full of pacifist and pro-German teachers; text-books full of praise of the German Empire and the Hohenzollern Highbinders; newspapers full of treason, printed in the German language. Why, it's only a piece of self-defense to clean it all out, root and branch. No more German taught or spoken, printed or read, in the United States. Forget it! Twenty-three for the Hun language!"

"Noble," gently murmured Mitchell, shaking his head again; "very noble! But not very easy and perhaps not entirely wise. Why should I throw away something that has been useful to me, and may be again? Why forget the little German that I know and burn my Goethe and refuse to listen to Beethoven's music? I won't do it, that's all."

"Our little friend is a concealed Kaiserite," said Rosenlaube. "He wants to Germanize America."

"No, Rosy," said Mitchell, thoughtfully running his hand over some nicks on the butt of his rifle in the corner; "you know I'm not a Kaiserite of any kind. I've got seven scored against him already, and I'm going to get some more. But the language question seems to me different. Cut out the German newspapers and the German schools in America by all means! No more teaching of the primary branches in any language but English! Make it absolutely necessary for everybody in the U. S. A. to learn the language of the country the first thing. Then in the high-schools and universities let German be studied like any other foreign language, by those who want it—chemists, and philosophers, and historians, and electrical engineers, and so on. We could censor the text-books and keep out all complimentary allusions to the Hohenzollern family."

"Oh, shut up, Phil," growled Phipps-Herrick. "You're too soft, you old easy-mark! You don't go half far enough. We may not decide to exterminate the Hun race in Europe. But we have decided to exterminate their language in America."

His hand was groping inside the biscuit-box. He pulled out a little ditty-bag and carefully extracted a bit of newspaper.

"Listen to this, you fellows. This is from the National Obscurity Society. You know a chap with a German name is president of it, but he's a real patriot, hundred per cent, not fifty-fifty, Philly. 'The following States have abolished the teaching of German: Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, Georgia, Mississippi, Indiana, Ohio, Illinois, Nebraska, Missouri, Kansas, Iowa, Arkansas, Arizona, Colorado, Montana, California, and Oregon.' *Abolished*, mind you! What do you think of that?"

"Most excellent Phippick," nodded Rosenlaube, "I opine, as Horace said to Cicero, 'That's the stuff,' or words to that effect. What saith the senator from Mitchellville?"

"Noble," grinned Phil, "unmistakably noble! Those Obscurity fellows are a fiery lot. It reminds me that during the late war with Spain, when I was a little, tiny boy, but brimful of ferocity, I refused to eat my favorite dessert because it was called *Spanish* cream. I felt sure at the time that my heroic conduct was of distinct assistance to Dewey in the battle of Manila Bay."

"Well, then," said Phipps-Herrick,



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grabbing him by the shoulders and shaking him good-humoredly, "you murderous little pacifist with seven nicks on your gun, will you give up your German? Will you forget it?"

Mitchell chuckled and shook his head.

"As far as requisite under military orders. But no further, not by a damn——"

A pair of muddy boots was heard and seen descending one of the ladders, followed by the manly and still rather neat form of Lieutenant Barker Bunn, a Cornell man from West Philadelphia. The three men sprang to their feet and saluted smartly, for the lieutenant was very stiff about all the preliminary forms.

"Too loud talking here," he said gruffly. "I heard you before I came down. Who is here? Oh, I see, Sergeant Phipps-Herrick, Privates Rosenlaube and Mitchell. It's your turn to go out on listening post to-night, sergeant. Twelve sharp, stay three hours, go as far as you can, come back and report, take Mitchell or Rosenlaube with you. Captain's orders."

The corporal saluted again, and the two men looked at each other.

"Why not both of us, sir?" said Mitchell.

The lieutenant regarded him with some surprise. Listening post is not a detail passionately desired by the men. It is always dirty, frequently dangerous, generally obscure, and often fatal. Hence there is no keen competition for it.

"Two is the usual number for a listening post," said Barker Bunn thoughtfully. "But there is no regulation about it, and the captain did not specify any number. Well, yes, I suppose you can all three go, if you are set on it. In fact, I give the order to that effect."

"Thank you," said Rosenlaube and Mitchell. Phipps-Herrick, feeling that the strict etiquette of the preliminaries had been fully observed and the time to be human had come, held out a box of "Fierce Fairies."

"Have a cigarette, Bunn, and take a chair, do. Time for a little talk this quiet night? Tell us what's doing up above."

"Nothing particular," said Barker Bunn, lighting and relaxing. "But the old man has a hunch that the Fritzies are grubbing a mine—a corker—to get our goat. Hence this business of ears forward. The old man thinks the Fritzies have a strong grouch against this little alley, and since they couldn't take it top side last week they're going to try to wipe it out bottom side with a big bang some day soon. Maybe so—maybe just greens—but, anyway, you've got to go on the Q. T. with this job—no noise, don't even whisper unless you have to; just listen for all you're worth. P'r'aps you'll hear that little tap-tap-tapping that tells where Fritzie Mole is at work. Then if you come back and tell the old man where it is, he'll give you all the cigarettes you want. But say, do you want me to give you a pointer on the way to go, the method of procedure, as the old man would call it?"

They agreed that they were thirsting for information and instruction.

"Well, it's this way," continued Barker Bunn. "You know I had a bit of experience in listening post while I was with the Canadians down around Wipers; and I noticed that most of the troubles came from a bad method of procedure. Fellows went out any old way; followed each other in the dark, and then hunted for each other and came to grief; all those kind of silly fumbles. Now, what you need is *formation*—d'you see? Must have some sort of formation for advance. Must keep in touch. For two men a tandem is right. For three men, what you want is a spike-team—middle man crawls ahead, other men follow on each side just near enough to touch his left heel with right hand and right heel with left hand—a triangle, see? Keep touching once every thirty seconds. If you miss it, leader crawls back, side men crawl in, sure to meet, nobody gets lost. Go as far *as* you can, then spread out like a fan, fold together *when* you can, come back *if* you can—that's the way to cover the most possible ground on a listening post. Do you get me?"

"We get you," they nodded. "It's a wonderful scheme." And Rosenlaube added in his most impressive literary manner: "Plato, it *must* be so, thou reasonest well."

"But tell me," said the lieutenant,

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"what were you fellows chattering about so loud when I came down?"

So they told him, and, according to the habit of college boys, they skirmished over the ground of debate again, and Barker Bunn vigorously supported the majority opinion, and Mitchell was left in a hopeless minority of one, clinging obstinately to his faith that there had been, and still might be, some use for the German language.

Midnight came, and with it the return of the lieutenant's official manner. He saw the trio slide over the top, one by one, vanishing in the starless dark. "Good luck going and coming," he whispered; and it sounded almost like an unofficial prayer.

In single file they crept through the prepared opening in the barbed-wire entanglement, and so out into No Man's Land, where they took up their spike-team formation. Phipps-Herrick was the leader, the other men were the wheelers. They had agreed on a code of silent signals: One kick with the heel or one pinch with the hand meant "stop"; two meant "back"; three meant "get together." They carried no rifles, because the rifle is an awkward tool for a noiseless crawler to lug. But each man had a big trench-knife and a pair of automatic pistols, with plenty of ammunition.

The space between the two front lines of trenches in this region was not more than four or five hundred yards. In the murk of that unstarred, drizzling night, where every inch must be felt out, it seemed like a vast, horrible territory. There was nothing monotonous about it but the blackness of darkness. To the touch it was a *paysage accidenté*, a landscape full of surprises. Dead bodies were sprinkled over it. It was pockmarked with small shell-holes and pitted with large craters, many of them full of water, all shiny with mud. Phipps-Herrick nearly slipped into one of the deepest, but a lively kick warned his followers of the danger, and they pulled him back by the heels.

Now and then a star-shell looped across the spongy sky, casting a lurid illumination over the ghastly field. When the three travellers caught the soft swish of its ascent, they "froze"—motionless as a shamming 'possum—mimicking death among the dead.

It was a long, slow, silent, revolting crawl. Sounds which did not concern them were plenty—distant cannonade, shells exploding here and there, scattered rifle-shots. All these they unconsciously eliminated, listening for something else, ears pressed to the ground wherever they could find a comparatively dry spot. From their point of hearing the night was still as the grave—no subterranean tapping and scraping could they hear anywhere under the sea of mud.

Once Rosenlaube caught a faint metallic sound, and signalled through Phipps-Herrick's left leg to Mitchell's left arm, "Stop!" All three listened tensely. They crawled toward the faint noise. It was made by a loose end of wire swaying in the night-wind and tapping on a broken helmet.

They were getting close to the German barbed wire. The leader had swung around to the west, following what he judged to be the line of the front trench, perhaps forty yards away. He was determined to hear something before he went back. And he did!

Just as he had made up his mind to call up the other fellows for the final spread-out in fan formation, his groping right hand touched something round and smooth and hard. It seemed to be made fast to a string or wire, but he pulled it toward him and gave the "stop" signal to his followers.

The thing he had picked up was a telephone receiver. How it came to be there the Lord only knew. Perhaps a German listening post had carried it out last night, in order to receive directions from the trench; perhaps the mining party—man killed, receiver dropped, wire connection not cut, or tangled up with other wires—who can tell? One thing is sure—here is the receiver, faintly buzzing. Phipps-Herrick joyfully puts it to his ear. He hears a voice and words, but it is all gibberish to him. With a look of desperation on his face he gives the "get together" signal.

Rosenlaube crawls up first and takes hold of the cylinder, puts it to his ear. He hears the sound, but it says absolutely nothing to him. It is like being at the door of the secret of the universe and unable to get over the threshold.

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Then comes Mitchell, slowly, a little lame, and almost "all in." Phipps-Herrick thrusts the receiver into his hand. As he listens a beatific expression spreads over his face. It lasts a long time, and then he lays down the cylinder with a sigh.

The three heads are close together, and Mitchell whispers under his breath:

"Got 'em—got the whole thing—line of mine changed—raiders coming out now—twelve men—rough on us, but if we can get back to our alley we've got 'em! Crawl home quick."

They crawled together in a bunch, formation ignored. Presently steps sounded near them. A swift light swept the hole where they crouched, a volley of rifle-shots crashed into it. The Americans answered with their pistols, and saw three or four of the dark forms on the edge of the hole topple over. The rest disappeared. But Rosenlaube had a rifle-ball through his right hip and another through his shoulder. Mitchell and Phipps-Herrick started to carry him.

"Drop it," he whispered. "I'm safe here till dawn—you get home, quick! Specially Phil. He's the one that counts. Cut away, boys!"

Meantime the American trench had opened fire and the German trench answered. The still night broke into a tempest of noise. A bullet or a bit of shell caught Mitchell in the knee and crumpled him up. Phipps-Herrick lifted him on his back and stood up.

"Come on," he said, "you little cuss. You're the only one that has the stuff we went out after. I'm going to carry you in, 'spite of hell."

And he did it.

Mitchell told the full story of the change in the direction of the German mine and the plan of the next assault, as he had heard it through that lost receiver. The captain said it was information of the highest value. It counted up to a couple of hundred German prisoners and three machine-guns in the next two days.

Rosenlaube, still alive, was brought in just before daybreak by a volunteer rescue-party under the guidance of Phipps-Herrick. All three were cited in the despatches. Phipps-Herrick in due time received the Distinguished Service Cross for gallantry on the field. But Mitchell had the surplus satisfaction of the hearing ear.

"Look here, old man," Rosenlaube said to him as they lay side by side in the hospital, "'member our talk in the dug-out just before our big night? Well, I allow there was something in what you said. There are times when it is a good thing to know a bit of that barbarous German language. And you never can tell when one of those times may hit you."

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# THE PROSPECTS OF A REVOLUTION IN GERMANY

## BY LIEUTENANT HENRI DE MAN

Belgian Army

SOMETHING more than statistical data about army losses, food scarcity, the high cost of living, the dropping birth-rate, etc., is required for a correct estimation of the present prospects of a revolution in Germany. A nation's morale is determined by the psychological reaction of the population to the material conditions of life. The modus of this reaction differs according to the peculiar interest and views of the different social classes into which nations are divided. An estimation of its results, therefore, necessitates a detailed study of the state of mind of a number of social and political groups.

The material conditions themselves created by the duration of the war and the national sacrifices involved differ from one class to another. Increased food prices, for instance, may mean starvation for the poorer section of the population in the cities and great industrial districts, and at the same time increase

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the prosperity of a large part of the agricultural class. To choose another instance, it is beyond doubt that the conditions of living of the industrial working class, say in Germany, are much less homogeneous at present than they were before the war. There is greater misery among the poorer part of the proletariat, but comparative prosperity among the ten thousands of skilled workers in the war industries, whose family earnings have increased faster than the cost of living. Therefore, even in the study of economic conditions, which, after all, are only one, though an essential, factor of the problem, the psychological reaction upon the mass should be treated as a distinct question, according to the particular social class involved.

Let us take Germany as a typical instance. Investigation of the present probabilities of a revolution in Austria seems to be at first sight a more tempting and urgent task, for it is certainly true that Austria is much nearer an internal outbreak than Germany. I am convinced that if Austria instead of Germany were our most powerful military opponent, a revolution would already have broken out and probably put an end to the war. Although the existing antagonism of class interests is less considerable in Austria than in Germany, the sufferings of the masses there are undoubtedly greater, and the psychological effect is the more considerable as the nerves and the patriotism of even the Teutonic population of Austria are weaker. The main causes of disruption in Austria, however, are national rather than social. Yet we see that even the Czechs, who doubtless are the most powerful and determined of all the restive elements in the Hapsburg monarchy, realize that a revolution, though it probably would make them the masters of Prague and the entire Czecho-Slovak territory within a few hours, if they made up their minds to attempt it, would have no lasting effect as long as the military power and the morale of Germany are unbroken. The *Narodne Listy*, the chief organ of the Prague Nationalists, took a very wise attitude the other day in advising the Czechs to be patient and trust their leaders, who know that a nationalist upheaval at present, though it would find the Vienna government pretty powerless, would be doomed to be crushed by German machine-guns.

The radical Socialist elements in Vienna and the Teutonic provinces of Austria, who have become very aggressive against their government of late, and whose chief organ, the Vienna *Arbeiterzeitung*, uses as strong a language at present in attacking the government as it did in supporting it during the first three years of the war, have apparently become reconciled to a similar policy of patience and expectancy. Whether the Czech Nationalists and the Vienna Socialists will eventually postpone any decisive action until Germany will have been sufficiently weakened by military reverses or internal dissension to remove the menace of German military dictatorship in Austria-Hungary, is a question about which it is unsafe to prophesy. But, in any event, it is clear that the crucial issue in the prospects of an internal disruption of the Central Empires is in Germany and not in Austria.

Even if a revolution should break out in Austria before anything of the sort happens in Germany, I do not think that the masses of the German people would be more stirred to action than they were by the Russian revolution in 1917. The measure of the reciprocal psychological action of German and Austrian conditions is given by the comparison between the economic power and military efficiency of Germany, on the one hand, and the exhaustion and moral disintegration of Austria-Hungary on the other. The average German, even the Socialist working man, thinks about Austria to-day very much in the same way as he thought about Russia in 1917. He was very little impressed then by the Russian revolution because he never felt anything but contempt for the Russian people. He always looked upon them as a huge tribe of brutes who had been refused the blessings of "Kultur," and he did not think much of their game of perpetual revolutions. He would have deemed it unworthy of respectable, Philistine, disciplined, and authority-worshipping Germany (for even the German Social Democrat makes a point of considering discipline and authority-worship as a standard of national efficiency) to indulge in an imitation of this Russian sport. There is something very similar in his feel-

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ing toward the Austrians, whom he considers an unreliable, light-headed, and corrupt lot. In spite of all their traditional phraseology about the international proletarian brotherhood and the bonds of common culture between German Austria and the German Empire, the German Social Democrats, in face-to-face talks, are very liable to run down their Austrian brethren in the same way as one can fancy hearing an arrogant Prussian Guard officer talk about the inefficiency of the traditionally defeated Austrian army.

As in Austria, the main elements of possible internal disruption in Germany are of two kinds: national and social.

The importance of the national element is usually very much overrated. The non-Teutonic oppressed nationalities in the German Empire are comparatively unimportant, and the possibilities of dissension between the different "Bundesstaaten" are much smaller at present than most people imagine.

There are three foreign elements in the population of the German Empire: Alsace-Lorraine, the Danes, and the Poles. The French in Lorraine and the Irredentists of Alsace still seem to do what they can to hold out against the Prussian oppressors, if one may judge by the large number of convictions for "disloyalty" in that part of the country, and by the distrust shown by the military authorities toward the "Wackes," soldiers of Alsace-Lorraine, a large number of whom are placed under special surveillance in separate units. But their numbers are small and they have practically no sympathizers in the other parts of Germany. In spite of the ties of common religion and of the fact that Alsace-Lorraine used to be one of the strongholds of the Roman Catholic "Centrum" party, the leaders and the bulk of this party have thrown in their lot with the imperial government to such an extent that Alsace-Lorraine has no hope of ever finding any support from that side. The fact that the Catholic vote of these provinces formed a considerable percentage of the political power of the "Centrum" party is all the more a reason why this party is determined to fight to the end for the forcible retention of Alsace-Lorraine with the empire. The Social Democratic party is no more inclined than the "Centrum" to yield to the demands of Alsace-Lorraine. The heroic days of 1871, when the founders of German Social Democracy, August Bebel and Wilhelm Liebknecht, bravely faced unpopularity and jail for protesting against the annexation of the two provinces, have long gone by. The local Social Democrats of Prussian birth who, like Deputy Emmel, of Mulhouse, took a leading part in the Socialist movement in Alsace, have lent the oppressive policy of the imperial government a helpful hand, and even went so far in certain cases as to provide them with evidence for the conviction of Alsatian patriots. Even the radical Socialists of the Independent Social Democratic party show a certain reluctance to commit themselves to an open and definite policy of restoration of the wrong done in 1871, and mostly confine themselves to general utterances in favor of the self-determination of oppressed nationalities, without going into any more details than they can help. It seems very unlikely, therefore, that the Alsace-Lorraine question ever should play any part in the internal dissensions of the German Empire during the last stages of the war.

The same remark applies to the oppressed Danish population on the border of Schleswig-Holstein and to the Poles of Silesia and Posnania. The Danish seem to have very little fight left in them, and are unimportant in number, anyhow. The Poles are by far the most numerous of the three oppressed nationalities, and they are the only ones who can make themselves heard in the Reichstag through their own representatives. The policy of promises and retardation of the imperial government seems, however, to have succeeded so far in keeping them pretty tame. Besides, as long as the creation of a united independent Poland remains a purely theoretical proposition through the weakness of the Allies' position in the East, the Poles of Germany are very likely to find comfort and resignation to their present fate in their belief that after all they are better off materially in the German Empire than their compatriots have been in the past under Russian and even under Austrian rule. They would nevertheless become much more restive and create serious

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trouble if the plan of an independent Poland as advocated by the Entente Powers began to materialize, as a result of a German withdrawal from Russia. But even then the trouble would only be local, as the Poles hardly find any more support with the German Social Democrats and Roman Catholics than does Alsace-Lorraine.

In the early stages of the war great hopes were entertained in a section of the press in the Allied countries as to the friction between the different states of the German Empire, as Prussia on the one hand, and especially Saxony and Bavaria on the other. Exaggerated or imaginary reports about fighting between Prussian and Saxon or Bavarian soldiers were a frequent press topic, and created expectations in public opinion which later events proved unjustified.

This may be due to the fact that what a large number of people, say in England or France, knew about Germany applied to the Germany of the past, when the famous "Mainlinie" (the boundary between Prussia and southern Germany) meant nearly as much as the Mason and Dixon line at one time did in American history. The fact that so-called public opinion in every country is always and naturally a little behind the times in its knowledge of foreign affairs, has caused similar errors of judgment in many other instances during this war, as evidenced by the underestimation of France's power by Germany in 1914, and by the lack of knowledge of modern Russian conditions shown in the west of Europe in 1917. Students of modern Germany knew that the tremendous industrial progress of the country and the development of the means of communication within the last years had created such a national solidarity of interests between all parts of the empire that the old Mainlinie had lost most of its importance, except perhaps in questions of art and literature, although even there there was much less difference of late between Munich, Stuttgart, Berlin, and Düsseldorf than there used to be.

From my experiences at the front with prisoners and deserters from all parts of the German Empire, I should say that there is less difference in the state of mind of a Prussian and a Bavarian, for instance, than there would be in America between people from the Eastern and Western States. A Prussian will sometimes make a show of his contempt for the supposed military inferiority and lack of smartness of the Saxons, or a Bavarian may indulge in telling some of the popular saloon jokes about the "big mug" of the Prussians, but things will seldom go further. On the whole, the German-soldier type is pretty uniform. People who have witnessed the atrocities committed by the German soldiery in Belgium and northern France agree in saying that there was hardly any difference between the behavior of the men from the different parts of the German Empire. As far as any distinction could be made, the Saxons might be said to have behaved a little better, and the Bavarians to have been even worse than the average Prussian. This is probably due less to peculiarities of the national mind than to the fact that most of the Saxons belong to the industrial working class, and are on a higher level of culture, while the bulk of the Bavarians are peasants from the most backward districts of Germany as regards public morality and education.

It is true, all the same, that although Prussianism is by no means confined to Prussia, the latter is the most typical incarnation of the Hun spirit and our worst enemy in every respect. It has been said over and over again that the main stumbling-block to political democracy in the German Empire is the three-class system of vote for the Prussian Landtag, and the undemocratic privilege of that fortress of Junker-power, the Prussian Herrenhaus. But as the main stronghold of Prussianism is in Prussia, the main elements of its destruction are also to be found within the Prussian borders. The economic and political development of German capitalism, which has to such a large extent done away with the Mainlinie, has created social classes, and especially a proletariat in the cities and industrial districts of Prussia, which have proved, and will prove again, much worse enemies of Prussianism than any element outside of the black-and-white frontier posts. The weak spots of Prussianism are to be found not in Vienna, Munich, or Frankfort any more, but in the working-class districts of Berlin and Rhineland-Westphalia.

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To sum up, the national causes of possible disruption in Germany are much less important than the social causes.

The main reason the German Government has for anxiety is the growth of the movement toward political and industrial democracy that is the natural outcome of the speedy industrial development of the country, and is increased in its effect by the growing pressure of war on the material conditions of life.

There never has been anything like a united democratic movement in Germany. Especially during the last score of years the whole political situation of the country was so dominated by the economic class struggle of the proletariat that the democratic elements of the bourgeoisie had very little in common with social democracy as representing the political aspirations of the working class. The characteristic feature of political life in Germany before the war was that the bourgeois democratic elements were not only comparatively weak in number but also lacked energy in their politics. The stronger the Social Democratic party became, the weaker and meeker the bourgeois radicals. The menace of the constant increase in electoral strength of the Social Democratic party and of possible ultimate seizure of the political power by the party of the proletariat, drove more and more the bulk of the democratic voters into the ranks of the reactionary parties, which were looked upon as the only reliable bulwark against the rising tide of revolution. Things looked at one time as though there were no real democratic movement in Germany outside of social democracy, with the exception of a few Jewish financiers and journalists and a handful of incorrigible academic idealists, who had remained true to the democratic traditions of 1848.

All this seems to have changed fundamentally since the war, and especially within the last couple of years. At present the organs of bourgeois democracy, like the *Zukunft*, the *Welt am Montag*, the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, and the *Berliner Tageblatt*, use stronger language against the militaristic and imperialistic policy of the government than the *Vorwärts*, which is the chief exponent of the Social Democratic party or Government Socialists. This situation originates from the fact that the sufferings among a certain section of the middle classes (the financial circles, professional classes, tradespeople, privateers, overseas exporters and importers, public officials, and people with a fixed income generally) are worse than those of the part of the working class that under normal circumstances would be the most energetic in its revolutionary policy. This part consists of the élite of skilled workers, who naturally form the most intelligent and determined section of the labor movement, but who happen to be to a certain extent reconciled to their conditions, since they earn higher wages in working for the war industries. Whether the individual wage rates have increased in the same proportion as the cost of living since the beginning of the war, is a matter of controversy. But even if it were not so, the fact that employment is plentiful since 1915, with constant occasions for an increase in earnings by working overtime, and especially that so many women, girls, and children have been dragged into munition-making and other war industries, certainly has resulted in considerable increase of the family earnings of this class of workers. It should be added that the main element in this class, which includes the bulk of the metal-workers, the intellectual backbone of the Socialist movement, enjoys the privilege of being in a large number of cases freed from service at the front, as so many of them are needed in the factories.

The causes which have inverted the usual ratio of the relative strength of bourgeois and proletarian democracy are probably bound to become less and less important as the war lasts. Once the material pressure on the conditions of life of the masses in Germany will have become strong enough, as I believe it eventually will, to create a real revolutionary current among the working classes, there is every likelihood that the fear of the resurrection of militant Socialism will again deprive the bourgeois radicals of much of their strength. The ruling classes in Germany already seem to dread the social consequences of the war. The necessities of the national war effort, by nationalizing their main industries and making the working class the decisive economic and military factor, have

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evoked the spectre of Socialism, which the rulers of Germany may find it difficult to banish. In his article on "The German Press and German Opinion," in the *Atlantic Monthly* of July, 1918, Mr. Victor S. Clarke, quite rightly, I think, expresses the view that one motive of the German conservatives for prolonging the war is to postpone the day of reckoning with the social revolutionists as long as possible, and to secure a gambler's stake of territory and tribute that would make the economic reconstitution of Germany unnecessary. I have no doubt myself that the ruling powers in Germany know perfectly well that if there is to be a revolution it will not stop at formulating a programme of peace terms and political reforms, but that it will essentially aim at a thorough transformation of social conditions. The programme of the general strike movement that was started in Berlin in January, 1918, was highly significant in that respect.

Therefore I think that the present dissatisfaction with the government policy that makes itself felt in the bourgeois circles, whose mouthpieces are the *Berliner Tageblatt* and *Frankfurter Zeitung*, may act as yeast, but the dough of the rebellion will be the proletariat. I do not even think that an appreciable amount of the intellectual inspiration and leadership of the social revolution will be likely to come from the bourgeois democrats. It will, in all probability, be provided by the radical Socialists, perhaps even by those of the Bolsheviki type.

German social democracy is at present divided into two wings. They seem irreconcilable, and the abyss that divides them becomes deeper every day.

The Social Democratic party, usually called the majority party, have fully deserved the name of Government Socialists. Their betrayal of the principles of internationalism since the 4th of August, 1914, when they first voted the war credits in the Reichstag and "forgot" to utter even a formal protest against the violation of Belgium, has been so persistent and systematic that there is very little hope they will ever reform. It is true that they constantly give utterance to their desire for peace, and that their policy is directed toward facilitating a peace by negotiation on much more moderate terms than those of the imperialist circles. The German people have such good reasons for being sick of the war that a party which, like the Social Democrats, bases its power on the votes of the masses, cannot afford to be as bellicose in its utterances as the irresponsible gang of ultra-militarists who voice the ambition of Ludendorf, Von Tirpitz, and the Crown Prince. But the peace they advocate is very different from any peace consistent with the principles not even of Socialism, but of plain, honest political democracy as defined by President Woodrow Wilson and the Inter-allied Labor and Socialist conferences. It is a peace of compromise that would leave intact the foundations of militarism, despotism, and national oppression, out of which this war has arisen, and future wars would be sure to arise. One hears very little about their peacemaking activities whenever successes on the battle-field open a prospect of Germany settling the question with the sword without having to resort to negotiation. But when the German arms suffer reverses, their proposals of negotiations through international conferences come to the fore again, and their demoralizing action upon the Socialists in neutral and Allied countries fits wonderfully well into what has very appropriately been called the German peace offensives. They have openly given up opposition to the government whenever it would amount to something more than the statement of non-committing platitudes, and their leader, Scheidemann, misses no opportunity of declaring that this party, which before the war proudly called itself a part of the "International Revolutionary Social Democracy," does not believe in the possibility of a revolution in Germany and would never lend a hand to an undertaking of that sort. Whenever they showed initiative and took action of some sort, it was for the purpose of weakening the countries arraigned against Kaiserism, as in Russia, in 1917, when they first used their Danish emissary Boergbjerg to bring about a separate peace that would have allowed Hindenburg to crush the Allies in the west. Afterward they supported the Bolshevik propaganda, although they had repudiated, excluded, and persecuted the Bolsheviki of their own party, because

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they knew it would lead to the disintegration of the Russian army and the establishment of German power in the East on the ruins of the Russian revolution.

The Majority Social Democrats are so committed to this policy that if a great revolutionary current came into existence among the German workers, it would naturally sweep them away from the Government Socialists into the ranks of their opponents, the Minority Socialists.

I look upon the Minority Socialists as the only party who, in the event of a revolutionary movement, would provide it with a programme of positive demands and a framework of organizations and leaders. The strike movement of January, 1918, has already shown that they are the only section who have sufficient power and influence to be chosen by the masses as the exponents of their demands.

What is usually called the Minority Socialist element comprises distinct sections besides the Minority party proper, officially called the Independent Social Democratic party.

I would divide the revolutionary elements who have openly dissociated themselves from the imperialist policy of the government and of the Majority Social Democrats into five groups, which are, from right to left:

1. The extreme left wing of the Social Democratic party (Majority party).
2. The Independent Social Democratic party (the Minority party).
3. The Spartacus group (the Liebknechtians).
4. The Internationalists (Borchhardt group).
5. The Anarchists.

I purposely include the extreme left wing of the Majority party in this classification, because they represent views practically identical with those of the Minority party, and only remain with the old party for reasons of expediency. This group includes fourteen members of the Reichstag, who always vote, in the party caucus at any rate, in opposition to the majority on all policies connected with the war.

I have no doubt that if the Independent Social Democratic party became much stronger than it is at present this group would leave the Majority party. The main reason why they have not done so yet is, apart from the attachment to traditions of party unity and discipline, which is very strong with the German Socialists, their conviction that they have a better chance to advocate their views by retaining their present position in the Majority party and in the trade-unions (*Freie Gewerkschaften*) connected with it. It is noteworthy that the leaders of this group mostly hold prominent positions in the trade-unions. The split in the Social Democratic party, which is in fact the political expression of the *Gewerkschaften*, has not affected the unions yet, where the desire to maintain unity in spite of all political differences is particularly strong, for obvious reasons of fighting efficiency. Some of the leaders of this group are the chief editors of important daily Socialist papers, as Adolph Braun (editor of the *Fränkische Tagespost*, Nuremberg) and Max Quarck (editor of the *Frankfurter Volksstimme*). It is quite natural that they should not be in a hurry to give up positions such as these as long as they enjoy comparative freedom to set forth their views, while they would be practically powerless if they joined the Minority Socialists now.

The Independent Social Democratic party, or Minority party, is by far the most numerous and important of all the anti-war Socialist organizations. It consists of former members of the old Social Democratic party, who had more or less reluctantly supported the pro-war attitude of the party since the 4th of August, 1914, but had gradually come to realize that this policy was mistaken from a Socialist view-point. This party includes some of the best and ablest leaders of pre-war social democracy. Its theoretical exponents are Kautsky and Bernstein, both men of a high moral and intellectual standing and of international reputation as economists and historians. Its chief spokesmen in the Reichstag are Haase and Ledebour, who are at least equal in ability and certainly superior in character to any of the parliamentary leaders of the Majority party. In spite of the fact that he is a Jew, Haase had come to be recognized, after Bebel's death, as the most authorized Parliamentary representative of social democracy in the Reichstag, and it will be remembered that he was se-

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lected to define the policy of his party at the memorable sitting of the Reichstag on August 4, 1914, although he had just before in the party caucus opposed that policy with all his might.

In spite of this brilliant leadership, the Minority party is as yet an army with many officers and few men. The bulk of its followers consists of old-timers of the Social Democratic party, who formed a part of what might be described as its body of non-commissioned officers. They are "Vertrauensleute," who did most of the active propaganda work in the shops and working-class districts and were well up on the theoretical Marxian literature. No Socialist party in Europe could boast of such a number of this type of men as the German Social Democracy, thanks to its ninety-six daily papers and its enormous production of books, pamphlets, and magazines, devoted to the dissemination of Marxian principles among the intellectual élite of the German working class.

These people have joined the Minority party not because of the pressure of material conditions since the war but because they already were anti-imperialist and anti-militarist Socialists before August, 1914. I do not think that the membership of the Minority party includes more than a few hundred men and women who have become Socialists and anti-imperialists since the war.

Their leaders are quite prepared to admit these facts, which show that the industrial and social conditions created by the war in Germany are not such hitherto as to create a revolutionary feeling among the masses. They do not expect to see their membership increase very rapidly until these conditions have changed as a result either of a very long duration of the war or of a military defeat of Germany. In the meantime they think that it would be of no use for them to appeal to the masses by stating their views fully and openly in a way that would bring all of them into jail before they could expect any results. Their main aim is to go on with theoretical propaganda among their present followers, so as to have a framework prepared for the time when action will be possible on a large scale.

It is significant to notice in this connection that most of the leaders of the anti-war Socialists in Germany are either of non-German blood or have been influenced by a long stay in foreign democratic countries. They are of a type that is intellectually and temperamentally very different from that of the average German, whose lack of revolutionary grit already made Heinrich Heine sneer more than half a century ago that

> "Ausländer, Juden sind es meist
> Die unter uns gesät den Geist
> Der Rebellion ..... "

They are "Ausländer" and "Juden" once again. Kautsky is a Czech; Bernstein, Haase, Borchhardt, Oscar Cohn, and Hans Bloch are Jews; Karl Liebknecht is the son of a Jewish mother; Rosa Luxemburg is a Russian-Polish Jewess; Klara Zetkin and Ledebour have spent part of their life in England and France, and so on.

The Liebknecht group is quite distinct from and in many respects antagonistic to the Minority party. They might be called the German Bolsheviki, a title to which they probably would not object in the least. While the Minority party considers the Central Powers responsible for the war, and agrees with the war aims of President Wilson and the Inter-allied Labor and Socialist Conference, the Liebknechtians stand for a policy of anti-war agitation in every country. Their opposition to the war is theoretically based upon the assumption that this is an imperialist war, for which the capitalistic system is internationally responsible.

Nevertheless, their propaganda is practically entirely conducted against the policy of the German and Austrian Governments. Liebknecht, although he sticks to the doctrine of the imperialistic character of the war, as outlined by the Zimmerwald and Kienthal conferences, has devoted most of his energy to showing that the immediate and main responsibility for the war rests with the German Government. Finally, even the most rigid doctrinarism cannot blind men like Liebknecht and Franz Mehring, who have fought all their life against Prussianism and militarism, to the fact that the menace of Prussian hegemony over the world cannot leave the international labor movement indifferent. Facts have proved so much stronger than theories that Liebknecht, for instance, expressed his agreement with

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the attitude of the Belgian Socialists, who took up arms to defend their country against German invasion, although to be consistent with the true Zimmerwald doctrine, they ought to have called a general strike and fought the capitalist class in their own country regardless of war conditions.

I happen to have the honor of having been associated with Liebknecht and his propaganda against German militarism for a number of years before the war. I claim this as an honor because, in spite of our disagreement on theoretical propositions, I think that few men have shown a courage that can be compared to that displayed by Liebknecht when he first stood up, alone and unsupported, to tell the German Government that they had been deceiving the country and that it was the duty of the German people to oppose this war. In September, 1914, Liebknecht came to Brussels to look me up, not knowing that I had enlisted on the first day of German invasion. My wife told him that as an anti-militarist I had thought it my duty to take up arms to fight against militarism, and asked him whether he thought that he had done his duty as an anti-militarist in the German Reichstag by merely abstaining from voting on the war credit? He admitted that I had done the right thing, and added that he had since realized that a German anti-militarist's duty was to fight the German Government from within, as a Belgian anti-militarist's duty was to fight it from without.

The best-known leaders of the Liebknecht group, among those who are not in jail at present, like Liebknecht himself, are Franz Mehring and Rosa Luxemburg. They have practically no organization, on account of the manner in which they are hunted by the authorities, and the only way in which they can reach the masses is by the distribution of pamphlets, most of which has to be done secretly.

It is hard to say whether this group would have more chances to appeal to the German worker's mind, in case a revolutionary movement should arise, than the Minority party. I should say that the latter are more likely to find support with the civilian population, and especially with the trade-unionist element, while the more radical views of the Liebknecht group would probably have a stronger appeal for the soldier element, who naturally go from one extreme to the other once demoralization sets in. It is noteworthy that the big strike of January, 1918, originated in propaganda conducted by the Minority party in Berlin, Leipzig, Elberfeld, Düsseldorf, Solingen, Nuremberg, etc., while the Liebknechtian element predominates among the organizations of deserters from the German army, which already include a total of several thousand members in Zürich, Amsterdam, Rotterdam, and The Hague.

The Borchhardt group, who call themselves the "Internationalist Socialists," are separated from the Spartacus, or Liebknecht, group by mere shades of thought. They are even more radical and they advocate an international general strike to put an end to the war. Their little sect is confined to Berlin and is only mentioned here for completeness' sake.

Although little has been heard of the German Anarchists since the war, it should be remembered that they were fairly numerous in the big cities, especially in Berlin, and in the industrial districts of the west of Germany. Most of them, however, have left Germany, or have deserted from the German army, and are now in Holland and in Switzerland, where they have gained some influence in the German deserters' organizations. Perhaps this is also an indication of the likelihood of the soldier element going over to extreme views once the foundations of discipline have been shaken, as a natural psychological reaction of the individual.

So everything that is required to create a revolutionary mass movement is ready —the organization (the Minority party), the propagandists, the leaders. Everything except the masses. There is a red army staff, and a fair number of officers and non-commissioned officers, but there are no soldiers yet.

Revolutions are not made to order, and if there is nothing more than theoretical programmes and resolutions of international Socialist congresses to induce the Germans to make a revolution, then there won't be any. There are a certain number of Socialists in Germany to-day who think that the interests of socialism and

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internationalism demand a revolutionary movement. But their voices will call into the wilderness as long as there is nothing but their pamphlets, however cleverly written, to appeal to the people. The masses will not move until they are compelled to do so by the material necessities of life.

There never would have been a revolution in Russia if it had been for the Socialists only, who were a smaller minority there than in any other great European country. The revolution came because the masses were hungry, because the armies of the Czar had been disorganized and demoralized by treason and defeat, and because the corruption and inefficiency of the old régime had become an unbearable burden for the whole of the nation. It is not the Socialists who made the revolution, it is the revolution that brought the Socialists into power. And finally, the only Socialists who were able to retain power were those who satisfied the craving of the hungry and war-weary masses for peace at any price, even the ignominious price paid at Brest-Litovsk.

So let us look the facts in the face and admit that there will be no revolution in Germany, even though the food situation should get very much worse, as long as there is any hope left for the German people that by going on with the war they can secure victory or at least negotiate peace, and make the others pay the bill.

I am convinced that as long as Germany has not been beaten on the battlefield there will be no revolution. But I am equally convinced that a German revolution will be the unavoidable outcome of military defeat. I am even inclined to believe that it will be a pretty thorough one, the one Heine dreamed of when he said that one day the world would hear the thunder of German revolution, compared with which all previous revolutions and even 1793 would seem idyllic. The "Gründlichkeit" of the revolution is likely to be in direct ratio to the "Gründlichkeit" of the defeat.

The reason why there can be no revolution at present in the German Empire is the very same reason why there was no revolution on the 1st of August, 1914.

If there was a country in the world where labor had the power to prevent war by stopping the war preparations of the government, it was Germany. Nowhere was Social Democracy stronger in numbers, better organized, and more thoroughly trained in the doctrine of revolutionary socialism.

Yet the 4th of August, 1914, found their leaders prepared to break all the pledges of international solidarity they had given to the labor movement in the other countries, in the same way as the imperial government was breaking its pledge to protect the neutrality of Belgium. Was it because they were traitors or because they had candidly allowed themselves to be misled by the statements of the Imperial Chancellor, who made Germany appear as the innocent lamb threatened by the Russian wolf? The explanation is too easy to be true. The leaders of German Social Democracy had been taught sufficiently by previous experiences how little reliance could be placed on the statements of their rulers, and the inanity of making the alleged danger of Czarism the excuse for their attitude was shown when, after the overthrow of Czarism, they proved themselves just as eager to help the government in crushing the Russia of the revolution as they had been in fighting the Russia of the Czar.

The main fault was not with the leaders—though it would be difficult to imagine anything more deprived of common decency and intellectual dignity than the attitude of the Social Democrats in the Reichstag in 1914—but with the masses themselves. The "leaders" were led by the masses, which had been seized by the war fever and had given up every thought of resistance to the government's policy. Their powerful organization and thorough theoretical training had been no use to them, for they lacked something far more essential from the view-point of action—that is, the spirit of self-confidence and daring that can only result from either revolutionary tradition or from an atmosphere of political freedom, two things that were lacking in Germany. If there is anything to show the working classes in all countries that they must fight for democracy and political freedom as something essential to any further social progress, it is the disgraceful collapse of German Social Democracy when it was put to the test of action, only because the Ger-

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man people had never enjoyed that minimum of freedom that makes men men.

There is something more, however, than lack of character and fighting determination to account for the attitude of German labor in 1914. They went in for the war because they expected to benefit by it. I do not think that sufficient attention has ever been paid to the attitude of the German trade-unions at that critical period. People who are familiar with the inside story of the German labor movement during the last ten years know that since the Congress of Mannheim in 1906, when a formal treaty of alliance between the Social Democracy and the trade-unions was arrived at, the Social Democratic party had come to be a mere tail of the trade-union dog. The trade-union officials, who mostly kept discreetly behind the scenes, but who knew how to use the power that resulted from practical dictatorship in the big and wealthy unions, were the wire-pullers. It is their pro-war attitude that to a large extent accounts for everything the Social Democratic party has done. A proletarian imperialism has developed in the circles of the trade-union leaders, which is a direct response to the militaristic imperialism of the government. Its fundamental principle was the idea that the situation of the German workers was to be improved as a consequence of the development of German industry and trade, to which the establishment of a German hegemony over the world was a necessary condition. A German military victory would open new markets, there would be more employment and higher wages, and the trade-unions—which in spite of twenty years' hard work had only just reached the stage where collective bargaining began to be introduced—would get due acknowledgment from the industrial and political authorities and obtain their part of the spoils. This was the idea that was at the back of the German worker's mind and made him the enthusiastic patriot which he has since proved himself to be both on the battle-field and at home. There is nothing more significant in that respect than the fact that after the fall of Antwerp the chief organ of the German Transport Workers' Union published an article in which confidence was expressed that the German flag would never be lowered from the walls of that city again.

It is true that since that time it has been brought home to the German people that there were more risks and sacrifices involved in this game than they imagined when they started on the march to Paris. They have certainly stood tremendous sufferings. Yet, from my knowledge of German conditions and the German mind, I am prepared to say that they will stand things many times worse, as long as they see no other alternative than either give up and be ruined or go on and have a chance to win.

The psychological foundation of German imperialism is the conviction of the masses that they need their present system of government and military organization as a means of safeguarding their national independence and increasing their national prosperity. At the base of it all is the general belief in the infallible efficiency of the Prussian system and an equally general confidence in their political and military leaders.

Once this confidence is shattered and the prestige of Prussian militarism broken, the whole edifice will totter and fall, but not before. This, of course, cannot be achieved by persuasion, but only by a military defeat. Therefore, all attempts to negotiate, even with German Socialists, in any form that would mean more than a propagandist appeal to stiffen the back of the minority, are doomed to serve nobody but the German Government, for they would create illusions which would weaken the fighting determination in the ranks of the Allies. Who would be anxious to-day of being duped again as the Bolsheviki were last year when they threw down their arms to shake hands with the German soldiers, who were careful enough to hold their rifles in the other hand and used them to rob the Russian people of the conquests of the revolution?

Does this mean that we should confine ourselves to a purely military effort and give up all idea of propaganda for the time being? By no means. The seeds that we want to see grow up during the spring should be sown in the winter. No propaganda effort should be neglected that can make the German people realize that their salvation lies in the overthrow

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of their government and the establishment of German democracy.

This means something much more far-reaching than the usual belligerent's propaganda, which consists in trying to demoralize the weaker elements in the enemy's ranks by impressing them with the certainty of their defeat, promising them advantages if they surrender or desert, and using all the other little tricks which are as much a part of the routine of warfare as sending shells and bullets over. Our propaganda is not a mere military device but a legitimate endeavor to bring about, in this world war for democracy, a natural alignment of all those who have everything to gain and nothing to lose by overthrowing despotism and militarism.

It is to the everlasting merit of President Woodrow Wilson to have made it clear to all the world that this war, which at the beginning appeared to us in Europe as a mere fight in the defense of our homes and territories, now has developed into a world's civil war for the establishment of political democracy. The big issues involved in it, especially since the downfall of Czarism in Russia and the entrance of the United States into the conflict, have created an alignment of forces in Europe of which the present line of trenches is but one of the boundaries. Not only different armies but different social classes and political forces in every country are the chessmen on the board. This, of course, especially applies to Germany and Austria.

A great and successful effort has been made in this country to convince labor that the workers of every nation are perhaps more interested than any other class of the community in the victory of the democratic powers. A similar effort should be made, with all the means at our disposal, to convince German labor that they have exactly the same interest. Let us show them that our policy is not imperialistic and directed toward the destruction of the German nation, as their masters try to make them believe. Let us tell them that a victory of the democratic allies involves no danger for a democratic Germany. Let us overwhelm them with evidence that while the labor movement in Germany and Austria has lost more than half of its power and influence since the beginning of the war, it is going ahead with gigantic strides in the United States, Great Britain, and France. Let us quote the loyalty and devotion to the United States shown by millions of German and Austrian born Americans as proof of the excellence of democratic institutions and political freedom. Let us try to convince them that the attainment of the war aims of the Allies, as outlined by President Wilson, would be for the benefit of a self-governing German nation. And, above all, let the whole trend of our activity show them that there will be no peace unless it can be concluded with a government that is the real emanation of the German people, so that the only alternative for them is either to get rid of Kaiserism by rising against it themselves or to let us do it for them.

Nobody is in a better position to conduct that propaganda than the government of the United States, because the very fact that it tried for nearly three years to keep out of the war removes even the slightest suspicion of selfishness or imperialist purposes. No time should be lost, either. It is more than a figure of speech when I say that the spring crop should be sown in the winter. Christmas-time is a peculiarly critical period for the German morale, both at home and at the front, not only because of the difficulties of transportation and the other hardships of winter, but mainly on account of the great significance of Christmas with its associations of home life and festivities to the German mind. The people at home feel the pinch of these sufferings all the more because even the poorest stick to traditions which involve additional expense for the "feast of peace" at a time when even ordinary housekeeping runs high. The German Government knows this so well that, as the experience of the last four years shows, they always undertake something special to "buck up" the morale of the population in December. This is the favorite time for their "peace offensives." Let us get ready to meet their next one with ours, and tell them more insistently than ever that they can have peace if they want it. The only price they will have to pay is to remove the menace of autocracy from the world by freeing themselves from it. It will be up to Foch, Haig, and Pershing to hasten the hour of their answer.

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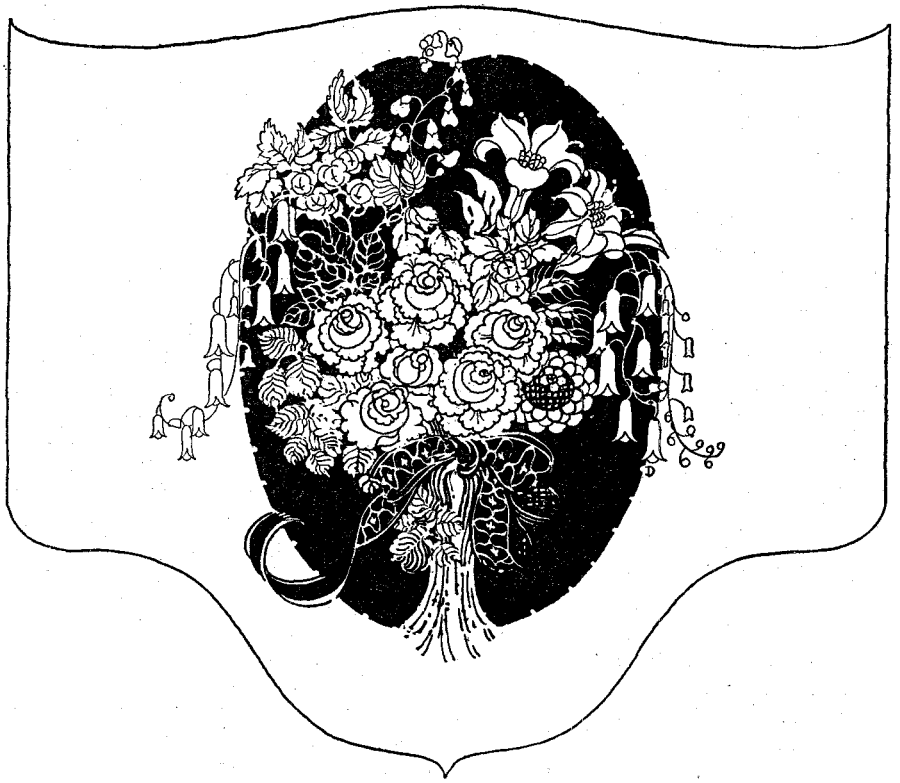

# SPINDLEBERRIES

## BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

DECORATIONS BY KATHARINE S. DODGE

THE celebrated painter Scudamore—whose studies of Nature had been hung on the line for so many years that he had forgotten the days when, not yet in the Scudamore manner, they depended from the sky—stood where his cousin had left him so abruptly. His lips, between comely gray mustache and comely pointed beard, wore a mortified smile, and he gazed rather dazedly at the spindleberries fallen onto the flagged courtyard from the branch she had brought to show him. Why had she thrown up her head as if he had struck her, and whisked round so that those dull-pink berries quivered and lost their rain-drops, and four had fallen? He had but said: "Charming! I'd like to use them!" And she had answered: "God!" and rushed away. Alicia really was crazed; who would have thought that once she had been so adorable! He stooped and picked up the four berries—a beautiful color, that dull pink! And from below the coatings of success and the Scudamore manner a little thrill came up; the stir of emotional vision. Paint! What good? How express? He went



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across to the low wall which divided the courtyard of his expensively restored and beautiful old house from the first flood of the River Arun wandering silvery in pale winter sunlight. Yes, indeed! How express Nature, its translucence and mysterious unities, its mood never the same from hour to hour! Those brown-tufted rushes over there against the gold gray of light and water—those restless hovering white gulls! A kind of disgust at his own celebrated manner welled up within him—the disgust of Alicia's "God!" Beauty! What use—how express it! Had she been thinking the same thing?

He looked at the four pink berries glistening on the gray stone of the wall, and memory stirred. What a lovely girl she had been with her gray-green eyes, shining under long lashes, the rose-petal color in her cheeks and the too-fine dark hair—now so very gray—always blowing a little wild. An enchanting, enthusiastic creature! He remembered, as if it had been but last week, that day when they started from Arundel station by the road to Burpham, when he was twenty-nine and she twenty-five, both of them painters and neither of them known—a day of showers and sunlight in the middle of March, and Nature preparing for full Spring! How they had chattered at first; and when their arms touched, how he had thrilled, and the color had deepened in her wet cheeks; and then, gradually, they had grown silent; a wonderful walk, which seemed leading so surely to a more wonderful end. They had wandered round through the village and down past the chalk-pit and Jacob's ladder, into the field path and so to the river-bank. And he had taken her ever so gently round the waist, still silent, waiting for that moment when his heart would leap out of him in words and hers—he was sure—would leap to meet it. The path entered a thicket of blackthorn with a few primroses close to the little river running full and gentle. The last drops of a shower were falling, but the sun had burst through, and the sky above the thicket was cleared to the blue of speedwell flowers. Suddenly she had stopped and cried: "Look, Dick! Oh, look! It's heaven!" A high bush of blackthorn was lifted there, starry white against the blue and that bright cloud. It seemed to sing, it was so lovely; the whole of Spring was in it. But the sight of her ecstatic face had broken down all his restraint; and tightening his arm round her, he had kissed her lips. He remembered still the expression of her face, like a child's startled out of sleep. She had gone rigid, gasped, started away from him; quivered and gulped, and broken suddenly into sobs. Then, slipping from his arm, she had fled. He had stood at first, amazed and hurt, utterly bewildered; then, recovering a little, had hunted for her full half an hour before at last he found her sitting on wet grass, with a stony look on her face. He had said nothing, and she nothing, except to murmur: "Let's go on; we shall miss our train!" And all the rest of that day and the day after, until they parted, he had suffered from the feeling of having tumbled down off some high perch in her estimation. He had not liked it at all; it had made him very angry. Never from that day to this had he thought of it as anything but a piece of wanton prudery. Had it—had it been something else? He looked at the four pink berries, and as if they had uncanny power to turn the wheel of memory, he saw another vision of his cousin five years later. He was married by then, and already hung on the line. With his wife he had gone down to Alicia's country cottage. A summer night, just dark and very warm. After many exhortations she had brought into the little drawing-room her last finished picture. He could see her now placing it where the light fell, her tall slight form already rather sharp and meagre, as the figures of some women grow at thirty, if they are not married; the nervous, fluttering look on her charming face, as though she could hardly bear this inspection; the way she raised her shoulder just a little as if to ward off an expected blow of condemnation. No need! It had been a beautiful thing, a quite surprisingly beautiful study of night. He remembered with what a really jealous ache he had gazed at it—a better thing than he had ever done himself. And, frankly, he had said so. Her eyes had shone with pleasure. "Do you really like it? I tried so hard!" "The day you show that, my dear," he had said, "your name's made!"

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She had clasped her hands and simply sighed: "Oh, Dick!" He had felt quite happy in her happiness, and presently the three of them had taken their chairs out, beyond the curtains, on to the dark veranda, had talked a little, then somehow fallen silent. A wonderful warm, black, grape-bloom night, exquisitely gracious and inviting; the stars very high and white, the flowers glimmering in the garden-beds, and, against the deep, dark blue, roses hanging, unearthly, stained with beauty. There was a scent of honeysuckle, he remembered, and many moths came fluttering by toward the tall narrow chink of light between the curtains. Alicia had sat leaning forward, elbows on knees, ears buried in her hands. Probably they were silent because she sat like that. Once he heard her whisper to herself: "Lovely, lovely! Oh, God! How lovely!" His wife, feeling the dew, had gone in, and he had followed; Alicia had not seemed to notice. But when she too came in, her eyes were glistening with tears. She said something about bed in a queer voice; they had taken candles and gone up. Next morning, going to her little studio to give her advice about that picture, he had been literally horrified to see it streaked with lines of Chinese white. Alicia, standing before it, was dashing her brush in broad smears across and across. She heard him and turned round. There was a hard red spot in either cheek, and she said in a quivering voice: "It was blasphemy. That's all!" And turning her back on him, she had gone on smearing it with Chinese white. Without a word, he had turned tail in simple disgust. Indeed, so deep had been his vexation at that wanton destruction of the best thing she had ever done or was ever likely to do, that he had avoided her for years. He had always had a horror of eccentricity. To have planted her foot firmly on the ladder of fame and then deliberately kicked it away; to have wantonly foregone this chance of making money—for she had but a mere pittance! It had seemed to him really too exasperating, a thing only to be explained by tapping one's forehead. Every now and then he still heard of her, living down there, spending her days out in the woods and fields, and sometimes even her nights, they said, and steadily growing poorer and thinner and more eccentric; becoming, in short, impossibly difficult, as only Englishwomen can. People would speak of her as "such a dear," and talk of her charm, but always with that shrug which is hard to bear when applied to one's relations. What she did with the productions of her brush he never inquired, too disillusioned by that experience. Poor Alicia!

The pink berries glowed on the gray stone, and he had yet another memory. A family occasion when Uncle Martin Scudamore departed this life, and they all went up to bury him and hear his Will. The old chap, whom they had looked on as a bit of a disgrace, money grubbing up in the little gray Yorkshire town which owed its rise to his factory, was expected to make amends by his death, for he had never married—too sunk in Industry, apparently, to have the time. By tacit agreement, his nephews and nieces had selected the Inn at Bolton Abbey, the nearest beauty spot. They had driven six miles to the funeral in three carriages. Alicia had gone with him and his brother, the solicitor. In her plain black clothes she looked quite charming, in spite of the silver threads already thick in her fine dark hair, loosened by the moor wind. She had talked of painting to him with all her old enthusiasm, and her eyes had seemed to linger on his face as if she still had a little weakness for him. He had quite enjoyed that drive. They had come rather abruptly on the small grimy town clinging to the riverbanks, with old Martin's long yellow-brick house dominating it, about two hundred yards above the mills. Suddenly under the rug he felt Alicia's hand seize his with a sort of desperation, for all the world as if she were clinging to something to support her. Indeed, he was sure she did not know it was his hand she squeezed. The cobbled streets, the muddy-looking water, the dingy, staring factories, the yellow, staring house, the little dark-clothed, dreadfully plain work-people all turned out to do a last honor to their creator; the hideous new gray church, the dismal service, the brand-new tombstones —and all of a glorious autumn day! It was inexpressibly sordid—too ugly for

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words! Afterward the Will was read to them seated decorously on bright mahogany chairs in the yellow mansion; a very satisfactory Will, distributing in perfectly adjusted portions, to his own kinsfolk and nobody else, a very considerable wealth. Scudamore had listened to it dreamily, with his eyes fixed on an oily picture, thinking, "My God! What a thing!" and longing to be back in the carriage smoking a cigar to take the reek of black clothes, and sherry—sherry!—out of his nostrils. He happened to look at Alicia. Her eyes were closed; her lips, always sweet-looking, quivered amusedly. And at that very moment the Will came to her name. He saw those eyes open wide, and marked a beautiful pink flush, quite like that of old days, come into her thin cheeks. "Splendid!" he had thought; "it's really jolly for her. I *am* glad. Now she won't have to pinch. Splendid!" He shared with her to the full the surprised relief showing in her still beautiful face.

All the way home in the carriage he felt at least as happy over her good fortune as over his own, which had been substantial. He took her hand under the rug and squeezed it, and she answered with a long, gentle pressure, quite unlike the clutch when they were driving in. That same evening he strolled out to where the river curved below the Abbey. The sun had not quite set, and its last smoky radiance slanted into the burnished autumn woods. Some white-faced Herefords were grazing in lush grass; the river rippled and gleamed, all over golden scales. About that scene was the magic which has so often startled the hearts of painters, the wistful gold—the enchantment of a dream. For some minutes he had gazed with delight which had in it a sort of despair. A little crisp rustle ran along the bushes; the leaves fluttered, then hung quite still. And he heard a voice—Alicia's speaking. "My lovely, lovely world!" Moving forward a step, he saw her standing on the river-bank, braced against the trunk of a birch-tree, her head thrown back, and her arms stretched wide apart as though to clasp the lovely world she had apostrophized. To have gone up to her would have been like breaking up a lovers' interview, and he turned round instead and went away.

A week later he heard from his brother that Alicia had refused her legacy. "I don't want it," her letter had said simply, "I couldn't bear to take it. Give it to those poor people who live in that awful place." Really eccentricity could go no further! They decided to go down and see her. Such mad neglect of her own good must not be permitted without some effort to prevent it. They found her very thin, and charming; humble, but quite obstinate in her refusal. "Oh! I couldn't, really! I should be so unhappy. Those poor little stunted people who made it all for him! That little, awful town! I simply couldn't be reminded. Don't talk about it, please. I'm quite all right as I am." They had threatened her with lurid pictures of the workhouse and a destitute old age. To no purpose, she would not take the money. She had been forty when she refused that aid from heaven—forty, and already past any hope of marriage. For though Scudamore had never known for certain that she had ever wished or hoped for marriage, he had his theory—that all her eccentricity came from wasted sexual instinct. This last folly had seemed to him monstrous enough to be pathetic, and he no longer avoided her. Indeed, he would often walk over to tea in her little hermitage. With Uncle Martin's money he had bought and restored the beautiful old house over the River Arun, and was now only five miles from Alicia's across country. She, too, would come tramping over at all hours, floating in with wild flowers or ferns, which she would put into water the moment she arrived. She had ceased to wear hats, and had by now a very doubtful reputation for sanity about the countryside. This was the period when Watts was on every painter's tongue, and he seldom saw Alicia without a disputation concerning that famous symbolist. Personally, he had no use for Watts, resenting his faulty drawing and crude allegories, but Alicia always maintained with her extravagant fervor that he was great because he tried to paint the soul of things. She especially loved a painting called "Iris"—a female symbol of the rainbow, which indeed in its float-

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ing eccentricity had a certain resemblance to herself. "Of course he failed," she would say; "he tried for the impossible, and went on trying all his life. Oh! I can't bear your rules, and catchwords, Dick; what's the good of them! Beauty's too big, too deep!" Poor Alicia! She was sometimes very wearing.

He never knew quite how it came about that she went abroad with them to Dauphiné in the autumn of 1904—a rather disastrous business—never again would he take any one travelling who did not know how to come in out of the rain. It was a painter's country and he had hired a little *château* in front of the Glandaz mountain—himself, his wife, their eldest girl, and Alicia. The adaptation of his famous manner to that strange scenery, its browns and French grays and filmy blues, so preoccupied him that he had scant time for becoming intimate with these hills and valleys. From the little gravelled terrace in front of the annex, out of which he had made a studio, there was an absorbing view over the pantiled old town of Die. It glistened below in the early or late sunlight, flat-roofed and of pinkish yellow, with the dim, blue River Drôme circling one side, and cut, dark cypress-trees dotting the vineyarded slopes. And he painted it continually. What Alicia did with herself they none of them very much knew, except that she would come in and talk ecstatically of things and beasts and people she had seen. One favorite haunt of hers they did visit, a ruined monastery high up in the amphitheatre of the Glandaz mountain. They had their lunch up there, a very charming and remote spot, where the watercourses and ponds and chapel of the old monks were still visible, though converted by the farmer to his use. Alicia left them abruptly in the middle of their praises, and they had not seen her again till they found her at home when they got back. It was almost as if she had resented laudation of her favorite haunt. She had brought in with her a great bunch of golden berries, of which none of them knew the name; berries almost as beautiful as these spindleberries glowing on the stone of the wall. And a fourth memory of Alicia came.

Christmas Eve, a sparkling frost, and every tree round the little *château* rimed so that they shone in the starlight as though dowered with cherry blossom. Never were more stars in clear black sky above the whitened earth. Down in the little town a few faint points of yellow light twinkled in the mountain wind keen as a razor's edge. A fantastically lovely night—quite "Japanese," but cruelly cold. Five minutes on the terrace had been enough for all of them except Alicia. She—unaccountable, crazy creature—would not come in. Twice he had gone out to her, with commands, entreaties, and extra wraps; the third time he could not find her, she had deliberately avoided his onslaught and slid off somewhere to keep this mad vigil by frozen starlight. When at last she did come in she reeled as if drunk. They tried to make her really drunk, to put warmth back into her. No good! In two days she was down with double pneumonia; it was two months before she was up again—a very shadow of herself. There had never been much health in her since then. She floated like a ghost through life, a crazy ghost, who still would steal away, goodness knew where, and come in with a flush in her withered cheeks, and her gray hair wild blown, carrying her spoil—some flower, some leaf, some tiny bird, or little soft rabbit. She never painted now, never even talked of it. They had made her give up her cottage and come to live with them, literally afraid that she would starve herself to death in her forgetfulness of everything. These spindleberries even! Why, probably, she had been right up this morning to that sunny chalkpit in the lew of the Downs to get them, seven miles there and back, when you wouldn't think she could walk seven hundred yards, and as likely as not had lain there on the dewy grass, looking up at the sky, as he had come on her sometimes. Poor Alicia! And once he had been within an ace of marrying her! A life spoiled! By what, if not by love of beauty! But who would have ever thought that the intangible could wreck a woman, deprive her of love, marriage, motherhood, of fame, of wealth, of health! And yet—by George!—it had!

Scudamore flipped the four pink berries

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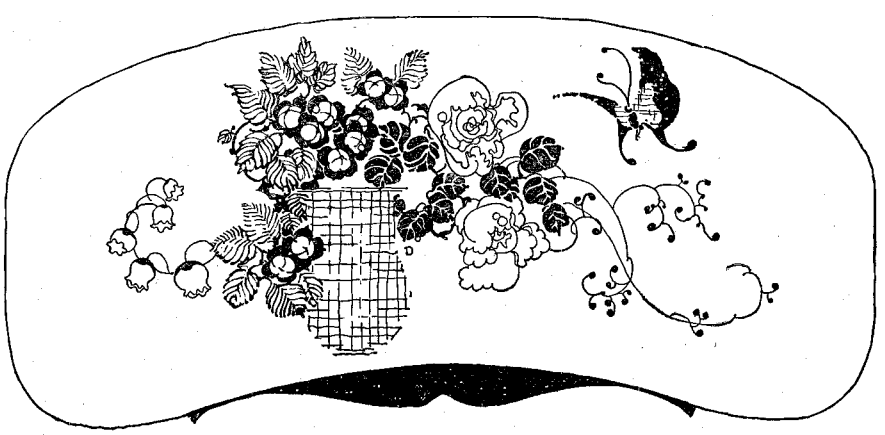
off the wall. The radiance and the meandering milky waters; that swan against the brown tufted rushes; those far, filmy Downs—there was beauty! But, damn it all—moderation! Moderation! And, turning his back on that prospect, which he had painted so many times, in his celebrated manner, he went in, and up the beautifully restored staircase to his studio. It had great windows on three sides, and perfect means for regulating light. Unfinished studies melted into walls so subdued that they looked like atmosphere. There were no completed pictures—they sold too fast. He walked over to his easel, and his eye was caught by a spray of color—the spindleberries set in water, ready for him to use, just where the pale sunlight fell so that their delicate color might glow and the few tiny drops of moisture still clinging to them shine. For a second he saw Alicia herself as she must have looked, setting them there, her transparent hands hovering, her eyes shining, that gray hair of hers all fine and loose. The vision vanished! But what had made her bring them after that horrified "God!" when he spoke of using them? Was it her way of saying: "Forgive me for being rude!" Really she was pathetic, that poor devotee! The spindleberries glowed in their silver-lustre jug, sprayed up against the sunlight. They looked triumphant—as well they might, who stood for that which had ruined—or was it saved—a life! Alicia! She had made a pretty mess of it, and yet who knew what secret raptures she had felt with her subtle lover, Beauty, by starlight and sunlight and moonlight, in the fields and woods, on the hilltops, and by riverside! Flowers, and the flight of birds, and the ripple of the wind, and all the shifting play of light and color which made a man despair when he wanted to use them; she had taken them, hugged them to her with no afterthought, and been happy! Who could say that she had missed the prize of life? Who could say it? . . . Spindleberries! A bunch of spindleberries to set such doubts astir in him! Why, what was beauty but just the extra value which certain forms and colors, blended, gave to things—just the extra value in the human market! Nothing else on earth, nothing! And the spindleberries glowed against the sunlight, delicate, remote! Taking his palette, he mixed crimson lake, white, and ultramarine. What was that? Who sighed, away out there behind him? Nothing! "Damn it all!" he thought; "this is childish. This is as bad as Alicia!" And he set to work to paint in his celebrated manner—spindleberries.



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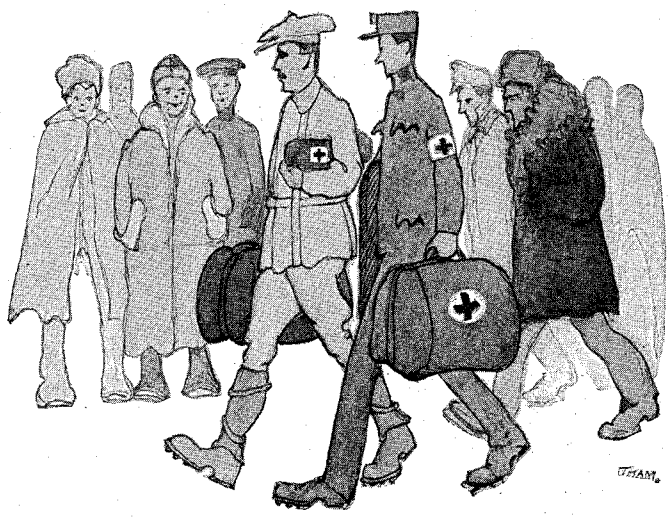

A caricature of one of the relief delegates with his secretary, an Hungarian officer, arriving at a camp, as seen by an Hungarian prisoner of war.

# LIFE IN SIBERIAN PRISON CAMPS

## BY JOHAN W. PRINS, A.M., LL.B.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS BY PRISONERS OF WAR IN SIBERIAN CAMPS

A FEW months ago when I was preparing to leave Chita, east of Lake Baikal, after having spent several months there in relief work among Austrian, Hungarian, and German prisoners of war, my servant, a German private, clapped his heels together, stood in military position, and ventured: "Do you not need a servant in America, sir?"

Surprised, I looked at him. "Why, Karl, what's the matter? Do you want to go along?"

"Yes, sir, I should like to."

"Don't you see that is impossible? You are a German, and America is at war with your country; the authorities would never let you into the United States, and how could you escape from this country?"

"But I can get a Greek passport, sir."

Well, I knew more about the many false passports that were used in Siberia than he did, and although the Bolsheviki did not know how to distinguish between the true ones and the false ones, others would.

So I went away, leaving one disappointed boy behind, who had wanted so much and so honestly to make the Land of Liberty his second fatherland in spite of the fact that both countries were at war.

One, I say; no, hundreds! So many, many I could have taken along. Many Germans and even more Austrians and Hungarians who had had enough of bureaucracy and imperial highnesses, and wanted to go where so many of their relatives had already gone.

They were Democrats. Many would have made good American citizens. But, instead, they had to remain in Siberia, exposed to all the ravings of Bolshevikism, till at last, desperate as they were, many became Bolsheviki themselves, took up arms again to fight anybody who would fight them. Not out of a real Bolshevik spirit did they do this, not because Germany and Austria had prompted them to do so, but simply because they were



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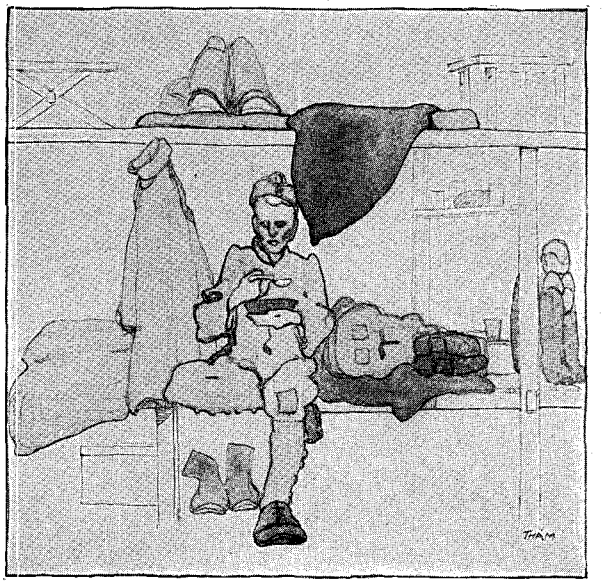

A prisoner eating his frugal meal.

He is seated on his bunk, which has to be shared by one of his comrades, who is taking a nap. Above him on the second story another one is lying.

sick of everything and any change was welcome.

And then the Czecho-Slovaks and the Americans and the Japanese came, and they were beaten down and taken prisoners again. But I want to speak in these pages of the prisoner of war as he was before he took up arms and regained a temporary freedom.

The common notion about the prisoner of war is, "Well, he is safe. He can't be killed," and no further thoughts are spent on him. Those at the front are more important.

But he who had the opportunity to follow the German and Austrian prisoner into his solitude in eastern Siberia has discovered that years spent there are often, very often, much harder

Notwithstanding that Siberia is a country of vast woods, the Russians often did not supply the prisoners with enough fuel. At night time some would get out and steal the planks of the unused barracks while others distracted the attention of the guards. So it happened that sometimes a prisoner-artist was drawing the picture of a proud Russian soldier guard while his comrades would be tearing down a barracks, as an Hungarian artist has humorously portrayed here.

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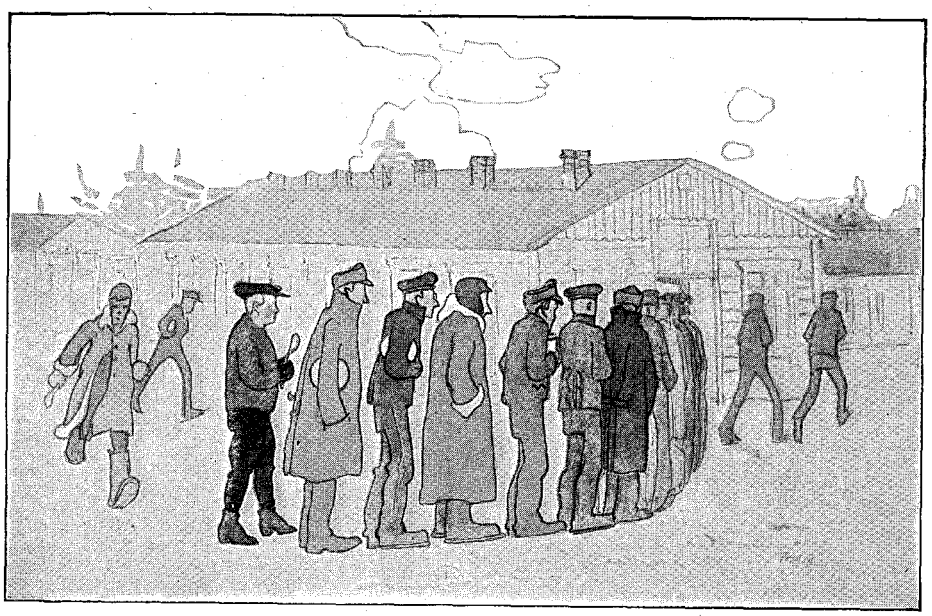
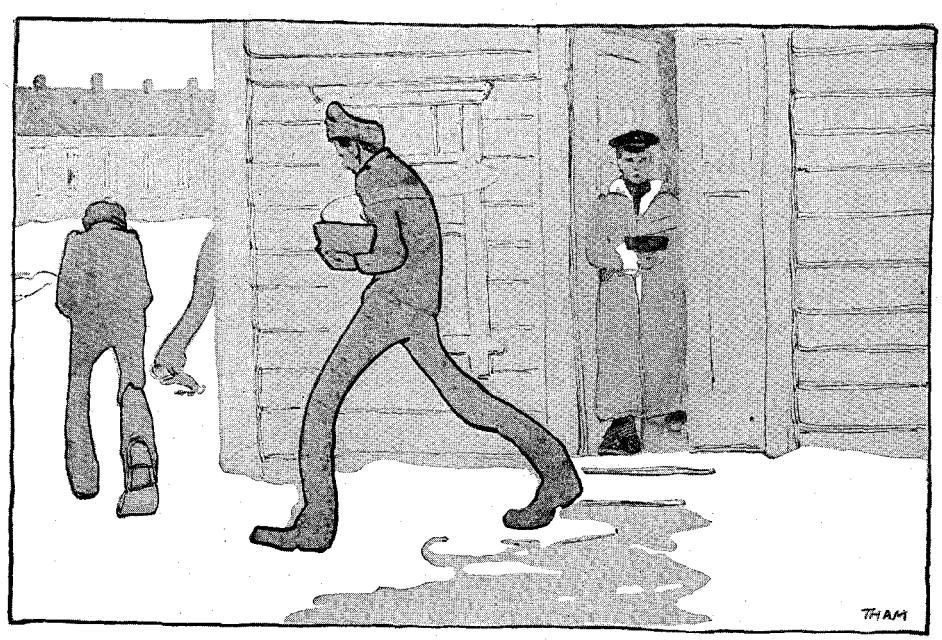


The soup line before the American kitchen.

It is as pathetic as any bread line seen in one of our large cities. One can see from this picture that aid such as the American kitchen brought was not superfluous.

than years at the front. Thousands, tens of thousands, are still living there who have been captured since the first months of the war when Austria was suffering its heaviest losses. No glory, no honor is theirs.

Under the most trying circumstances, they have spent three or four years in




One of the Austrian prisoners leaving the kitchen with his bowl of soup, taking it to his barracks.



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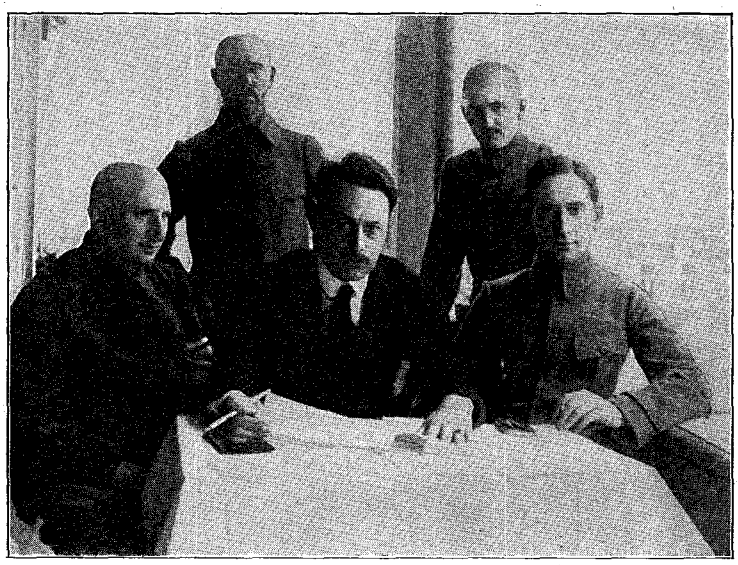
their new country, and it is with a bitter smile of irony that many call themselves "honorable citizens of Siberia."

Often shut up with thousands of others in a camp only five hundred feet broad and long, in badly built barracks, exposed to the Siberian winter and terrible epidemics, they passively underwent all the upheavals which shook the foundations of the country of which they were the involuntary guests.



The author with his secretary, an Hungarian officer, and his welfare committee in one of the camps, consisting of a representative of the Austrians, one for the Hungarians, and one for the Germans—all elected by popular vote from among the prisoners.

Hundreds lost their minds and were sent to Omsk, where a concentration-camp for the weak-minded was established. Thousands are buried in prison cemeteries in Siberia, of which every little city has one, and tens of thousands will return to their "Heimat" physically and morally downed forever, unable to shed this burden from them.

But I will not paint a too frightful picture of my year in Siberia; even the prisoners smile. But do not forget when you look over some of these pictures that they are the rays of sunshine in his monotonous, gray life. Let us now visit such a camp together.

A picturesque road creeping through the mountains leads to a big camp not far from Chita. Wrapped in immense fur coats, bundled up in a sled or cab, we drive through the woods of firs and young birches, crossing frozen rivers and brooks, and only now and then we meet a man with a carriage or sledge bringing wood to the city.

And suddenly coming to the top of the hill, where the woods become bushes and a moment later the bushes plains, we see in the distance a little village of wooden blockhouses with smoke curling from the stacks on the roofs into the pure winter air and disappearing against the endless blue sky, much resembling an American logging-camp.

This little city has an area of not more than two or three square miles, and all around it, at distances of a few hundred yards, are poles with little roofs on them. Those were the places where the Russian guards once stood, barely protected from the falling snow, but only one was left there this last winter, the Bolsheviki having given the prisoners in many camps entire freedom.

It is the men's camp we are entering. In the thirty or forty barracks, formerly used by the Russian soldiers, the prisoners

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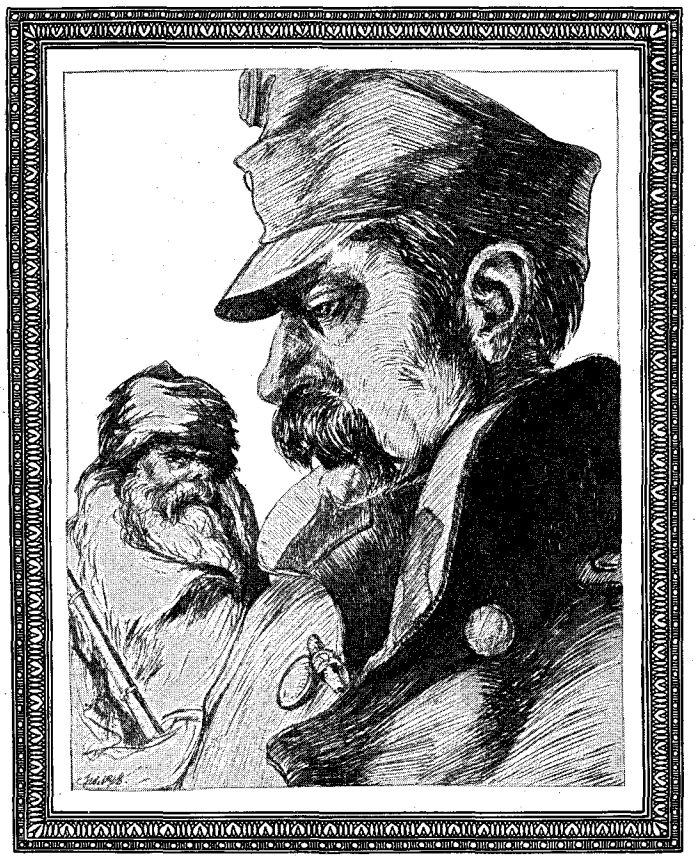
of war are now living. Is it possible, one asks, when entering such a barrack, that human beings could live here for three whole years? Except for a path in the middle and one at the right and left side, the whole space of about eight by twenty yards is occupied by bunks, two, sometimes three stories high, and here sixty or eighty prisoners exist, each occupying his own little space. Nobody has, during those years, known a moment of privacy, and when one is the unlucky occupant of a few square yards on the second story, he often cannot stand up in his own premises. During the long, cold Siberian winter, when nobody goes outside unless it is strictly necessary, they are actually packed together as herring in a tin.

Especially in the beginning, when there were only a few books, when there was no organization, the hours of the dark, winter day went slowly, very slowly, and the officers even had a harder time, because after many had tried to escape, a wooden fence was built around the camp so that they were shut off from the outer world. For two long years many of them have not seen anything but the inside of that wooden fence, except for a walk to the bath-house with the guard a few minutes out of the camp.



A picture drawn by an Austrian prisoner of war, symbolizing imprisonment. In front is the sad face of an Austrian officer, while in the background the figure of a good-natured Russian guard appears.

Many of them honestly tried to escape the degeneration due to inactivity. They tried with all their strength to lift the heavy burden resting upon their minds, but only those who had in the years previous to their imprisonment gathered much will-power and character succeeded.

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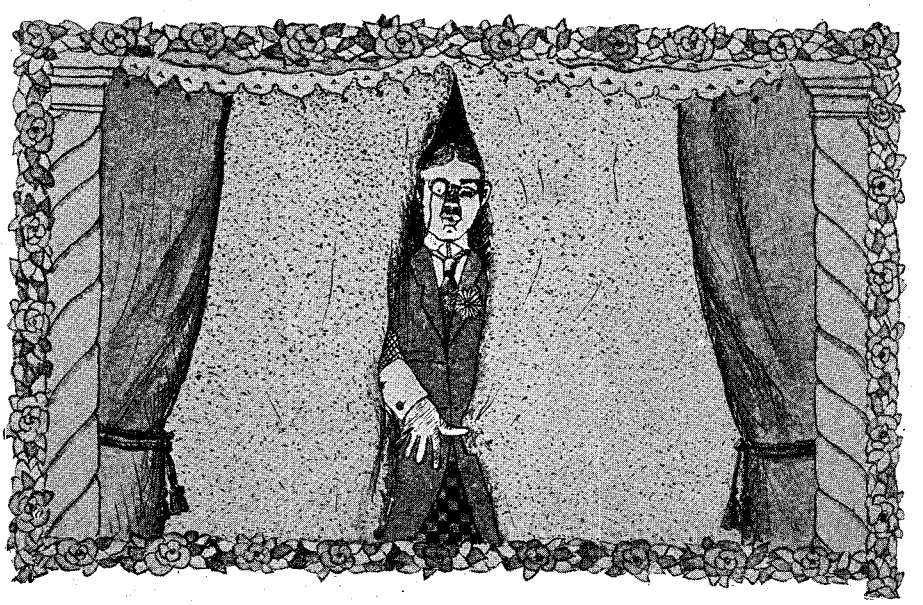
And what could they do? They could not study foreign languages all day, neither could they walk up and down the little camp street.

Some succeeded with remarkable strength and energy in lifting their burden. They worked for the benefit of all, buying food for the whole camp, managing the little store, or theatre, or orchestra, or were elected to look after all the official business and deal with the Russian authorities. But most of them, however, failed. Many got up late, played cards or tennis all day, and lost more money than they will be able to pay out of their salaries which have been accumulating at home during their three years of involuntary residence. Painters would paint, but they could not improve, since they could not escape the frame which the four board fences put around their imagination. These are lost years, these three or four years in Siberia, lost to nearly all. And more than lost, they will have a big impression on future life, a gloomy, dark impression of suffering and inactivity; and when these men return home, no honor or glory will be theirs.

The men and officers in the camp were very glad when a delegate from the Red Cross or Y. M. C. A. would call on them. Not only because of the goods they brought, but also because they had a chance to talk again to some one other than those who surrounded them every day—some one with fresh impressions from the outer world.

But not all delegates were welcome. During 1915 and 1916 several representatives of the Austrian, Hungarian, and German Governments visited the camps in Siberia. Likewise representatives of the Russian Government were allowed the same rights in the camps of the Central Empire. Austria sent a few countesses, old nobility, reminiscences of feudalism, and when Mrs. Countess came into the barracks, she brought to the officers and men, yes, she brought to all, "the greetings of his Majesty, our Emperor and King, the clergy and nobility" besides Austrian atmosphere ("Heimatliche Luft"). How glad they were! Especially when the countess gave them each one whole rouble, and those who were of the Radetzky cavalry regiment two, because her cousin was an officer in that regiment. And she ate in the officers' mess the best dishes which the good Viennese cook could produce. But what



Part of a programme of a play given in one of the little prisoners' theatres.

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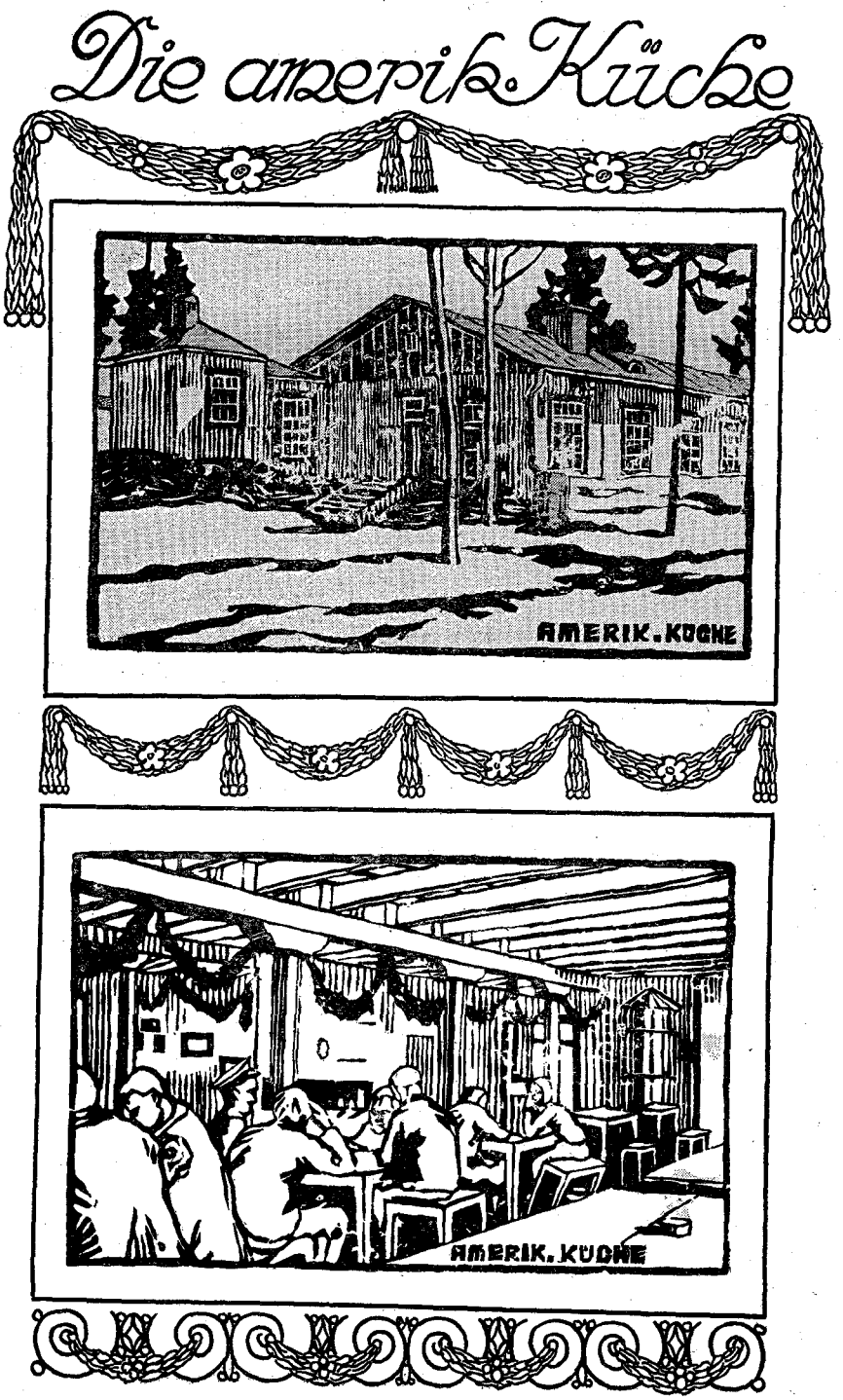


A page from an album presented by the prisoners of a camp to one of the relief delegates.

It gives an outside and an inside view of one of the so-called "American Kitchens," which were supported by all relief organizations in Siberia. The pictures are from wood-blocks made by a prisoner.



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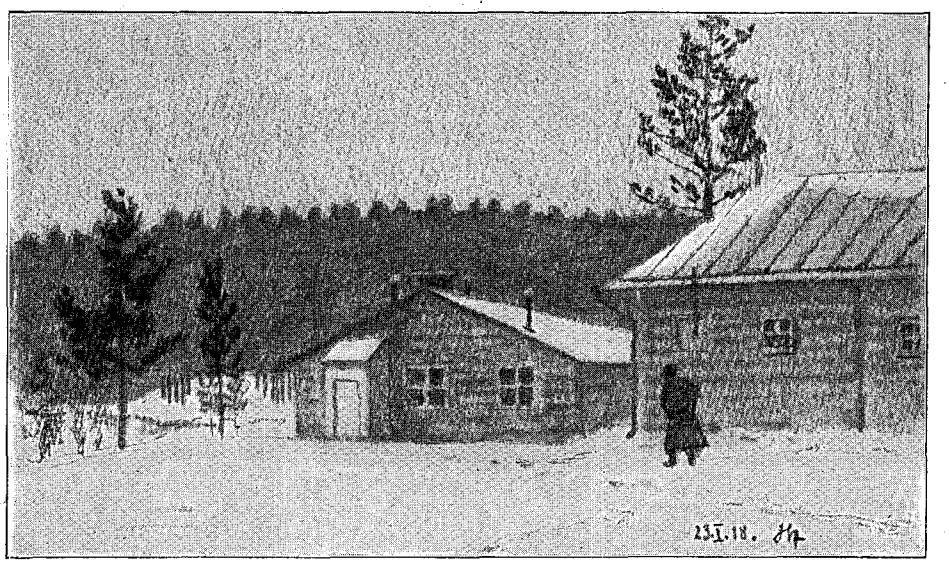

A real Siberian camp view.

the men ate she did not know, and after having gone home again she reported how good the prisoners were treated in Siberia, and the reader can imagine how glad the prisoners were when they heard of this report. Because they were not well off, they were not treated well; they did not expect much, being prisoners, but they did not get enough.

When we compare those officers in Siberia,—with sometimes not even a mountain, a hill, or a tree to console them, nothing but bleak, snow-covered plains—with their comrades in England, in the country where estates are put to their use, we see an example of what fate, what good luck means in this war.

Poor lonely lives were lived within the walls of those camps. I know a major whose main occupation became to gather cigar-bands; others gave all their attention to stamp collections. Petty things occupied a great place. Another major had his watch still Austrian time (he had been taken prisoner three years ago), and he told me with delight that he never had changed it. Everything is done with the utmost care, slowly, because there is so much time. Written letters look like printed ones. They are illuminated with red and black ink, with here and there an underlined word. Writing that letter was a relief; hence, it was necessary to spend as much time on it as possible.

Others spent half of the day with their dog, teaching it tricks, so that sometimes dogs became camp famous. And then big differences of opinion would arise because A's dog had had puppies and A had given them to friends, and they were now spoiling the little gardens of other comrades. Hence, the camp would be divided into dog owners and non-dog owners, and the matter would be taken very seriously. Some dogs would disappear mysteriously and the whole affair would be the main topic for months.

Another time it would be pigs instead of dogs which claimed the attention of all. A certain mess decided to raise pigs, which example was soon followed by other messes. Now the difficulties that those pigs brought into the camp were enormous. The camp was very small and one mess had used the space between two tennis-courts for a pen, and another a place near the hospital. At once the doctor and the president of the tennis club protested, so all the pigs were put together in one pen. All went well until the pigs had small ones, and then there came the problem how to divide the spoils between Austrian and Hungarian messes. One proposed in earnest to paint half of



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them yellow and black (Austrian colors), and the other half red, white, and green (Hungarian colors), so as to keep track of them. The end of it was that the Russian commander forbade pigs in camp, and during the next few weeks nothing but pork was eaten.

At another time the officers wanted to erect a monument in one camp, a memorial for the dead. The plan was drawn and on each of its four sides the same dedication was to be engraved in German, Austrian, Turkish, and Russian. Everybody was satisfied, when suddenly a Hungarian Jew proposed that it should also be in Hebrew. Many meetings were held, but no solution was found, since the monument had four sides! The camp split in two factions, Jews and non-Jews. One Hungarian Jew, in order to settle the dispute in a peaceful way, proposed that Hebrew and Hungarian be on one side, because most Hungarian reserve officers were Jews. A great consternation was the result and the problem remained unsolved, the monument unbuilt.

In this dark life some welfare associations such as the Swedish and Danish Red Cross and the International Committee of the Y. M. C. A. have tried to bring a spark of hope, with the result that the barracks of the Red Cross and the Red Triangle are the most popular places in the camp. There is a theatre hall for performances and concerts, a shoemaker's shop, a bookbindery, a carpenter's shop, an artist's studio, storerooms, etc., etc. Everything toylike, primitive, but efficient. And then there is, of course, a library containing several thousand volumes and having an exchange of a few hundred a day; schoolrooms where elementary subjects as well as seven or eight languages, law, mathematics, hygiene, and many other university courses are taught. All is very primitive, the schoolrooms are small, the difficulties which are to be encountered great. However, everything is taken seriously and improvements are constantly made. The church room is provided with a small organ, and there Catholics as well as Protestants and Jews hold their religious meetings. But the pride of the Y. M. C. A. is the kitchen, "the American kitchen," as it is called in all camps. There many who have been in the hospital and are still too weak to stand the Russian rations will get a hearty meal for several days. There, also, the poor who do not get any money from home get a free meal. There those who are more fortunate, who have a few copecks to spend, can get additional food. There again the most perfect order prevails. All prisoners are catalogued and each meal is noted down. The committee in charge has a check on every one and simply has to look into its card catalogue when A complains that B is treated better.

Two prisoners gazing longingly at the disappearing train leaving the little station. It carries a number of sick and wounded comrades who, after long years in Siberia, finally are sent back home. Between the prisoners and the train stands a Russian guard.

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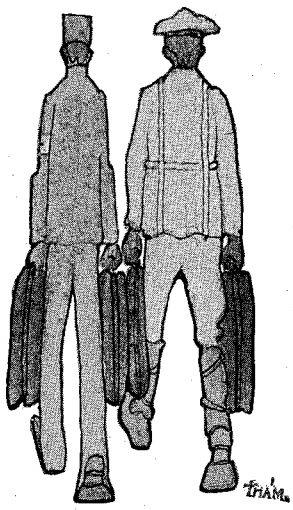
In some camps there are skating-rinks where ice-hockey is played, and tennis, football, baseball, and ping-pong are practised everywhere.

Meat must be bought, materials for shoes and for clothes ordered; the orchestra, the theatre, the school supplied with music, instruments, books, and paper; accounts must be approved, conferences held with the General Staff, with the commanders and prisoner-committees of each of the five or six camps which are under one Y. M. C. A. secretary.

It is a busy life, the life of such a secretary. Days and days he has to spend in the train, because one camp is sometimes hundreds of miles distant from the other, but the appreciation of his work manifested everywhere he goes compensates him for many sleepless nights and days of misery in Russian post-trains. He feels that he, after all, is not the man whom the prisoner ought to thank. He is a mere instrument in bringing the goods, the money, the help to them. Behind him stands the big organization, stand the thousands of benefactors who support that organization. They ought to be thanked.



The relief delegate and his secretary leaving the camp with empty bags, as seen by an Hungarian prisoner of war.

The carpenter, the shoemaker, the artist, they all have an opportunity to carry on their work. Many others had a chance to study a foreign language or add in some other way to their education. The little theatre group plays the most modern plays. The women's parts are filled by men and—splendidly. The musician is provided with his most favorite instrument and music. The sportsman has a ball to play with, the student a book to read. To keep the prisoners busy, that is the most important task, to prevent their minds from getting "rusty."

Can you appreciate what the Y. M. C. A. has done? Do you realize that it has saved the minds of hundreds?

In the latter part of December I visited an art exhibition in one of the camps near Chita. The school had vacation and its plain rooms were used to exhibit the paintings, etchings, drawings, the wood-carved boxes, everything the work of prisoners of war. For a few roubles one could buy very artistic pictures or water-colors. But so very few people visit an art exhibition in Siberian prison camps, and still fewer have money to buy an object of art!

Take that tiny black cord in your hand. It is a chain for a lady's watch. Do you know what difficulties he who made it had to encounter? Look first how fine it is woven. What patience and skill were required for that! And do you know what that cord is made of? It is hair from a horse's tail. It is difficult to get Russian horse-tail hair! The prisoners are compelled to be very friendly with the horses of their hosts; they pet them on the back, and when their hand goes down, sometimes a hair from the tail is caught in it. They are all collected, brought to the artist, and the result is the chain which you have in your hand.

And look at that box. No, those figures are not cut in ivory. The material the artist had to work with was cow teeth, or soup-bones, but the result is just as effective.

We attended a performance and concert. As an introduction the orchestra, composed of forty men, played the overture of the opera "La Muette de Portici." My thoughts went back to 1830, the year of revolution, when that hot summer night the same opera was played in Brussels, and its inspiring music led the people to the first acts of violence against the authorities, the first disturbances which would ultimately end in the separation of Belgium from Holland. And after the concert "Der Gruene Kakadu," by Schnitzler, was played.

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It was a tiny stage on which the drama was acted, but so well decorated that one would forget immediately that it was only a puppet show, that every little thing on it was made with the most primitive tools! But the question which is more important is: Who made it? The artist who painted these decorations formerly was engaged at the Imperial Opera in Vienna, and the man who is going to play the leading part was celebrated on many German and Austrian stages. They were only hard benches on which the spectators sat, but no public in the biggest theatre in Vienna could have listened with more attention, with more sincerity than those plain soldiers did. Those actors were only soldiers, but how enthusiastically, how vigorously they played! One forgot that they were amateurs!

When the war between Germany and the United States broke out, neutral Y. M. C. A. secretaries took the places of the Americans, and when a year later many prisoners took up arms the association stopped its activities altogether. Those who did this found in the Y. M. C. A. secretary their busiest enemy.

And so the life of a prisoner of war is a life that only few are able to fight. More tragic is their fate than that of those who fall on the battle-field. A few thousand, mostly moral and intellectual invalids, are all who will return to the central countries of the hundreds of thousands who were captured by the victorious Russian armies in 1914 and 1915. Three, four years of great hardship have made them dissatisfied with everything on earth—in the first place, with their own governments. Their voices and those of the returning soldiers will soon be heard, and the Hapsburgs and Hohenzollerns will know that there are others besides the Allies who are threatening their existence.

A Siberian prisoners' graveyard with plain crosses marking the graves.

The typhus epidemics which raged in all the camps in 1915 and 1916 are mostly responsible for these crosses, many of which bear the same dates. But some do not even bear names and many requests came from the Central countries to the relief delegates to locate a grave of a son or a husband and send a picture home.



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# SISTER TO A MILLION MEN

By Roy S. Durstine

Author of "The Liaison of Laughter"

SHE is the sort of girl you would like to take to tea somewhere to-day. She would know exactly what kind of tea she wanted, and she would be very critical about the sandwiches and cakes.

You used to see scores of girls like her on country-club porches when the late brilliant sun was slanting in your face as you walked up from the eighteenth green. She ran a good deal to floppy hats and slim silken ankles and gay parasols. You thought she didn't have a thought in her head.

But she had a very definite thought, and it's taken her to France. To-day you see her against a very different background. You see her walking very lightly around a hospital ward. She has a blue veil on her head now instead of a floppy hat. She has a pile of bandages or clean sheets in her hands instead of the parasol. Only her ankles—God bless 'em!—are the same, just as slim and silken as ever.

Perhaps she went to France with false notions of sentimentality or with an absurd, impulsive offer of service which seemed very immature and very impractical. Perhaps you thought to yourself: "She'll be a lot of help in a hospital, she will! Why, she needs a nurse herself."

Perhaps she did. But watch her now in the ward where she rules over a score and a half of wounded men in her own right. Watch her as she moves from bed to bed.

"How's the old arm feeling now, Bill?" she asks. "Didn't the doctor get that bandage on straight? Well, you wait till I tell him what I think of him."

"Oh, it's all right, I guess," says Bill.

"How about you, Mason?" she is at the next bed. "Feel well enough for that long-promised bath?"

"Gee! That'd be immense."

And then this girl, who wouldn't have washed her own hair before the war, gets her basins and her towels and her soap and goes at it. Perhaps this boy hasn't had a real bath since he was brought in, and that may have been direct from the line. It's not a very lovely experience under those conditions, but this girl goes through with it as coolly as if she were washing her own hands. The sheer physical effort of lifting a heavy man—a wounded man who must not make one unnecessary movement—is new to a girl who never lifted her own travelling-bag until she became an auxiliary.

The doctors appear with their rolling cart of strange liquids and instruments and bandages. The boy whose bandage wasn't on straight looks at the girl and solemnly winks. She presses a finger against her lips. He grins. He knew she wouldn't tell the doctor what she thought of him. The boy knew she knew he knew too. The idea of it amuses him. It's their little joke, and when you have a little joke with a girl like that you forget all about bandages that are not quite straight. But she surprises him.

"There seems to be a little pressure here on the wrong spot," she says when the cart rolls around to the boy's bed.

"Afraid that's my fault," says the young captain. "Clumsy of me, wasn't it, Bill?"

Bill is fairly hysterical with suppressed emotion. He doesn't dare glance at the girl. He knows he will laugh with her about this afterward. He is too busy thinking about that to remember that it always hurts like the very devil when that bandage comes off. Presently the new, cool dressing is on. She has punched up the pillows in just the right place, and she is over there beside Mason's bed. Bill shuts his eyes and drifts lazily to sleep.

The boy in the bed by the window is pretty sick. He has developed pneumonia since he was gassed. There is an ugly hole in his thigh, too. He doesn't know much about what is going on. His only impressions are of the girl when she



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comes to lift the netting so that it wont rest against his face, or raise his head as she gives him a sip of water.

He would like a lot more liquid. He thinks about the delicious taste of the water in his ice-bag, and he seriously considers trying to take a drink from it when no one is looking. But he remembers that fear in the girl's eyes yesterday when he tried that, and he decides not to do it—not just yet, anyhow. He glances over at her.

There is a queer, strained look in her face. She is helping the doctor with that little Italian across the ward. He was the one whose leg was taken off the night he was brought in. There is an odd, sweetish smell in the air—not a nice smell. Maybe that, and what she sees as the doctor works, gives the girl's face that queer, strained look. No, he wont try to steal a drink from his ice-bag.

The boy in the next bed yawns noisily, and asks:

"Who's got a cigarette?"

The doctors have gone now, trundling their cart before them, and the girl is straightening the bedding for the last patient.

"I put two in your table drawer this morning," she calls across the room.

"Oh, yes, I forgot those. Thanks, sister."

"Got a match?"

"Uh-huh."

"Does that mean yes, or no?"

"What do you want her to do, smoke it for you?" asks a drowsy voice from behind a wilderness of cords and pulleys.

"Aw, shut up, or I'll come over there and bite your other arm off."

This is humor which every one can understand, and there is a general murmur of approval.

"Say, sister," goes on the smoker, "was you ever on a farm?"

"Yes, indeed, every summer."

"Whose was it?"

"It—it was mine."

There is a moment's silence to digest this.

"Do you own a farm?"

"Yes."

"All yourself?"

"Yes."

"I thought you wasn't married."

"I'm not."

Another interval, and then:

"How big is this farm?"

"Pretty big."

"Yes, but how big?"

"Oh, about fifteen hundred acres."

This time silence holds the entire ward, while the clock ticks seven times. Then the same voice is raised again.

"Fifteen hundred acres, and you not married? Ho-lee mackerel!"

The morning wears on, and a diversion is created by luncheon. The girl is everywhere at once. For some she must only arrange their trays; for others she must cut up the food that can't be managed with one hand; others she must feed.

Then comes the time when she can slip on her long, blue cape and run across the street to the little café, with the sunlit garden behind it, where she and the other auxiliaries have their omelet and chocolate.

Perhaps you have sat at a table next to a group of girls like these at luncheon in an American restaurant. Do you remember the scraps of conversation that came to you? It seemed to be concerned mostly with what they should wear, and what he had said, and where their seats were at the matinée, and what time they should meet for tea.

The garden conversation of the auxiliary is not very much like that. And yet it is, too. They ask each other about their critical cases. They tell what happened to them in the air raid last night. They ask about some boy who is reported to have fallen from his plane behind the German lines.

Some girl whom they knew at home is said to be sailing for France. They wonder where she will be stationed. They wonder whether she will like the work, and how she will get into it.

Scattered in with this gossip of their new interests is a wealth of purely feminine chatter. Even with a German line as close to Paris as Trenton is to New York, with your day enlivened with an occasional sound which is like some one slamming a very big door very hard and is really a Big Bertha straight from Hun-held territory—even in an environment like that there are blouses to be discussed, and glove-cleaning places to be

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described, and candy boxes to be expected from home.

If you would know the strange mixture of war realities and peace fripperies which these girls discuss, see these lines from a letter which one of them, a girl whose station was at an advance hospital, wrote to another auxiliary in Paris.

"Everything here has been in a chaotic state, as this place was shelled and twenty-three women killed in the military laundry half a block from the hospital. Imagine! There were other deaths, too, and almost thirty wounded.

"Then the same day one of the Belge sisters upset a petrol stove and was so frightfully burned that she died. She had only been married two months ago, and hadn't seen her husband since their wedding. He was home on a four-day leave, and she was making tea for him!

"While I was in the gas ward with her he was brought in wounded in the arm after some brilliant commanding at M——

"*Quelle vie*, my dear! The whole world is mad and somehow God turns a deaf ear to prayers. We have been shelled all around here and there is heavy bombarding close by. We get all sorts of blessés now, even a seven-year old boy with an arm torn off, who died on the table. Nothing has landed on us, but during the night they pelted the railway-tracks behind us.

"Went for tea yesterday with Colonel F——. He is the only one of the outfit here who is really awfully attractive. But I am always glad to get out of the hospital atmosphere for an hour or so. We had tea in a tent, and it was a beautiful day, and I had a nice ride in a smart little Lancia of the colonel's.

"Coming home we passed a limousine with a very good-looking U. S. officer in it. What could he be doing in *this* neck of the woods? I nearly fell out of the Lancia, much to the colonel's uplifted surprise.

"Yes, darling, all the crêpe de chine came, and a *mille* thanks. You are always so nice about things. I have nearly finished one, and it's quite all right, even though not cut exactly by the Bible. I am dying to see yours made by the little nun.

"I don't go into town unless I need to buy something. I stay out here and am happier than I have been for ages. It's this sweetie country.

"Did I tell you about my trip back from Paris? I nearly froze with only my cape. When we reached my station there was only one Belge auto for the officers going to a place two miles from here. I looked so desolate that one of them said to get in, and I did.

"Every one was so wonderful to me when I got back. It was great to get such a welcome—like getting home. As I write, the shells are whizzing over to the K—— road, and it all seems so natural again."

That is the way they write and that is the way they talk, over their omelet and chocolate.

The girl glances at her watch and springs up.

"Good luck with your pneumonia boy," they call after her.

Through the long afternoon her blessés are constantly calling her. They are bored, and they want a lot of attention.

A charwoman comes into the ward and begins mopping up around the beds. As she moves round on her hands and knees she suddenly lifts her head. It strikes a boy's foot protruding from the side of his bed.

There is a sharp exclamation of pain, and then a stream of language—the kind of language that a man uses when he is desperately and unnecessarily hurt.

"Well," drawls a voice from across the ward, "what were you doing, anyway, with your foot out in No Man's Land?"

The girl goes to look at the injured foot, props it up more comfortably, gives it a feathery pat, and the blessé is consoled.

"How would you like to have me write to your girl for you?" she asks as a final distraction.

"Oh, all right," he answers with elaborate carelessness. "You can, if you like."

"What shall we say?" she asks as she settles herself.

"Well, let's see," begins the boy. "Start it off, 'Dear friend.' Then tell her I'm here and that I got mine the second morning we went over. You know, don't

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scare her, but let her know I was there. Tell her I'll bring her a German helmet."

"Anything else?"

"No, that's all."

But it isn't all, and the girl knows it. She puts in the letter just enough of the harmless little endearments which the boy wouldn't express for worlds, not even to save his other foot. But the girl knows boys, and she delights in giving these bedside letters a note that will make women's hearts glad back home.

Suddenly she realizes that it is time to go home. Her relief has arrived and is busy with a boy who wants his position shifted.

The girl walks over to the pneumonia patient and watches him for a moment. He opens his eyes and smiles at her.

"Good night, Jim," she murmurs.

"Good night, sister."

"I hope you'll feel lots better when I come in the morning." He doesn't answer. She thinks he has drifted off to sleep. She starts to move away.

"Sister."

"Yes, Jim."

"I don't think I'll be here when you come back to-morrow morning."

"Of course you will!"

"I don't hardly believe so."

"What makes you think that?"

"Well, I just don't believe so."

For a moment he is quiet. Then he speaks again.

"Sister."

"Yes?"

"You're still there, aren't you?"

"Yes, I'm here."

"Sister."

"Yes, Jim?"

"Would—would you kiss me?"

She hesitates only a second. Then she stoops over his bed.

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# THE FOURTH WATCH

## By Olive Tilford Dargan

WHERE shall I find thee, Joy,
Who loved me once and well?
What rout doth now employ
Thine elfin foot and bell?
Shall I, who shared thy bower,
From all thy fields have not one flower?

Spring in her gown of leaves
Is naked without thee;
Autumn with all her sheaves
Goes starving beggarly;
Music along my path
In all her notes no echo hath.

O Life, thy palsy lies
In me, not in the leaf.
O Time, thy passing dries
My veins and not the sheaf.
Music, thou'lt take no room
In hearts that tent so near the tomb.

O days too young for fear,
O quivering bloom of sky,
O lover at mine ear,
Art gone so utterly?
Nay, let me die, and then,
Joy, thou and I shall forth again!

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# SCIENCE AND THE WORLD'S FOOD

## BY GRAHAM LUSK

One of the representatives at the recent meetings abroad of the "Inter-Allied Scientific Food Commission"

THE Inter-Allied Council at Versailles ordained that an Inter-Allied Scientific Food Commission should be called together consisting of two representatives from France, Great Britain, Italy, and the United States. To participate in this conference Professor Chittenden and I, after receiving instructions from Mr. Hoover and Doctor Alonzo Taylor, sailed for Europe on February 6.

The food situation during the early part of the year was ominous. The wheat-crop of the United States for the year 1917 was only sufficient for our own normal requirements, and the Allied countries were crying for more wheat. Furthermore, the submarine situation was then most threatening. It was believed that a commission of scientific men might assist in the formulation of a better utilization of Inter-Allied food resources. As an immediate method of relief the American people, under the guidance of Mr. Hoover, turned to corn bread as their staple breadstuff, even as their ancestors had done before them, and shipped their wheat to Europe.

Our voyage to England was long, cold, and stormy. A gale blowing sixty miles an hour tossed up a wave which broke over our stern, smashing six life-boats, putting our rear gun out of commission, flooding through a hatchway the hospital, and causing consternation in the near-by quarters of 250 Serbians who were on their way home to join in the recovery of their native land. When off the coast of Ireland we received word by wireless that 16 large ships had been sunk by U-boats the week before. It was the time of their merriest activity, when the world was still full of German boasts of the successful triumph of these piratical craft.

At last, on a winter evening, we came safely to anchor at the mouth of the Clyde River. We had appreciated one phase of the war on our trip over the ocean, for no ray of light was allowed to find its way from the ship at night, even cigarette-smoking on deck being forbidden, and this now had its counterpart on shore, for a city lay shrouded in darkness on our right, which the daylight of the following morning revealed to us.

We passed up the beautiful waters of the Clyde. We had left home in the middle of the coldest winter on record, and several days on the voyage the thermometer went below zero, yet here on these Scottish heights at the end of February there was no snow, the hills were green, and sheep were grazing on the hillsides. The capacity to support these sheep explains why the wool crop of Great Britain is so large. Our vessel carried 2,500 Canadian troops, and as it passed the great shipyards along the river front the soldiers exchanged cheers with the men and women workers who came to the shore to welcome them to the defense of the motherland.

We were the only civilian passengers on the ship, and when we landed it was over two hours before a cab-driver could be induced to come to the dock to take us three miles to a hotel. The military, of course, were provided for, but how strange was the contrast with former days, this lack of facilities for civilians arriving from America!

At the hotel we filled out official registration blanks without noticing that we were directed to report in person to the police. In the dining-room we learned that sugar and meat were unobtainable without rationing cards, and that our portion of butter was very small. Since we were proceeding to London the following day, we were content to live on fish and eggs, to take porridge in the morning with



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milk alone, and to practise deception in our coffee by adding saccharine.

Arriving in London, we reported at the American Embassy, registered in person at the police station, and then settled down to study the food situation.

The day before we arrived the population of London had been placed on a ration of not exceeding 20 ounces of meat (including bone) per week per person, with half-rations for children under ten. The week before this event 500,000 people had stood daily in long queues before the butchers' shops waiting to get meat for their children and themselves. The first week of the rationing system 100,000 people stood in the queues, the second week only 20,000, and thereafter the difficulty disappeared. The situation had certainly been critical. A Russian professor, a refugee from Petrograd, told of his alarm at the sight of the London queues, saying: "That is the way the Russian revolution started—the old women standing in long lines to get food, and shaking their heads and scolding over the situation."

But British civilization was not like the late civilization of Russia, and Lord Rhondda, acting on the scientific advice of the important Food Committee of the Royal Society, was able to bring about a perfectly orderly settlement of the situation. To what extent the scientific leaders were influential in the satisfactory outcome is scarcely appreciated, for the guiding hand of science usually works silently and unrecognized.

Lord Rhondda's system of rationing was a triumph of organizing ability. The city of London was divided into districts, each with a food office. At the Westminster Branch, for example, 550,000 forms were on file, representing a registration of 200,000 people. In one of the poorer districts 300,000 people were cared for at another food office. Each individual was registered and received a "meat card" and a "butter and margarine card." The meat card contained 40 small squares, 4 a week for 10 weeks, and each square or coupon entitled the person to purchase at the butcher's shop where he went to register an amount of meat not exceeding five ounces. Meat was defined as "butchers' meat (including pork), offal and suet, bacon and ham, sausages, poultry and game, hares, rabbits, venison and horseflesh, and cooked, canned, preserved and miscellaneous meats of all kinds, meat in all cases to include bones."

The butcher could obtain meat from the Smithfield Market in such quantities as to supply the clientèle from which he collected meat coupons. The butcher was directed to divide what supplies he had as fairly as possible among his registered customers, and he was not bound to furnish the full ration to first comers unless he knew that he had enough to give full rations to all.

The enforcement of this scheme produced contentment throughout Great Britain, where it came generally into force on March 25, four weeks later than its introduction into London and the Home Counties. There was little or no fraudulent evasion of the law. In the first place, the Englishman is a law-abiding person, and, having once decided upon a law, it immediately becomes a British institution, to be defended at all costs. In the second place, each meat card bore the statement: "Penalties for misuse, 100 pounds or six months' imprisonment, or both." This was the customary penalty for any violation of the Defense of the Realm Act. After we had been in London a week we received a summons to appear at the police station, where we were asked why we had not registered at the police station at Glasgow on our arrival, and were informed that we had violated the Defense of the Realm Act, and were liable to a fine of 100 pounds or six months' imprisonment, or both.

Having learned the method of applying the rationing system, it might be well to understand a little of the principle underlying its formulation. Before the war, meat from America, Australia, and from South America was freely imported, and also huge quantities of oil-cake and other cattle-fodder were brought overseas, but the war changed the situation. Food could not be transported from distant parts of the world and, as ship tonnage increased in value, the importation of fodder had to be restricted.

The meat consumption per capita in Great Britain in 1903 is given as follows:

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| Group | | Meat consumed per week |
|---|---|---|
| I | Artisans, mechanics, laborers | 2 lbs. |
| II | Lower middle class (paying $75–$125 rental) | 2⅓ lbs. |
| III | Middle class | 3½ lbs. |
| IV | Upper class | 5¾ lbs. |
| | Average per capita | 2¼ lbs. |

The rationing system of Great Britain reduced the quantity of meat consumed per person in Great Britain from 2½ to 1¼ pounds per person per week. This meant four moderate-sized mutton-chops a week for a person, or for a family two small-sized roasts a week. A working man at the Woolwich Arsenal would live on a vegetarian diet there in order to save his meat coupons for the family roast at home on Sundays. The rich man could buy no more and no better meat than the poor man; the division of meat was on the basis of state socialism. Hence the general contentment during a trying time. This is in strict contrast with the general discontent in Germany due to the fact that the rich can buy meat which the poor cannot afford.

The rationing system was intended to provide meat for the civilian population from home-grown animals, and the weekly allowance was obtained approximately as follows:

Cow-beef.....1 coupon
Steer-beef and veal.....1 coupon
Mutton and lamb.....1 coupon
Pig-flesh.....1 coupon

The subject of the division of the products of the soil between animals and man has been worked out by T. B. Wood, Drapers professor of agriculture, Cambridge, England. When he first described his results to a friend, he was told: "If what you say is true, you had better keep quiet about it." Fortunately, however, he did not keep quiet, and the far-reaching importance of his work is now admitted. It is evident that if one has a limited quantity of fodder with which to maintain animals, the fodder should be given to those which will produce from it in their own bodies the maximum amount of human food. And another matter of importance is that grain which is fit for human consumption ought not to be fed to animals. Wood's dramatic demonstration of the relative cost of meat in terms of fodder which animals eat he presents as follows:

An average cow during her life eats 27 tons of dry fodder and produces 2¼ tons of dry human food in the form of milk, veal from her own calves, and cow-meat from her own carcass. Hence, 12 pounds of dry fodder are required to produce 1 pound of dry human food. The cow eats hay and grass and concentrated foods like bran and oil-cake.

A pig eats 7 pounds of barley (6 pounds dry weight) and produces 1 pound of pork, containing half its weight in water. Hence, here again it requires 12 pounds of dry fodder to produce 1 pound of dry human food; but the pig consumes a product which can be made into barley bread, and hence competes with man for a precious bread-making grain.

A fowl eats 100 pounds of corn and meal during 18 months, and produces 180 eggs and 4½ pounds of food when killed. The relation between dry fodder and dry human food is 14 to 1.

A sheep eats 600 pounds of dry fodder in a year, and produces 28 pounds of meat. Here 24 pounds of dry fodder produce 1 pound of dry human food. But a sheep also yields 10 pounds of wool, which is invaluable and is supplementary to the food value of the animal.

Finally, a fat ox eats 8 tons of dry fodder during three years of life, and produces 800 pounds of beef, or 250 pounds of dry human food. The astonishing value of 64 pounds of dry fodder for the production of 1 pound of dry human food is revealed. To produce the roast beef of old England requires more than five times the quantity of fodder that is required to produce the same food value in the form of milk, veal, and cow-meat. A fattened ox is indeed a costly product. For example, if a steer weighs at the start 1,016 pounds, at the end of three months of fattening he may weigh 1,226 pounds, and if during the period he has eaten 196 pounds of fodder weekly, the dried fodder used in the production of 1 pound of human food will amount to 55 pounds. But if the process of fattening be continued, as is usually the case, then at the end of another three months the animal

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may weigh 1,275 pounds. If the fodder during this interval has amounted to 224 pounds weekly, it may be calculated that 100 pounds of dry fodder yielded only 1 additional pound of dry human food. It was evident that the fat ox was too extravagant a product for England to maintain. The fodder, which was none too plenty, was needed for the herds of dairy-cows, and for this reason an effort was made to divert the fodder-supply for their benefit.

These are principles of world-wide import, and are especially of fundamental significance at the present time. If one studies the question of pork production, very interesting side-lights are thrown upon the situation. The original German scheme of food control failed miserably on account of the following circumstances. The price of barley was fixed at 4 cents a pound, and the farmers were ordered not to feed their barley to pigs. Since 7 pounds of barley produced 1 pound of pork, it would cost the farmer 28 cents' worth of barley to produce a pound of pork, which product was selling at the time in Berlin for 56 cents a pound. The farmer could, therefore, get 8 cents a pound for his barley if he fed it to pigs, instead of getting 4 cents a pound if he sold it for bread for his fellow man. The commercial instinct proved more powerful than the patriotic, and much grain was given to the pigs. The authorities found this out too late. They could not shoot their own farmers, as they would have shot disobedient Belgians, so the whole people suffered from the folly of the scheme.

Now the 7 pounds of barley that produce 1 pound of pork might instead have been taken to the miller and have yielded flour for 5 pounds of barley bread, and sufficient barley bran which, if fed to pigs, would have given half a pound of pork. It is certainly desirable that barley be taken to the miller. In order to force this the government of Great Britain fixed the price of barley at 3½ cents per pound, and multiplied this by 8½, which gave 30 cents as the fixed maximum price obtainable by the farmer for a pound of pork. It was an absolutely essential point in the general scheme of things to fix the relation of prices in such a way that the effort of the farmers should accord with the welfare of the nation. I heard it stated that by such methods as these a yearly economy of bread grains was effected which was the equivalent of thirteen weeks' supply. It is, therefore, axiomatic that in times of scarcity one must not give to pigs food which can nourish human beings.

The English have realized the foolishness of importing 7 tons of grain to produce 1 ton of pork, when the importation of 1 ton of pork from America would save ship tonnage for the transport of soldiers and war materials necessary to restore order and civilization in the world. The American pork which reached British ports in May of this year was certainly a godsend to the people at large. They had all been living upon a diet with as little fat in it as in that of a very poor laborer, and now the picture changed, for pork arrived in such quantity that one could buy it without a coupon. Though it was costly, more costly than seemed to them necessary, yet to the great mass of the people it was a great boon to be able to get more freely bacon, ham, and pork sausages. This blessing was the result of the conversion of America's record-breaking corn-crop into pig-meat, and to our own voluntary abstention from using it.

Milk was freely available in England, and children were given preference in its use. The maximum price of butter was fixed at two shillings a pound, which was so low in comparison to the price of milk, that no one made butter for sale. Vegetable margarine was used in its stead. Cheese, also, was difficult to obtain in the general market, though bread and cheese formed the staple diet of some of the working classes, the Welsh miners, for example.

In spite of a deficiency of many articles of diet, bread was freely available. A subsidy by the state kept the price of bread low. The bread was usually dark in color, made of highly milled wheat with the addition of many substitutes. It was not good bread, not as good as that we had in France, but it was there in sufficient quantity that no one needed to go hungry. The English theory was that the shortage of other products should be counterbalanced by bread, which could be held as an elastic reserve to be used in sufficient quantity to maintain the work-

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ing man in fit condition. The intellectual men of the community and others in sedentary occupations, who restricted themselves to the "voluntary ration" of bread that the working man might have sufficient, for the most part lost in weight during the winter, but the general average of the people maintained their weight, health, and strength as before the war. The reduction of meat in the dietary produced no unfavorable results, and the great reduction in the consumption of alcohol, due to its restricted manufacture, effected a marked lowering of the death-rate among children, owing largely to the better care given to them by their parents.

The children looked well-nourished, and children in rags were no longer visible as in the London of before the war. Wages were higher, rents by legal enactment remained stationary, and on the whole the welfare of the working man was carefully protected. The philosophers and thinkers were determined that after the war no general undernutrition of large masses of the people, such as had previously existed, ought ever again to be allowed. There was much talk of reconstruction after the war, much planning for the future. Sir William Goode emphasized the probability that the food situation would become worse after the war than at present and would need to be controlled for a long time to come. It should be recalled that the year of 1817, the second winter after the Peace Congress of Vienna, was a time of famine and distress in Europe. In five provinces of France in the Vosges district many people died, suffering from a peculiar form of dropsy. In 1917, a hundred years later, "war dropsy" was reported as occurring in Germany and Austria, especially in prison-camps.

The darker side of war was not wanting in London. The tombs of the greatest of England's heroes in Westminster Abbey, which are our heritage as well as hers, were protected with sand-bags against the threat of Hun air-raids. Shortly after the terrific German drive for Amiens on March 21, a distinguished Englishman advised me to read Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," saying that he read it every night, and that we, sitting in the dining-room of the Ritz Hotel, as little appreciated the possibility of the destruction of British civilization as did the Romans, who lived in marble palaces and in luxury never equalled, the complete annihilation of theirs.

We crossed the Channel on March 21, landing at Boulogne. On the 22d we went to Paris, arriving at night just at the moment when sirens were tearing through the streets giving warning to the people to take refuge from an air-raid. *Les gothas* were on the way. The next day the big, long-range gun opened fire on Paris, and continued to fire at exactly twenty-minute intervals. Six days later, on Good Friday, a church was hit, killing and wounding a hundred worshippers. The following day a luncheon was given to the Commission at the Café de Paris by Monsieur Boret, the able Food Administrator of France. One man spoke of the death of an intimate friend in the church the day before; another suggested that we might receive a shell as an *hors d'œuvre*. The talk turned on the coming anniversary of America's entrance into the war, talk which was deprecated by America's representatives, for we had at that time in France little visible evidence of our power. The order for the brigading of such American troops as there were with the French and the English had just been announced and caused general enthusiasm. The next day, when en route to Boulogne, we saw the American flag floating in British camps. There were no happy faces in Paris during this visit of ours. The joyous smile and gayety of mien of other years had all given way to faces set with a stern resolution of support to the glorious French soldiers, who, during those evil days, were standing fast and saving Europe from barbarism.

The civilian population of France was on a ration of 300 grams (11 oz.) of bread daily for an adult, 200 grams (7 oz.) for a child, and supplementary rations for a laboring man. Bread could be obtained only with a bread card. There was little difficulty in obtaining one's share.

The first meeting of the Inter-Allied Scientific Food Commission was held in Paris during the nervous days just described. Professors Richet and Gley represented France; Starling and Wood, Great Britain; Pagliani and Bottazzi, Italy; Chittenden and Lusk, the United States. Later, Professor Langlois took

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the place of Richet; Professor Menozzi that of Pagliani; and Professor Rulot, of Belgium, was added to the Commission. The permanent secretaries were Messieurs Alquier and Contant, of Paris.

Professor Lapicque had just published an article on the provisioning of France, and as the actual transactions of the Commission are of necessity largely confidential, it may be wise to illustrate one way of attacking the problem by reproducing his semi-popular presentation of the subject.

In the first place, Lapicque declares: "Calories constitute the only rational and scientific basis for a political policy of food-supply." The time has almost passed when it is necessary to define a calorie as the quantity of heat necessary to raise a litre of water from 0° to 1° Centigrade, just as it would now seem superfluous to say that a kilogram is the weight of a litre of water.

Lapicque points out that when the entire French population of 40,000,000 men, women, and children is considered, the average individual requires 2,500 calories daily. From this it follows that 100,000,000,000 calories are required in the food of the people for "a day of France." That is to say, the food-fuel to maintain "a day of France," so that the work and the soul of the nation be upheld, amounts to a hundred thousand million calories. For "a year of France," thirty-six and a half million million calories would be required. What are the foods that supply this fuel?

Lapicque analyzes the situation during the trying year of 1915. The available wheat amounted to 5,500,000 metric tons. A metric ton of *whole wheat* made into bread would give 3,300,000 calories as food-fuel for human beings. In these terms the total wheat-supply would yield 18,100,000,000,000 calories, and because they required 100,000,000,000 calories daily, it would be enough food for the French people for 181 days in the year. But the wheat, as a matter of fact, was milled at 85 per cent (the Germans never mill higher than 94 per cent), and the flour resulting therefrom had a fuel-value for man of 3,600,000 calories a ton. An easy computation shows that the dark war flour so available amounted to food for 168 "days of France." If the flour had been milled at 70 per cent, to make the fine white flour of the days before the war, it would have yielded food-fuel for only 138 "days of France," the loss of a month's food. Since wheat furnished nearly half of the total food for a day, it is apparent that the higher milling spared two months' bread-supply for the people.

Calculated after this fashion, the home production of the French people in the year of 1915 appears as follows:

Supplies of food produced in France in 1915 in terms of the energy necessary (100,000,000,000 calories) to support 40,000,000 people one day.

| | "Days of France" |
|---|---|
| Wheat | 168 |
| Rye, barley, buckwheat, maize | 54 |
| Dry vegetables (peas and beans) | 8 |
| Potatoes | 60 |
| Jerusalem artichokes | 8 |
| Sugar-beets | 5 |
| Chestnuts | 3 |
| Walnuts | 2 |
| Olives, etc. | 3 |
| Fresh green vegetables | 1 |
| Fruit | 1½ |
| Meat | 40 |
| Poultry | 2 |
| Eggs | 2½ |
| Fish | 2 |
| Milk | 42 |
| Total | 402 |

Thus, in this year of 1915 France raised sufficient human food to feed her whole population 365 days in the year, and 37 days besides, or a 10 per cent margin of safety, which can be considered a reasonable allowance for incidental waste.

Lapicque calculates that 78 per cent of the food is of vegetable, and 22 per cent of animal origin. It is astonishing to learn that all the fresh green vegetables eaten in a year would feed France for only one day, and all the fruit for another day. But in addition to the home-grown foods here enumerated cereals were imported amounting to "94 days of France," sugar corresponding to 16 "days," and meat for 4 "days." If these 114 "days" be added to the 402 "days of France" already mentioned, there are in all 516 "days'" worth of provisions for France for 1915. Lapicque therefore draws the moral that much grain which ought to have been reserved for human food was fed to pigs and to chickens. He says that there are 5,000,000 pigs in France; that a fat pig

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eats daily food containing 10,000 calories, or four times the quantity of food that a human being takes, which means that the food eaten by pigs might support half the population of France. "Why," cries he, "do we sacrifice the life-blood of our sons, expend our financial resources, destroy our national forests which will be so hard to replace, and yet be unwilling to sacrifice our pigs!"

So conclusions reached in France follow the lines of English opinion.

This problem of the proper division of the products of the soil between man and beast was an important part of the work of the Inter-Allied Scientific Food Commission. It is very evident that, with the financial impoverishment of the world due to the terrific strain of an exhausting war, there must be a turn toward vegetarianism, and that food which human beings need should not be fed to support animals.

The Commission estimated in calories the quantity of food necessary for the sustenance of each nation. This was based on the assumption that an average man doing an average day's work required 3,000 calories per day "as utilized" or, allowing for waste, 3,300 calories per day "as purchased." It was furthermore agreed that in case of necessity a reduction of 10 per cent from these figures could be borne without injury to health. From the standpoint of nutrition it was concluded that the average woman needed 2,500 calories "as utilized," or, in other words, that, nutritionally speaking, she was 0.83 of a man. The computation of the energy requirements of the population of the United States may thus be calculated:

Having estimated in calories the quantity of food necessary for the sustenance of each nation, the Commission then estimated the quantity of food that each nation could produce. From these data, and allowing 75 grams of fat for each "man" per day, the quantity and kind of food to be imported could be calculated for England, France, and Italy, and the surplus food production of the United States could be forecast. It was voted that meat was not a physiological necessity, especially when milk and eggs could be obtained. And when the work was finished in June we saw that all was well. America's splendid wheat-crop, England's powerful agricultural effort, and improved crops in both France and Italy, were all apparent before we sailed for home on June 18.

The Commission visited Rome as guests of the Italian Government. The meetings here were held on the Capitoline Hill in the Palace of a Senator. The building was designed by Michael Angelo, and the walls and ceilings of the gorgeous room in which the meetings were held were decorated by wonderful frescoes of the school of Michael Angelo. The opening meeting was presided over by Prince Colonna, who was mayor of Rome, and among the speakers was Signor Crespi, Food Administrator of Italy, who addressed the gathering, speaking in Italian, French, and English. Chittenden, responding for the United States, declared that, whereas in biblical times it had gone forth from Rome that all the world should be taxed, it was now to be proclaimed from the Capitol that all the world should be fed.

PROVISIONAL ESTIMATE OF THE CALORIC REQUIREMENTS PER DIEM OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

| Age in Years | Number of Individuals | Calories Per Person | Man Value | Calories in Millions Per Day | Per Cent |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 0— 5 | 14,384,000 | 1,500 | 0.5 | 21,576 | 9 |
| 6—13 | 15,003,000 | 2,300* | 0.77 | 34,507 | 13 |
| 14—18 M. | 5,129,000 | 3,000 | 1.00 | 15,387 | 6 |
| 14—18 F. | 5,084,000 | 2,500 | 0.83 | 12,710 | 5 |
| 19+ M. | 33,770,000 | 3,000 | 1.00 | 101,310 | 38 |
| 19+ F. | 31,073,000 | 2,500 | 0.83 | 77,683 | 29 |
| | 104,443,000 | | | 263,173 | 100 |

* Average of 2,100 calories between 6–9 years, and 2,500 calories between 10–13 years.
This amounts to 2,520 calories "per person" per diem. For the whole people for a year it reaches 96 million million calories per annum "as utilized," or 105.7 million million calories per annum "as purchased."

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There appeared to be no suffering from lack of food in Italy. Only in the southern part and in Sicily had there been any acute distress, and this was quickly relieved by the government. Upon one farm in the "heel of the boot" the farm laborers would do their work as long as they received a pound of wheat a day, but stopped work when only the official government ration of nine ounces was allowed. This shows how the power to do work depends on the quantity of food-fuel available.

Rome is far removed from the scene of war, and yet it aroused sadness to see the "Dying Gladiator" protected by sandbags in the Capitoline Museum, and to find the Capitoline "Venus" lying on her back in the cellar. Sad also the sight of Commendatore Boni, the distinguished archæologist, who, suffering from shell-shock received at the Italian front, reviewed for us on the Palatine Hill the historical development of the Palace of the Cæsars.

On our return to France it was my privilege to visit the neighborhood of the American front at Toul, Nancy, Gerbéviller, wantonly destroyed by the Germans in August, 1914, and Epinal in the Vosges, a beautiful fertile country in which the American Red Cross is binding the heart of France to the heart of America. Here civilian hospitals have been created for the benefit of the women and children of the neighborhood, and here the best blood of America meets the true, brave hearts of the French people, for America is in this war not only with the idea of force to the limit, but with heart and brain as well. Returning from Toul I passed through Châlons, Epernay, and Château-Thierry, the train running through the exquisite valley of the Marne. Ten days afterward the Germans were at Château-Thierry. Later came the German drive for Compiègne, from which, if taken, Paris could have been bombarded with large shells.

Our last meeting was in London, early in June. The military crisis had been reached. The victorious Kaiser Battle toward Amiens, and the Kronprinz Battle toward the Marne were threatening the civilized world. One of the French delegates had a son fighting at Soissons. The other said to me: "My wife is in Paris. She is not afraid. I am not afraid. It is our duty not to be afraid. We remain in Paris no matter what happens." France has borne a terrible burden in this war. Great fertile fields have been laid waste, and her agriculture is carried on by old men, by women, and by children. The whole available man-power is mobilized against the invader, and France stood firm last winter because of the almost astounding confidence she had in America. "Nos amis," she calls the Americans. American physicians in France tell of their overwhelming sense of personal responsibility which this attitude imposes upon them, and also of the fact that they can carry out their own ideas concerning the welfare of children, for example, to an extent that they would not be permitted to do at home.

We lived for four months in Europe, and we lived through the darkest days of the world war. After we came home the faith of France in America was justified at Château-Thierry. For Château-Thierry and the events which followed showed that the final outcome of the struggle could no longer be in doubt.

> "For freedom's battle, once begun,
> Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son,
> Though baffled oft, is ever won."

Let me add a true story told me by an Englishman. A captured German prisoner, who had been wounded, asked a nurse repeatedly if he was going to die. "Why, are you afraid to die?" she asked. "Yes, I am afraid to die," he admitted. "If it would be of any comfort to you to tell me about it, you may do so," she replied. "Well," said he, "it was in the first days in Belgium. An officer ordered me to bayonet a woman and a child, and I refused. He then put a pistol to my head and said, 'Now do it,' and I did it, and I wish I had been shot." Of such is German militarism.

It is because a Kaiser with his shining sword and his heathen *Gott*, typified by the wooden image of Hindenburg, which all the people of Germany were ordered to fall down and worship, has sought world dominion over free men that our American soldiers are traversing the seas, singing as they go: "And we won't come back till it's over over there."

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# THE ADMIRAL'S HOLLYHOCKS

By Harriet Welles
Author of "Anchors Aweigh" and Other Navy Stories

ILLUSTRATIONS BY O. F. HOWARD

"YOU look as though you had seen a ghost, Admiral," I called. We had the club library to ourselves, but the admiral, sitting by a window overlooking the avenue, did not glance up from a dazed contemplation of the service paper in his hand.

"I have," he answered so shortly that I wondered, with resentment, if he thought I was trying to pry into his affairs. I am not a naval officer; but I know the admiral fairly well. I've seen him at the club, almost daily, during the eight or ten years since he was retired from active service; I like him, too—although sometimes we don't quite understand each other.

"I beg your pardon, Admiral," I said stiffly. I rather expected him to apologize, but as he paid no attention, and sat staring through the window, I took up my catalogue again and wondered, with my annual wonderment, *why* the flowers the seedmen advertise are so different from the specimens my garden produces——

"Do you know anything about flowers?" asked the admiral, so unexpectedly that I forgot to show my offense at his earlier treatment.

"Why, yes," I answered, getting up and going over to a chair facing him; "they're rather a hobby of mine." I held out the catalogue. "I was just looking over the spring lists. We've a big garden on our Long Island place——"

The admiral didn't seem to be listening. His eyes were fixed on a show-window opposite, where a florist's assistant was busy redecorating.

Presently he roused himself to say: "I can't tell one flower from another—except hollyhocks! My mother loved them; she used to trade, and buy, and beg hollyhock seeds." The admiral paused. "I don't often see hollyhocks any more," he said.

"Well, no," I agreed, "they're out of fashion. You never see hollyhocks in the Long Island or Newport gardens. They're kind of unappealing, commonplace flowers, and now that people don't have back fences there isn't any place for them."

"Hollyhocks are the flowers of palaces and the symbol of tragedy," asserted the admiral with such sharp emphasis that I glanced affrontedly at him.

"Well—really—" I began, but he interrupted me. "Have you travelled in China? Not around the treaty ports—but through the inland cities?" And at my negative answer he went on: "At Nanking are the ruins of an imperial city of surpassing magnificence. Palaces, bridges, and walls crumbling into dilapidation—the aftermath of the Taiping Rebellion. But every summer the old courtyards are abloom with hollyhocks—as if the blithe ghosts of the court beauties whose mutilated bodies choked the old moats had come back to laugh at torture and death.

"And in the gardens of the Forbidden City—on the shore of the lake—there is a marble bench. The young emperor used to sit there, hour after hour, hoping, fearing, dreaming, planning for the future of his country.

"He's dead—murdered—but to-day, back of his bench, the hollyhocks, a massed legion of pink and crimson, still blossom against the lacelike carvings of the marble wall—the flowers of palace gardens; the camp-followers of disaster!"

The admiral paused. "It's forty-eight years since I saw my first Chinese hollyhocks," he said with wistful amazement, and lapsed into silence.

"Were they connected with a tragedy? I'd like to hear about it if it wouldn't bore



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you," I said humbly. I could have understood if he had mentioned gardenias, or orchids, or even gloxinias—but hollyhocks!

The admiral hesitated, and reluctantly folded the service paper. "It isn't exactly an amusing story," he said, and after a pause commenced:

"Five of us went, a month after our graduating exercises at the Naval Academy, to the old *Shenandoah* in the Asiatic Squadron—Morgan, Rees, Tracy, Carter, and I. Carter, the fun-loving, joke-making member of our class, surprised us on Graduation Day by quietly marrying the little Annapolis girl with whom he had been in love for over a year.

"She came to the station the morning we left, carrying some kind of charm for Carter to wear around his neck. 'It will bring you home safely,' she quavered forlornly, her face red from crying. She must have been all of seventeen!

"We were weeks getting out to the Orient and months cruising about until, in the summer of the next year, we anchored at Kiukiang for an overhaul period and to give the men shore liberty.

"It was my first view of the Yangtsze and of the crowded, gray-walled, river cities with their ponderous guarded gates.

"Kiukiang is one of these cities. Time has touched it gently—even the lacquered doors of the great temple to Kwanyin, goddess of mercy, on the river-bank overlooking the city wall, show little sign of the passing of the centuries.

"Near our anchorage, that morning forty-eight years ago, a partly burned junk was the centre of interest; the red boats of the river police surrounded it and, from an open sampan, some women raised a loud, insistent wail of lamentation.

"Carter was officer of the deck; I overheard him, joining the ship's navigator, in questioning the Chinese river-pilot who had towed the *Shenandoah* to her anchorage.

"'How come?' inquired the navigator, pointing toward the disabled junk.

"'One-piecee pirate, catchee,' answered the pilot gravely.

"'Where were the crew? One pirate couldn't do all that!' objected Carter.

"The pilot wrinkled his forehead in puzzled inarticulateness. 'One-piecee, all-same big gang,' he explained; 'pirate *never so bad before* on Yangtsze! Catch-ee junk, kill-ee crew, steal-ee cargo!'

"'What are the officials doing? Why don't *they* get after the pirates?' asked the navigator.

"'Have try! Polices-es try! Top-side mandarin try! Viceroy try! Then all-ee together try! No can do! Pirate every time get away,' asserted the pilot vehemently, then lowered his voice; 'you see'—he pointed toward the wreck—'junk number-one man go, last week, temple-side; tell Kwanyin when him start. Tell her, very loud, of much-ee money cargo; mak-ee off'ring. No matter! Kwanyin not hear; pirate catch-ee, all-ee same-ee!'

"'What are those women crying about?' asked Carter as a louder wail pierced the air.

"'Look-ee see if husbands still there,' answered the pilot, and added, with the fatalistic indifference of his race: 'Husbands' bodies have float Woosung-side by now!'

"'Poor devils!' said Carter.

"The pilot paused at the gangway ladder. 'Never before *such cruel worse* pirates on all-ee Yangtsze,' he said as he disappeared.

"I joined the navigator and Carter anda sked: 'Do you believe in pirates? I don't!'

"'No,' answered Carter; 'all the books I got for Christmas, when I was a kid, were full of ghosts or pirates; the boy-buccaneer always did them up, easily. But those women find them real enough,' he added, as the forlorn sampan-load swept by us.

"I glanced at the enticing near-by shore. 'I'm off duty this afternoon. When your watch is over, let's go and see the town. Tracy, Morgan, and Rees want to go, too.'

"'Don't let the pirates catch you,' laughed the navigator, turning away.

"That afternoon we had our first intimate view of our first Chinese city with its crowded roads and its busy, toiling people.

"And the shops! Open to the street, and apparently bare of any merchandise until you asked; then, like a magician's

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trick, out came the thick, lustrous silks, the colorful embroideries.

"Carter had forsworn cigarettes months before, and now the reason for his self-denial was disclosed as he proudly acquired a length of heavy, glittering brocade, while we stood respectfully by. But later, when he paused entranced before a tiny Chinese cap to be worn by a baby at its first ceremonial, we laughed uproariously.

"'Getting ready for a dressy second childhood, Carter?' teased Tracy.

"Carter flushed and mumbled an answer which was interrupted by Rees's exclamation: '*Listen to that temple bell!*'

"Boom! Rang the bell. Boom! Boom! — — boom! Boom—boom-boom. The clear, reverberating notes seemed to linger in the air.

"'It rings like a signal! Must be part of the temple service, but doesn't it sound like a code?' questioned Rees.

"'Is there any reason why we shouldn't go and see the temple and pagoda? I can't see why they'd object to our looking about; at home, we're always glad to show strangers our new Congregational Church,' vouchsafed Tracy.

"'Except for the big additions to the storehousey-looking buildings on each side, that temple must have been a fossil when Christopher Columbus was cutting his first tooth,' commented Rees dryly; 'wonder what they need so much storeroom for?'

"'Let's go and see,' I suggested.

"The temple was heavy and old and solid, with large connecting storage-rooms for the safe-keeping of the magnificent and valuable adjuncts used in the temple's ceremonial services. Outside, a slender, seven-storied, memorial pagoda loomed high, overlooking the river-valley for miles. Inside, on the dim altar, a great, golden Kwanyin gazed with placid, unnoting eyes through the cloying blue smoke from the incense-burners. In charge were a young priest with cowed, half-witted expression, and an old priest with a sharp, cruel face and ugly, clawlike hands.

"'Those two spoil the whole thing,' grumbled Tracy, glowering at the old priest whose eyes, since we entered the temple, had never left us.

"'I wonder which one rings the bell—and where is the belfry?' inquired Carter.

"'Belfry!' ejaculated Rees, pointing. The bell, twenty feet high, hung in a dim corner. We went to examine it.

"'That bronze is a foot thick—and look what they use for a clapper! The trunk of a tree swung on chains from a beam in the ceiling strikes on the outer rim. No wonder it echoes!' exclaimed Morgan.

"Rees touched the heavy chains. 'It's balanced to work like a watch,' he admired, and turned toward the old priest who was watching us. 'How do you strike that signal we heard? Is it part of the afternoon service?' he asked.

"'He doesn't understand English, Rees,' growled Carter.

"The priest came nearer and, half closing his ugly eyes, demanded: 'What for—you want to know?'

"We looked at him in startled silence.

"'What for—you come here?' he asked sharply, while his long, clawlike fingers moved against his dirty robe.

"'We came to see the temple and pagoda. You have a wonderful view! Nothing can happen on the river that you can't watch from here,' answered Tracy courteously.

"The priest drew a sharp breath through his closed teeth; it sounded like the hiss made by a snake that is coiling to strike.

"'You come gunboat! I know!' he snarled; 'what for—you come Kiukiang-side? What—you want—here?'

"We looked at him in amazement.

"'You keep away from Kwanyin's temple,' he ordered. 'No can come here!' and hustled us out.

"'What ailed him?' questioned Carter explosively, as we made our way back to the *Shenandoah*. 'Are you fellows going to let him chase you away?' questioned Rees contrarily. 'We'd better keep out of his temple, but I'm going to the pagoda whenever I feel like it! It's a great place to watch everything.'

"It was. We went there every time we were ashore, and as long as we loitered about the pagoda the old priest did not notice us, but any step toward the temple or around the storehouses brought almost instant response. One second he was no-

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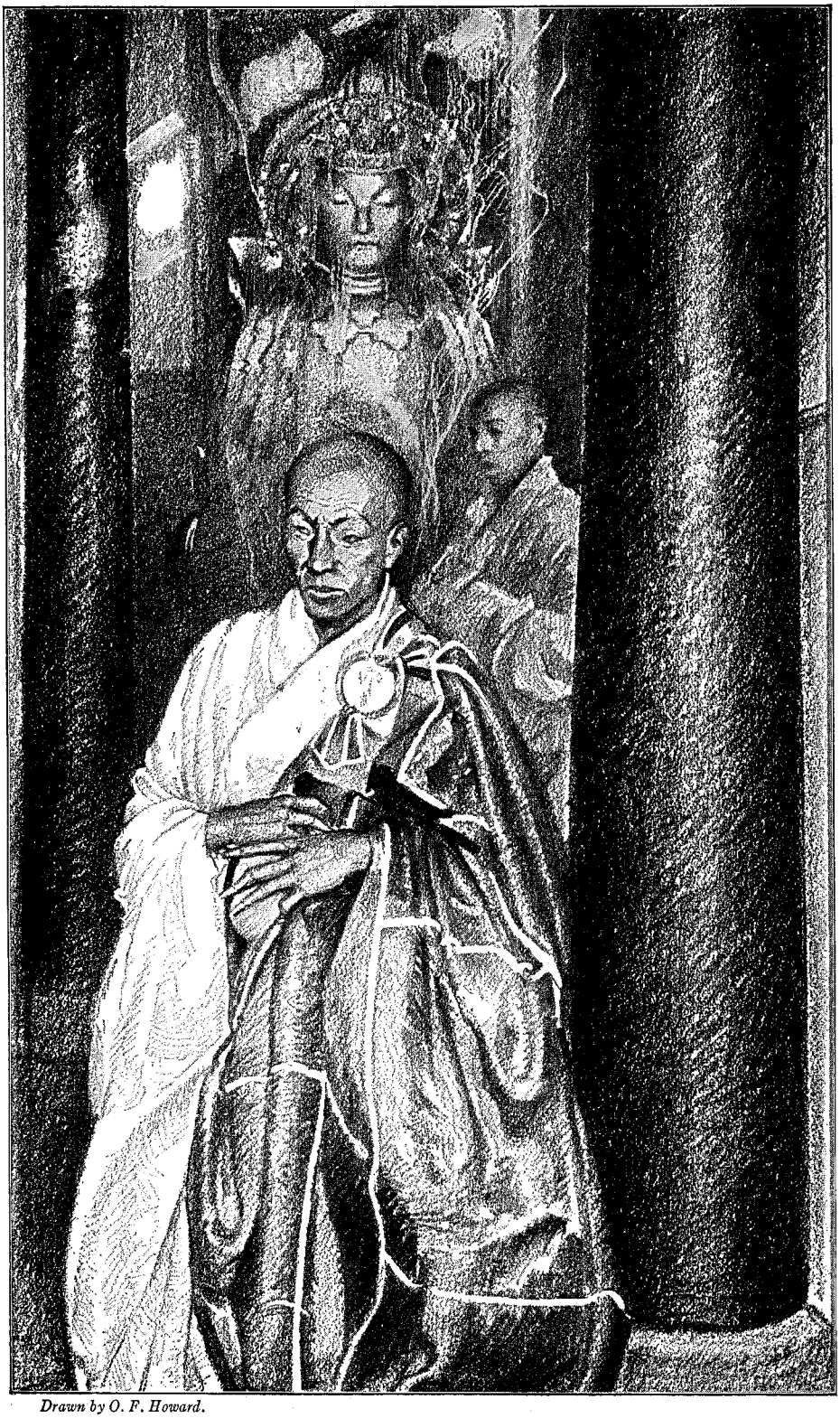

*Drawn by O. F. Howard.*

A great, golden Kwanyin gazed with placid, unnoting eyes.—Page 720.



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where in sight, the next, 'What you want —here?' sounded shrilly beside us.

"'Who'd want to smother inside that smoky old temple when there's so much doing on the river?' wondered Rees, idly watching from the lowest pagoda platform the familiar swarm of red police-boats gathered around a big, disabled cargo junk. 'The pirates bagged her last night, hardly a mile below here,' he volunteered, and added: 'I'd like to know where those cutthroats land their loot before they dispose of it?'

"'Maybe the old priest thinks *we* are pirates! He couldn't always be on our trail, as he is, if he wasn't keeping an eye on us,' soliloquized Morgan.

"'I'm glad some one is interested. I call Kiukiang pretty dull,' yawned Carter, glancing indifferently down the wide valley. Something attracted his attention. 'Say, fellows! Look at that grove of trees on the river-bank a half-mile outside the city wall. Can't you see what seem like a lot of chimneys?' he questioned excitedly.

"'They look like the chimneys of an American house!' asserted Morgan. 'Let's go up higher and get a better view!'

"Recklessly we climbed the crumbling circular stairs and came out on the pagoda's highest platform.

"'That *is* a real house! Maybe some nice girls live there. It isn't very far,' suggested Rees.

"'All the way up-hill through the city —and then along the shore in the sun,' complained Tracy.

"Carter was leaning far out over the stone balustrade. 'You needn't go up to the city gate. There's a narrow, comparatively new opening right back of the storehouse—and a path, nearly the whole way over to that house, in the shadow of the wall,' he said quietly.

"We clung to the railing and looked where he pointed.

"'Who'd use that path and gate?' wondered Morgan.

"'We'll go over and find out,' said Carter, leading the way. We followed and, rounding a corner of the storehouse, came suddenly upon the old priest emerging from a small doorway. Beyond him the half-light showed a big room piled high with bales, casks, and boxes. The old priest turned; as his glance rested on us his face grew livid with anger, and, pulling the door sharply shut behind him, he confronted us—his ugly eyes half closed.

"'What for—you come this side?' he demanded in a tone of snarling fury.

"'We want to get out. I just discovered this gate from the pagoda. Sorry if we startled you,' explained Carter, as he opened the narrow, heavy postern.

"'I wonder why it wasn't locked—the gate? And what kind of religious pageants call for all the stuff he had stacked in that storeroom?' questioned Tracy.

"'I can't understand why he has taken such a dislike to us— *Listen to that bell!* It must echo for miles up this quiet valley,' exclaimed Rees as we followed the long path across the moor and in between two granite gateposts.

"'But this isn't a *house*—it's a palace!' cried Tracy, pausing. 'Look! What does it say on that column? It's a Chinese attempt at English lettering.'

"'The Hollyhocks,' read Rees slowly and glanced about. 'There seems to be some sort of garden on the river-bank. I can see a lot of weather-stained stone benches. And look at those porches, upstairs and down, connected by an outside staircase.'

"Hesitatingly we approached. All the window-panes were gone. 'Let's see the inside of the house—there's no one living here,' proposed Carter, swinging himself over the low sill.

"We explored the large wings—a succession of enormous empty rooms—and came out finally into the wide hall that ran through the centre of the house.

"'Not a stick of furniture—unless you count these barrels and kegs,' said Tracy, sitting down on one.

"'It's rather a—pathetic place,' commented Rees slowly. 'The man who had it built was evidently trying to copy from memory some house he had loved at home, and the Chinese workmen either stupidly or wilfully outwitted him. He's told them "wide stairs"—and look! Those are *at least* fourteen feet across and as steep as a ladder. I'm sure, too, that he didn't order that foot-high banister with the Chinese carved hand-rail.'

"'Who *ever built* a house like this in

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such a hidden, remote place?' wondered Morgan.

"'Some poor duffer who had to clear out of his own country. Must have done something pretty bad to need to hide so far off the beaten track as Kiukiang,' answered Rees.

"Carter's investigations had led him to a window overlooking the river and garden; he gave a sudden exclamation. 'Come and see the hollyhocks!' he cried.

"There they were—pink, crimson, and white; truants from the half-obliterated flower-beds whose borders of dead box bushes showed long neglect. But the hollyhocks seemed visibly to rejoice in the misfortune that gave them their liberty, for they swarmed up the slope in a blur of color, erect and defiant in the hot sunshine.

"Carter continued his observations. 'There's some sort of little harbor dug into the bank, and a sunken path,' he called back from the veranda.

"Behind me a sharp hiss sounded. I jumped, and, turning, confronted the old priest, his face such a distorted mask of malevolent fury that I stepped back appalled. He asked his usual question, punctuating it with a clawing gesture of his sharp, ugly fingers.

"'What you do—here?' he demanded hoarsely.

"'Just looking around. Do you happen to know who built this house?' inquired Morgan with mystified politeness.

"'Why you come here?' snarled the priest.

"'Why shouldn't we come here? This is an American house. We've more right here than a Chinaman,' retorted Rees.

"'No b'long 'Melcan! B'long Scotsman, allee-samee Englis-man,' asserted the priest sharply.

"'Where is he—the Scotchman?' demanded Carter with stern brevity.

"'Him long-time dead,' declared the priest defiantly, and pointed to a low mound over which the hollyhocks swept in a colorful wave.

"The priest came a step nearer, his ugly eyes gleaming between the half-closed lids. 'Scotsman not like strangers people! Like only Chinaman,' he said harshly.

"'How can he like anything—if he's dead?' questioned Tracy with soothing literalness.

"'Him spee-rit come back,' whispered the priest eerily. 'Come back *ev'ry night!*' he asserted with guileful malevolence. 'Better you go away—not come again. Kiukiang man *not dare* come this side!'

"Carter eyed him with amused tolerance. 'What's your game, padre?' he asked. 'If the Kiukiangers are afraid it's because you've used your job as priest to frighten them away—as you're trying to scare us! I can't see anything in this big, lonely, empty house to make it worth your while.'

"I stepped hastily forward as the old priest raised his hands toward Carter's face; his voice rose to a frantic shriek.

"'I know *why* you come Kiukiang-side,' he snarled, and laughed with defiant mirthlessness. '*You—no—can do!*' he taunted, his voice husky with rage; 'now—get out!' he ordered.

"'Get out yourself—' began Rees, but Carter intervened. 'What's the use of making him any madder than he is, Rees? It's nothing to us!' he said calmly, and turned to the priest.

"'Cool down, padre,' he advised with cheerful solicitude. 'No one wants to get your riverside residence away from you. But don't flatter yourself that you scared us with that ghost-story.'

"'Do you think there really *is* a ghost?' I asked, as we went back toward the city.

"'I'd say no if we were at home—but this is China, and the Chinese are mortally afraid of the spirits of their ancestors! They're always making offerings to propitiate the dead and induce them to stay where they are,' volunteered Morgan.

"'Ghost-stories always begin by having the person who is to see the ghost say, "I don't believe in them,"' soliloquized Tracy comfortably.

"'If the ghost at The Hollyhocks comes back, it's probably because he wants to see his flowers,' I said, with a little homesick quiver in my voice.

"'Ghost nothing! That old Lothario of a priest probably meets some Chinese Mary Jane there, and he doesn't want his tryst chaperoned,' laughed Carter.

"'I've always wanted to see a ghost,'

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admitted Rees reflectively. 'If I thought this Chinese variety really comes back I'd go there and stay until I'd seen it.'

"'Ugh,' shivered Tracy, adding quickly, 'anyhow, you can't get to The Hollyhocks. The city gates close at sundown.'

"'What are city gates to us?' questioned Rees airily. 'There are always a dozen sampans within hail of the ship; it wouldn't be a half-hour's row.' He warmed to the adventure. 'Let's go tonight! Anything might happen in *China!* It would be an experience to see a real ghost! And if the old priest was trying, for reasons of his own, to frighten us away, we'll show him that his fairy-tale didn't work!'

"Carter laughed and, at my look of surprise, explained rather lamely: 'I was just thinking—how foolish the old priest would feel.'

"'I'll go—if the rest of you go—but I don't want to,' lamented Tracy.

"Carter eyed us speculatively. 'Bet you won't do it *this evening!* Bet you'll back down when it gets dark!' he teased incitingly.

"'Bet we won't!' chorussed Rees, Morgan, and I.

"'Aren't you coming, Carter?' asked Tracy, grasping at a straw.

"'I certainly *am!*' promised Carter with disarming sincerity. I mistrusted his tone—he had played many a joke on me—but I could give no reason for my suspicions.

"We left the ship at half past eight that night—and Carter was not with us, for just as we started, an orderly stopped him with a message.

"'The navigator would like Carter's help in correcting a compass: it would take the whole evening.'

"Carter turned back, after urging us to go ahead. 'You seem to have lost your interest in ghosts, Carter,' growled Tracy as we boarded a sampan, while Carter, without answering, leisurely watched us from the *Shenandoah's* deck.

"I hated the whole adventure before we even entered the house—which loomed enormously black and portentous under a starless sky. We chose to stay in the large room at the foot of the staircase ('ghosts always descend the stairs,' volunteered Rees) because of the barrel, which we used for a table, and the kegs which served us as seats. We had brought a couple of candles and a pack of cards, and we started a game while we waited for the promised visit of the punctual ghost.

"We played several cheerful rounds, while the conversation swung from the Naval Academy to our various home towns and out across the Pacific to the *Shenandoah* and our months of uneventful cruising. For uneventfulness this was proving a banner evening except that Tracy won steadily at cards—hitherto an unknown proceeding for him. Morgan did not like to lose; Tracy and he had several arguments.

"I stifled a yawn. 'Are you fellows planning to stay after quarter to twelve? I told the sampan man to come back for me then; I have the mid-watch. It's five minutes past eleven now,' I said.

"'I call this pretty dull,' grumbled Rees. 'We'd have had more fun in Kiukiang. Listen to that racket!'

"From the distant city came the noise of some kind of ceremony. We could hear the clanging metallic crash of cymbals, the high, shrill call of trumpets, the wailing of voices, and, across it, like a great unhurrying pulse, the temple bell struck in a stately, measured cadence.

"'What's all the uproar about?' questioned Morgan.

"'Probably the funeral services for the men murdered on the junk,' I volunteered.

"'Who ever heard of a funeral where they didn't have a corpse?' demanded Tracy.

"'There's lots you haven't heard! And besides, this is China,' asserted Morgan with incontestable finality.

"The discussion ceased for lack of participants.

"Rees listened thoughtfully. 'Sounds like a signal—that bell,' he commented.

"'You say that every time you hear it ring,' Tracy reminded him, and added: 'whose play is it?'

"'Yours. You always hold up the game,' answered Morgan, with well-simulated resignation.

"Tracy, with guilty haste, played a wrong card; a heated argument ensued, stilled, at its height, by Rees's startled question: '*What was that?*'

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"From somewhere down the long hallway came the sound of a door swinging on protesting hinges—slowly, with complaining deliberation, until it clicked shut.

"'Wind,' explained Morgan uneasily.

"'There isn't any wind,' Tracy answered with unnecessary literalness.

"'Then it blew shut *without* wind,' asserted Morgan sharply. 'Your play again, Tracy.'

"We played for several minutes in silence, then Rees spoke. 'Queer country!' he soliloquized, as he straightened the wabbling candles. 'Think of the fellow who built this house—alone here, day after day, night after night, fighting the solitude—and the ghastly silence!'

"'Maybe the pirates dropped in sometimes and cheered him up,' I suggested flippantly.

"'He was dead before these pirates organized. The river-pilot told me this band began operating on the Yangtsze only six months ago,' said Morgan.

"'I don't believe that pirate yarn,' volunteered Tracy and paused suddenly. 'What's that?' he whispered.

"From directly beneath us came the sound of a heavy object stealthily rolled.

"Morgan jumped up. 'We *are* bright!' he said with withering sarcasm. 'Did any one notice, this afternoon, whether there is a cellar under the house?'

"None of us had.

"'I'm not going to prowl around this huge barracks looking for a cellar at this time of night,' growled Tracy stubbornly.

"'With only two half-burned candles for four of us,' I supplemented.

"Morgan sat down and took up his cards.

"'It was the echo from some river-boat,' I explained in shamefaced apology. 'Your deal, Tracy!' I added sharply.

"Morgan broke the ensuing silence. 'Never before was I in an empty house that didn't *seem* empty; if I hadn't been all over it I'd say this house was *full* of people,' he soliloquized complainingly, and stared, wide-eyed, into the dark hall.

"'We once had a colored cook named Maud; she used to tell the awfullest ghost-stories! I can see her now—rolling her eyes and muttering, "What—does—I—see? Bl—o—o—d!"' mimicked Tracy with painstaking attention to details.

"'Anybody but you would have better sense than to remember that story—at such a time as this,' growled Morgan irritably.

"'Why shouldn't he remember it?' I asked. 'Every sensible human being knows that there *can't* be such a thing as a ghost—' I stopped suddenly. Across the blackness of the hall *had there* been the glimmering white blur of a face? 'It's the candle-light,' I tried to reassure myself.

"Morgan's eyes were fixed intently on the open window, and now he spoke in a low, queer voice. 'I must say—it's awfully odd—but I can't get over the feeling that people we can't see—are watching us,' he remarked disjointedly.

"I glanced toward the window. Outside, through the empty sash, I could see the nearest hollyhocks. They struck in me a chill sense of alien treacherousness; I felt suddenly that, masquerading as kin to the gentle flowers at home, they had enticed me into something sinister. Surely, the serene hollyhocks in my mother's garden *could not* stand so defiantly erect against the waning moon; and, as I looked, the stalks bent sharply—I held my breath. The stalks jumped stiffly back into place. Whatever had moved them was creeping—along the ground.

"'What ails you? Dropping your cards all over the place!' demanded Rees.

"I gathered up my cards and played.

"'Why doesn't some one talk?' complained Tracy fretfully.

"'If you talked less and paid more attention to your game—' began Morgan. He stopped, his eyes narrowing intently; and I, following his glance, saw nothing; but on the veranda a board creaked with stealthy slowness and, as I shut my teeth to keep them from chattering, I fancied that I could hear the muffled sibilant hiss of feet—sliding across the bare boards.

"Rees broke the silence. 'This is a queer country; nothing happens the way you'd expect it to! Now, at home—no one could make me believe enough in ghosts to sit around like this, and wait! But here anything seems possible.' He paused and eyed Tracy's frightened face.

"Tracy moistened his lips. 'Just *how* do you expect a Chinese ghost to act?' he inquired.

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"'Is there any stereotyped way for ghosts to perform?' asked Morgan sarcastically.

"Why, yes! The books always say: 'Suddenly a cold wind swept across the room,' or, 'Without warning, my hair, usually worn flat, stood straight up upon my tingling scalp,' recited Rees.

"Tracy interrupted. 'Our colored cook, Maud, used to begin, "In the dark of the moon,"' he mimicked sepulchrally, but Morgan cut him short with: 'Can't you *ever* play in turn? Don't talk! Play!'

"We played three hands in silence—a silence that grew momentarily until it was louder than sound and loomed large, with a kind of menacing thickness, that shut down on speech. I felt suddenly cold in the warm summer air.

"Outside, a step on the veranda stairs creaked with sharp abruptness; it sounded startlingly loud, but this time no one made any comment until Rees, throwing down his cards, sprang up. 'I've had enough of this! I'm not afraid of anything I can *see*—but to sit in this spooky house hearing all sorts of queer noises! Why, even those hollyhocks—' he broke off.

"From the room above us came a scream which, as we jumped up, overturning and extinguishing the guttering candles, changed to a cry of sheer agony and terror.

"For a second we stood frozen into frightened immobility; then, stirred by the evident summons of that quickly silenced cry, we dashed noisily across the hall and up the steep stairs—to be caught, on the upper landing, in a jostling rush of silent men, running with incredible noiselessness, in wildest confusion. As I wheeled about, overwhelmed with unreasoning terror, I realized that Tracy, Morgan, and Rees were fleeing ahead of me. With an inarticulate shout I caught my foot against some heavy object lying on the landing, and, carrying it with me, pitched headlong to the hall below.

"When I recovered consciousness darkness lay about me like an impenetrable pall; no tiny point of light showed anywhere.

"I moved; a sudden stab of pain restrained me.

"What had happened? Who had shouted for help?

"Where were Tracy, Morgan, and Rees? *What had I fallen over?* Where had those running men been hidden, and where had they gone? Why had they run? Were they ghosts? What had I done to my back when I fell to make it hurt so abominably? Why were the arm and side I was lying on so stiffly damp?

"And then, quite suddenly, so near me that I felt a shudder of sick, cold fear, I heard a shadowy movement—the almost inaudible muffled whisper of a hand moving cautiously along the plastered wall. Very slowly it advanced—paused—lingered a perceptible time above my head—moved on—hesitated—died away—and stealthily returned, while I, lying in a motionless crumpled heap, held my breath and longed for the power to muffle the loud beating of my heart. The ghostly sliding hand came near, but now I knew that no spectre wielded it, for a foot in a straw sandal barely brushed my cheek, and from above me came the sound of a little sharp, hissing intake of breath. This time the groping hand did not return. Silence closed down again.

"For a long while I lay motionless, afraid to breathe, but as the slow seconds crept by, the pain in my back grew to be unendurable. Cautiously I shifted my arm, waited for the paroxysm to subside, and, emboldened by the unbroken quiet, agonizingly changed my position.

"There was no answering sound. Little by little, stopping when the pain was too sharp, I laboriously raised myself on my elbow, and felt for my match-box.

"A faint movement came from the hall above; I stiffened into silence but nothing happened, and after a perceptible time I decided to try again. My match-box was crushed under me, and as I drew it forth its clammy adhesiveness came as a new cause for aggrieved incomprehension, which deepened into bewilderment when I tried to strike a match and found it crumpling into unresisting limpness against the flabby box; not until several useless matches had increased my mystification did I have the success of striking one into feeble light.

"At first it burned fitfully, but enough to show that the wall near me was

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splashed with curious dark stains. I glanced from my damp sleeve and the discolored match-box in my hand to where, around me, a widening pool of blood spread sluggishly across the hall. Half sick with terror I turned upon my elbow. Beside me, his limp, twisted body half upon the stairs, his head turned horribly back, his throat slit from ear to ear —dead—lay Carter. I stared at the little dangling charm that was to have brought him 'safely home.'

"At the top of the stairs a group of men with cruel, bestial faces crouched, motionless, behind the old priest whose talon-like fingers curved hungrily as his eyes met mine. He started forward.

"From the river-bank came a confusion of sounds; then the navigator's voice raised in an excited call: 'Carter! Sheldon! Where are you, boys?'

"The men on the landing faded noiselessly into the shadows. I could never prove that I had really seen them.

"The rescuing party from the *Shenandoah* examined the whole place," said the admiral grayly. "They only found one clew: the barrel and kegs we had used for a table and seats during our card game were gone; otherwise the house was as bare, as innocently non-committal, as a sheet of still water, and in the garden a legion of flaunting hollyhocks raised unbroken, flowering stalks to greet the dawn.

"The navigator, sitting among them on a stone bench after the futile search, shook an impotent fist toward the house, and spoke brokenly.

"'Carter came to me just after you returned to the ship yesterday afternoon, and wanted me to help him play a practical joke. My part was to send for him to come back—supposedly to fix a compass—just as he was starting with you last evening for The Hollyhocks.

"'I'm not enthusiastic over such jokes, Carter,' I told him, but he laughed me down.

"'They're going there really half expecting to see a Chinese ghost!' he chuckled. 'The Hollyhocks is a big, lonely house, and when they've been in it an hour they'll begin to feel sort of spooky. I'll start about then in another sampan, sneak up through the garden, creep up those outside stairs, get in through a window, and, after yelling and making a racket over their heads, dash down the stairs and guy them! Can't you *hear* old Rees trying for the rest of his days to explain *why* he ran?'

"The navigator groaned remorsefully. 'Carter was late in starting—the mail from the States was put aboard by an upriver steamer; it had been four months on the way and Carter stopped to read his letters. If only I had stopped him!' said the navigator with bitter emphasis. 'But how could I know that he was going to jump into the middle of the pirate gang? When he yelled—to scare you—they undoubtedly thought he was one of the river-police summoning his assistants; and the pirates would infinitely prefer a fight to the death to being captured.

"'The fact that you lads didn't prowl about, and that Sheldon's fall knocked him into silence, probably saved your lives. But poor Carter—' The navigator covered his eyes with his hand; then started up. 'Anyhow, we'll get the old priest,' he said tensely.

"But when, through our testimony, the Chinese officials went to investigate the accumulation of bales and boxes in the temple storehouses, they found the old priest with stolid, unwavering eyes, offering thanksgiving before the altar of the goddess of mercy for the miraculous preservation of her shrine from the devastating fire that had, just before dawn, gutted the storerooms. Indeed, even then the great, golden Kwanyin looked with serene, uncognizant indifference through a drifting cloud of smoke. Shortly afterward the old priest disappeared; I never heard just how they disposed of him.

"The drastic measures taken by the Chinese officials broke up piracy in that section for all time. Since then pirates have flourished, intermittently, on other Chinese rivers, but never in the Yangtsze valley——"

The admiral paused, and continued slowly:

"Blown down from the table to the deck in Carter's cabin on the *Shenandoah*, Rees found a letter: 'Your son, John Howland Carter, Junior, was born to-

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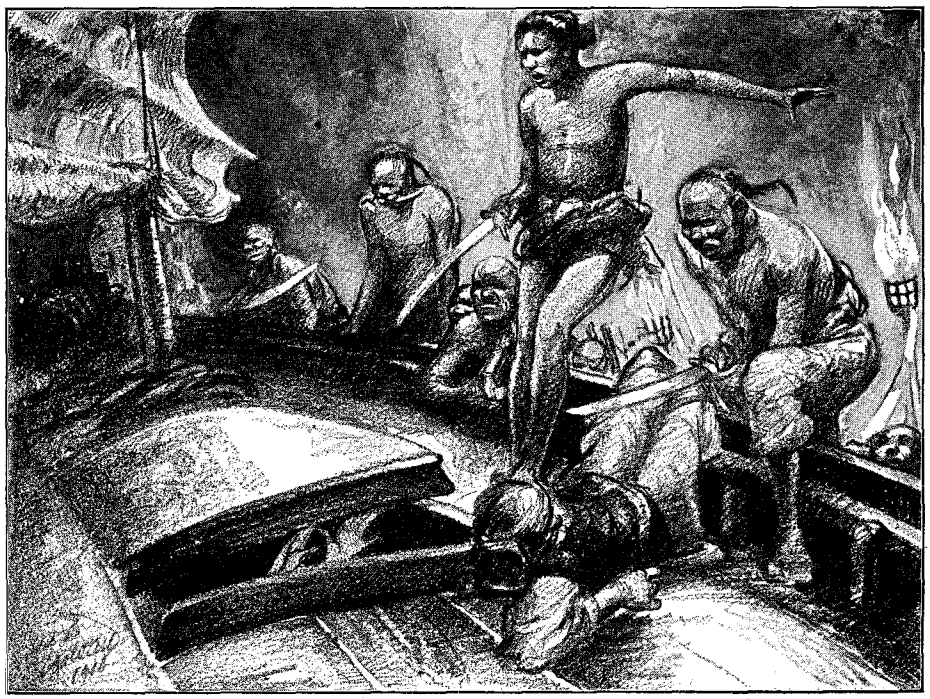
day.' The words stared up as they straggled weakly across the unfolded page. It had arrived the evening before—but the date was four months old."

The admiral unfolded the service paper he held, and pointed to a paragraph in it. "Captain John Howland Carter to command the *New Mexico*," I read.

"You asked if I had seen a ghost? I knew that Carter's son had entered the navy, but I had lost track of him—the years pass so swiftly! And now he is forty-eight years old and goes to command a dreadnaught—and I am an old man!" The admiral smiled—a wistful, pathetic smile—and sat looking intently at the crowded avenue. Across the way the florist's assistant had finished his task; the show-window was abloom with the exotic lavender of hothouse orchids. The admiral regarded them with uninterested eyes. "I can't tell one flower from another—except hollyhocks; *but I know them every time*," said the admiral, and lapsed into silence.

I made several comments but he did not seem to want to talk any more. I was disappointed! You see, I've been through such a lot of bother with my house, and more especially with my garden, that I wanted to know whether he ever found out any more about that Scotch fellow—the one that had, originally, built and owned The Hollyhocks.



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# THE PROCESSION OF THE BRAVE

By Lauchlan MacLean Watt

Formerly Chaplain to the Gordon Highlanders and Black Watch, in the Somme, the Ancre, and at Ypres.
Author of "What It Means," "The Hour," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

## I

IT is just the other day that I crossed the broad Atlantic in one of the most memorable processions that ever human eyes beheld—over thirty thousand brave men, moving eastward for sacrifice. The sea lay, in the sunshine, smooth as a lake; and every day I went up to the boat-deck, and, in the darkening, too, I looked abroad upon the most affecting spectacle that ever moved the heart of man. Surely never, since the birth of Christ, has such a thing been seen, so deeply charged with wonder, and so full of significance for the future of the world. Somehow, I could not help thinking of Abraham crossing the desert from Ur of the Chaldees, with the star of faith shining above him, as I saw those great ships, laden with the best life of America, climbing the steep three thousand miles, to fight, and suffer, and die for liberty. The long columns of the old crusades, which imagination still can see, winding their way through history, have not a more abiding grip upon the memory of the ages. For this was part of a procession with a purpose which encircles the world, the purpose of a peace-loving people roused to go out into the unknown for the vindication of what was sacred to their fathers, and not to return—even the remnant of them—till their purpose is achieved.

The plash of the waters about the prow of those advancing ships and the swinging line of foam they left behind them in the wake, for other ship-loads of the brave to follow, seemed to croon and to engrave a message for the daylight and the starlight of the "freedom of the seas." Our fathers knew the meaning and the value of that golden phrase long before it was polluted on the lips of pirates and murderers of women and children. And we shall keep it as a heritage, unstained and undiminished, for those who come after us.

Day and night that fine procession swung along the magnetic course of its destiny, one single watch-dog of the deep, open-eyed, keeping near, and on the bridge of each ship the unsleeping vigilance which all the while was conscious of the untold value of what was committed to its care.

Fog succeeded sunshine, and we pressed on, each ship the centre of a circle of gray water, the fog wall receding steadily before us as we advanced, but following stealthily on our heels, and moving by our sides, all the while. Once a sea-wolf of a submarine rose to the surface for a peep under the edge of the mist, but the grim war-ship, watcher of the flock, was so near that she dropped again into the deep gray stillness. Away behind us, lagging thirty miles, was one of our convoy, with its freight of lives, unseen in the sheltering veil; so silence and speed were the better parts of valor and the real assurance of safety. And one day, when the fog had lifted and we had pushed into heavy and stormy seas, having waved good-by to our protector as she turned again across the waters westward, over the heaving horizon came the spray-swept British destroyers, swinging to their posts of vigilance around our course. How well they seemed to know the old sea-tracks, the familiar trail of their fathers long ago, the plunging road traversed in ancient days by the brave who made the oceans of the wide world free to all honest men! And at last, as the moon hung low, in a wealth of dreamy light, above the bar, the pilot came aboard, and we drew in toward the haven, in the breaking of an English dawn.

The vast majority of the soldier-men in



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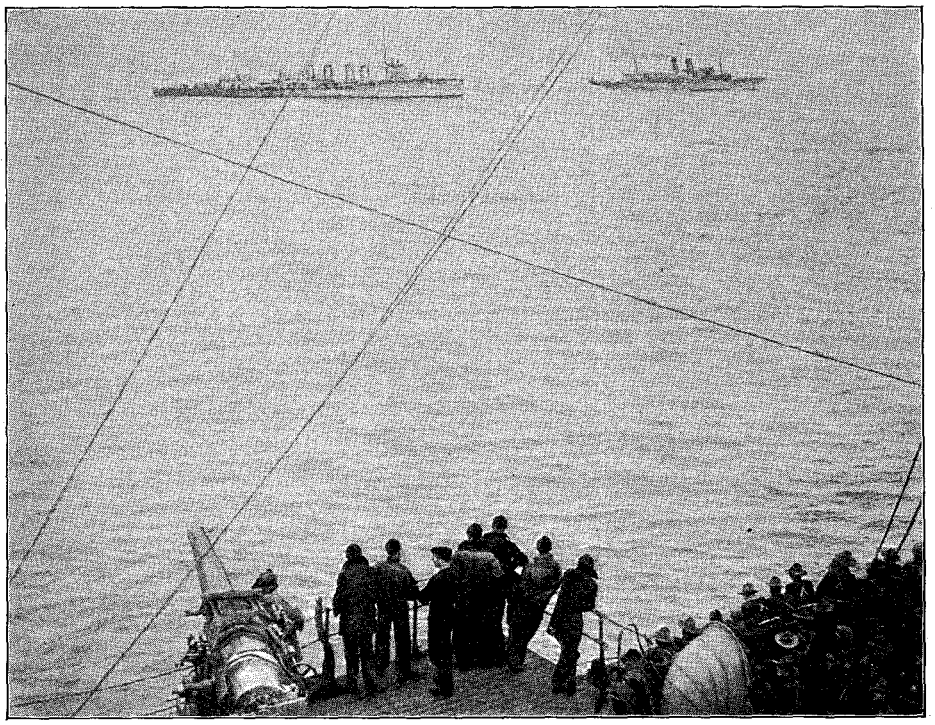
that great host had never seen the sea, or been in a boat in their lives—had never worn a uniform, or felt the call to sacrifice, beneath the shadow of any war-time. Yet their eyes were aglow with expectation, and their hearts beat keenly for the task to which duty had summoned them. They will write big things that shall shine unforgettably on the page of the story of my heart, all the time. I have seen brave men in the fight and on the way to it. And those with whom I crossed the broad Atlantic are as good stuff as the best.

## II

THIS speaks to us, with grim insistence, of the need for watchfulness and work.



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Those great ships, laden with the best life of America, . . . to fight, and suffer, and die for liberty. —Page 729.

their native land, and by their achievements lift her to a place of honor such as was never dreamed of by their fathers, among the greatest nations of the world. And it is something for earth's weary folks to know that in the lull which meanwhile laps the land of war in awestruck stillness, amid which anxious hearts are waiting for what comes next, when the curtain shall be rung up on the stage of battle, we cannot help but hear the water about the ever-advancing keels, carrying forward even while men are sleeping, an army of victory to the field that waits for it. The music of it is running through

The great and truly terrible "drive" of the enemy on the western front of Europe set us all thinking in the right direction, very awakingly, namely, the direction of quick, keen, and courageous activity. "The worst has come to the worst. Let us now lift up our hearts and go forward," is the maxim of every true man who loves liberty and believes in the righteousness of his cause. It is the right mood for all seasons of difficulty and stress.

We read, with a certain tightening of the heart, how, when the news of the agony of Flodden's defeat reached Edinburgh, long ago, the city fathers assem-

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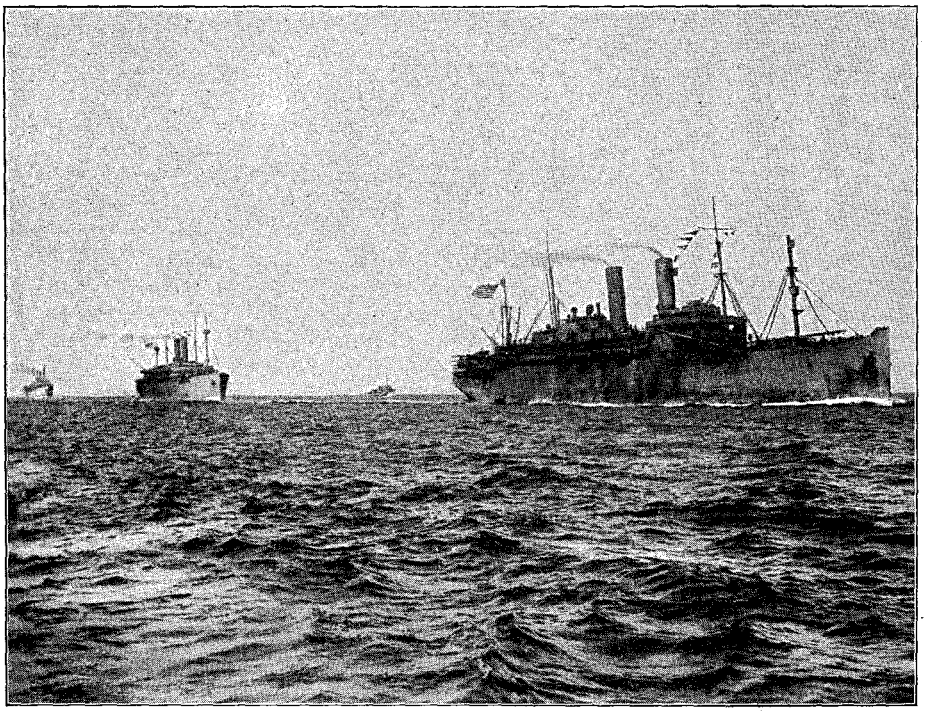
bled in the council chamber, and issued a very notable proclamation. They forbade the women to wail in the streets and to mourn at the altars. And the men set themselves, in silence, sternly to build up the walls and to get ready for the foe. Watchmen were set about the gates, while the strong hands faithfully builded. And as these watched and those builded, the



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United States transports with convoy nearing France.

This was part of a procession with a purpose which encircles the world.—Page 729.

future of the nation was assured as a historical fact. For the unifying of all discordant elements into one great and inflexible purpose is character-creating; and character is a history-making fact.

In the upbuilding of any nation there is constant need for watchfulness and activity in combined power. The builder and the sentinel, the ploughman and the man with the spear, the soldier waiting by the forge and the smith who hammers out the blade, the man who crosses the mountain or the sea to the place of sacrifice, and they who stay at home to labor at the stuff of victory, must be in the play. It is not so very much that kind of vigilance which peers about seeking for the fool who says "To hell with the flag," but the intelligence, open-eyed, clear-minded, and prompt to act, which discerns where the joints of the armor are weak, where the links are loose, where the selfish profiteer is coining cash out of the nation's extremity, exploiting the people's hunger or fear, for gain; or where treachery, with the patriotic symbol in his buttonhole, is hampering production by secret propaganda which means the sacrifice of brave men overseas, in circumstances not justified by necessity. It is easy to catch the loose-mouthed fool who babbles his folly without understanding. The lash and not the noose is his fitting reward. But it takes vigilance of the highest kind to secure that loyal activity without which no victory shall ever greet the dawn.

Nation-building means protected activities, expanding life, vision, and power. It demands absolute unity of purpose

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looking over the waves, or across the prairies, over the track of the setting sun, or the uncharted starlit seas, or through the pathless forests where one day the broad axe shall ring a song of advancing highways for the feet of the free. It means liberty to live and move, to rest or labor, to wake or sleep, without the shadow of greed or ambition darkening the door of that holy centre of human life which men call home. Hence, in every nation there comes a time when trade and adventure of the arts require to have with them the shelter of the steel-encircled flag.

## III

THERE have been wide-eyed moments when men have longed deeply for universal peace, and wished to see no more the symbols of warfare. And yet every tittle of our liberty to-day has been won for us by men who were not afraid to fight—not an inch of it by whining, or we should still have been in serfdom and in chains. For the sword can be bared in the most holy name of God. The blood of battle has been poured and shed by those who feared that name. Although Christianity is the gospel of peace, it is not the gospel of cowardice—if, indeed, cowardice can have any gospel. Although a man be a Christian, there are duties which he owes to his own soul, his own nation, and his fellow-men. It may well fall to his lot to hold the spear while others labor, or work while others are fighting in a holy cause. For duty neither sleeps nor lets you slumber. She calls you, wakes you, smites you above the heart, and will not let you go. Whosoever most fears God fears to sit at ease so long as there is one wrong in the world to be righted or one truth crushed and trampled in the mire. True Christianity is the truest, manliest, greatest, bravest thing that earth has ever seen; and it never feared yet to draw the sword in a good cause, when nothing else could save righteousness from the overmastering bondage of evil.

We cannot allow any sneaking thing to call itself our faith. The faith that nerved a Havelock, a Gordon, a Lincoln, to dare and to achieve, is a holy thing, and never can embody a coward's creed. It is this faith that takes up the white man's burden, civilizing, humanizing, freeing earth from cruel despotisms, letting the light of liberty enter and advance.

There is always need in this great work for the brave man and the Christian. There is no room in it for the coward and the mean. Fear and uncertainty are not the weapons for it. Hesitancy and considerations of selfish interest are remote from its call. The man who is true makes no excuses to his heart, but does the work which God and Honor ask of him. He knows quite well what lies in the Valley of Decision, in the sea, in the drifting sands, in the graveless desolation of No Man's Land. What does it matter to him? Liberty, honor, and the fruits of honest labor, and sacrifice, live on undying. And these bring the dark hearts nearer to the dawn, and lift the folks whose hopes were dead closer to the door of a new fresh promise. He does not care whether he be on the side that wins or the side that goes reeling down the bloody hillsides to disaster. One day the cause he is dying for will be crowned, with ample vindication, and that suffices. Not all the men crossing the ocean will be thanked by the President, on parade. But many will be thanked by Christ Himself for being faithful unto death, long before the others reach home for the ceremony. The brave can afford to be even on the losing side. They can afford to wait, through repulse, through slow-moving, reluctant retirement, and defeat, through centuries in the grave, until the star of victory rises above the dark. They do not lose the vision of its promise behind and above the troubled noise, and black confusions of the world. To slip the foot, to turn the back, to surrender, means a bruise on the heart of honor, means a star dropped out of the azure square, a stain on the flag, liberty overthrown. So they leave their bones to bleach across the world, to mark out the way to victory, for those who come after. That is how we have inherited a vision-purpose in our blood, by dint of which we labor, not knowing whether our reward is sure, not even caring whether there be any reward at all, remembering only the call of duty and the tug of honor, caring nothing whether we ourselves be forgotten.

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So has it always been. Who remembers the builders, name by name? Do we sufficiently remind our children, in the twilight, around the fire, of those who nailed the colors to the mast, and, ship lashed to ship, went down into the deep, for noble causes—or led forlorn hopes; and stormed the deadly breach; and braved the blaze of batteries; and snatched from failure the shattered fortunes of many a dreadful day, securing, out of the red and terrible dawn, the white, sweet noon of peace—marking the impregnable frontiers of liberty with their life's blood and their bones? The night has quiet sleep because the brave have watched. The day breaks with promise because the faithful toiled.

IV

WHEN the day of war is over and peace again shall walk the world, shall love reign over the nations? Is life to be an invalid whose every hour is haunted with dread of the nightmare blasphemies that might is right, that bayonets are stronger than God, and that force rules the world? These things have plunged humanity into the agonies of a crucifixion, perpetrating upon Christian civilization unspeakable outrage, rapine, butchery, and madness of lust, with execrable destruction of unique and invaluable treasures of literature, architecture, art, and culture, such as never has been seen or heard of since the darkest days of history. All the free nations of the world have turned, with the flame of honor shining in their faces, to master this madness, or die.

Scarce a family can escape the touch of the agony of this time. If ever integrity, unselfishness, and honorableness were needed among men it is to-day. We must all hold together. For we must win. And defeat, or a victory with loose ends about it, would mean a world in bondage to blind autocracy, or the certainty of a recrudescence of the horror that to-day afflicts the world. Yet, before victory can be accomplished, it may mean the sacrifice of almost everything that is most beloved by us.

War is, of course, a stern teacher. We have learned how sweet is freedom, since we have been threatened with its loss. We have learned the beauty of true brotherhood. As we have gone into this conflict a federation of free nations, so we must abide when its stormy days are past, when the fields again grow harvests where meanwhile the crosses are upon the innumerable graves. For we must have our liberty assured. And that can only be through the nations that have bled for it, standing shoulder to shoulder, and heart by heart. The pact of liberty must never be dissolved. The combination of free peoples, with the mindful scars upon them, shall have vested in it the public trusteeship of the freedom of the world forever.

These are the truths taught us by that steady procession of the brave across the wide seas, for sacrifice. Let us not ever forget.

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# SACRAMENTS

## By Margaret Cable Brewster

SOME simple things to me are sacraments,
Which many, knowing not, pass blindly by:
Men's greetings, cordial smiles, embracing hands,
Sweet converse, laughter, the compassionate eye.

The fire upon the hearth, the fervent glow
Of lamplight, and the still, ethereal grace
Of sleeping children; and, above dull tasks,
The inscrutable joy in your uplifted face.

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# RURAL AMERICA IN WAR-TIME

## BY THEODORE DREISER

ILLUSTRATION BY N. C. WYETH

I SOMETIMES think that in the face of so great a conflict as the present one—the Germans thundering at the gates of so-called democracy—we are apt to overlook the spectacle which the average man presents here in America (I am not enough familiar with him as he exists in other lands to present an intelligible, let alone an intimate, picture). Here in the small towns, the very little ones—Painted Post, Blosses Corners, Sand Centre—in any State and in any county, and across the long fields that lie between, what a stirring of the spirit we call American, the dreams we have sometimes sniffed at as democratic! It does not matter really whether one is innately pro-martial or pacifistic in mood (or was) or has (or had) special foreign predilections in any form, in so far as this latter development is concerned. Many of those who are most active in America's rural or urban war activities to-day were most deep-seated in their objection when America entered the war. They saw in the war—America's participation in it—much that they could not like: the rigors which go with complete mobilization for war, the end or sharp curtailment of the ease and prosperity which had come since the Civil War, or with the outbreak even of this one, the vast sales of our products to European lands.

But once we were in it, once sons, brothers, sweethearts had volunteered or been drafted and marched away, the other face of the situation dawned upon them—they were in it, whatever they thought. Those German guns thundering on the west front were for their sons and lovers. The things which their boys would need would be clothes, food, warm beds, surgeons, and nurses to attend them when wounded, medicines and food to heal them when convalescent, ships to take them and to bring them back, gas-masks, machine guns, and liquid fire even to protect them in the trenches, enormous guns to thunder against and drive back the enemy so that their boys should not be injured—should, if possible, be brought back whole to them.

It matters little, as one can well see under such circumstances, what one thinks of the character of nature itself—its innate cruelty, or the horror of war, or the spirit of man, or of nations anxious to save or advance themselves at the expense of all others. When it comes to us, the puny little individuals who make up these—who, when confronted by the vast constructive as well as destructive forces of life, run here and there to protect, aid, save the things which we know, love, desire, understand, however indifferent in quality those things may seem to any one else—what a spectacle we constitute in ourselves, a compound of beauty and pathos not to be gainsaid because you and I deem ourselves of superior intellectual, social, and material interests or instincts. Life is life. A human heart is a human heart wherever it beats. Your boy going out of your door, wherever that may be, is no better than any other boy going out of any other door to those who, with brooding hearts, are letting him go. That is what, to me at least, gives such vivid color to the simple rural American in his efforts at present to comprehend, save, spare, do, in this great crisis which, day after day and hour after hour, is bringing the significance of this war home to him.

Take, for instance, the average rural American banker or merchant or man of means anywhere—I mean the man of means and old-fashioned religious and moral convictions in any of these our small towns. What a change of heart this war, with its vast and ruthless destruction of life and property, means for



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*Drawn by N. C. Wyeth.*

The letter from "Over There."



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him. Consider him: Thomas R. Banker, we will call him, and he is the big-gun, financially speaking, in every town of two, three, four, and five thousand, from one end of the land to the other. Mr. Banker, we will say, has lived in his particular community nearly or all his life. He has been a pillar of its financial structure for more than a generation. For thirty-five or forty years he has been associated with this, that, or the other Somebody—a politician, a statesman, a landowner, in this, that, or the other bank of his district—the big bank of his district. Or perhaps he is the president of it, come to it via steady devotion to the community's interests. He is religious, moral, narrow, if you wish—what difference? Practically, since he attained his majority he has been an administrator and counsellor in financial and industrial matters.

Naturally, he hates waste. He has had to work too hard for what he has. A factor in the local financial and industrial life, he has necessarily been a builder, directly or indirectly, and a real builder cannot be a waster. Rather, he is a gatherer of resources in men and money, in small ways, patiently building block upon block, the little that he has, and putting forth the full energy of his life and finding joy in the work, because his spirit is fashioned for such things. To such a man, as you can well imagine, violent destruction of life and capital would inevitably be abhorrent, unmoral, irreligious, shameful—a direct repudiation, whether or no he is fully conscious of it, of the principle of his life. Yes, such a man is Mr. Banker.

But observe him now. Go into his old-fashioned office in the town bank where he has been day after day these many, many years, and hear him talk war—not only defensive but aggressive war. He has, perhaps—or his friends or relatives have—a son, a nephew, cousin, in this conflict, which has already destroyed more lives and more wealth than any other since the dawn of history, and the end of which no man can foretell, and yet he now talks war, and more war, until the principles which he now believes he understands, and to which until recently he now believes he has been a little dull, are held triumphant everywhere. He has seen young men whom he remembers as babies, among them his own son, perhaps, put on the uniform; he has seen millions of dollars, much of it painfully gathered, go out of his own community for purposes of destruction, and he talks about it now as though it were a great thing, something well worth doing. In a word, Mr. Banker has reversed the thought of his life.

Now it may be assumed that he is but one of thousands, millions, in America who are feeling, thinking, doing, just as he does. No one can move about the country these days without understanding that fact, although the reversal of thought may not appear so clearly in a big city, where many men of power are congregated. Somehow, it is not so easy to trace it there. But here—here in the country where things run easier and slower—it is perfectly easy to detect the fact that Mr. Banker's reversal of thought is so general among men of his type that it is significant. When men who have been taught and drilled in the schools of peace, who have held war in abhorrence, prayed that it might never come again, and have based their lives and all that their lives sought upon the practices of peace, turn about, not to defend their shores against an invading foe, but to send their sons three thousand miles over the deadliest lane in history to carry battle to another people, without thought of gain, and for the sake only of an ideal—when that happens there is a most marked change in the average of character throughout the land which is well worth considering and meditating upon.

I have cited Mr. Banker because he is conspicuous, well known, and rather easily understood; but it is as true of the farmer, the small dealer, the share-farmer, leaseholder, and laborer, as well as the country school-teacher, farmer's wife, farmer's daughter, mother, cousin, uncle, aunt, as it is of him. Everywhere there has been a remarkable and even strange reversal and curiously impressive enhancement of the spirit of nationality which, however much in the past it may have been offended by trusts, plutocrats, the growth of class distinctions, and the like, now has a different feeling about it

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all. America is now important—America first, as it were, regardless of anything else that ever was or again may be.

Plainly, the rural American from coast to coast, whatever his former convictions or prejudices, is now anxious to aid his government. He had not known, perhaps, how much until his own son was taken, or his neighbor's boy, or his daughter's lover, and then it all became clear. I am writing above a "parlor" in a farmhouse quite five miles from any town, even a small one. There in boxes ranged about two sides of this old-fashioned room and appropriately labelled "surgical dressings," "hospital garments," "socks," "sweaters," "clothes for refugees," and the like, are all of these things in great quantity, being made by dozens and hundreds until there shall be enough to turn over to the nearest agency, which is charged with the assembling of these things up to a given amount or number. One of the counties next to this one is sending twelve thousand such things a month. In the cellar or pantry of this house are also a number of jars of fruit, vegetables, jellies, and the like, all prepared and intended for the same purpose. Two thousand such jars went out of this county to a certain base hospital in France last year! Country America is at war just as much as the soldier on the firing-line. In the "parlor" above mentioned are six sewing-machines, all but one loaned for the work which is here conducted one afternoon a week by the women of the Red Cross unit, one hundred, all told, who gather here. Every Wednesday at two—just time enough, very likely, for the farm dinner-dishes to be cleared away—you may see a few automobiles and buggies, a fair percentage of Fords among them, draw up at the old-fashioned gate, and by degrees from seven to fifteen and eighteen women and girls enter, all of them from the immediate countryside hereabout. You see, all the members of this particular district committee cannot get away every week. Many do their Red Cross share at home evenings and at odd moments. These are the ones who this week can afford this afternoon to sew.

And, now that America's part in the war is actually obvious, and the boys may be seen, when one is in town, travelling in troop-trains over the trunk-line which passes near here, this time is not given grudgingly, by any means. One cannot say that as yet an atmosphere of either fiery zeal or deep depression hangs over these meetings—none of "our boys" have as yet, you see, come home wounded—so much, you see, depends on actual contact with the war, the actual witnessing of the things which try men's souls—but if you cannot believe that an atmosphere of tense enthusiasm prevails, love of country and hope for success in the war, you should be here to see. Here, at any rate, in boxes are the dressings which *will be* worn by wounded men, the shirts or slips open at the back, and with sleeves slit and tied with strings so as to be removable without the patient being disturbed, the socks and sweaters made extra heavy so as to keep out the cold in winter.

While they work they talk most enthusiastically, these farmer women, showing each other how; discussing new ways in which the government or the overseas hospital authorities might do these things if only they would listen to reason; discussing, as they did recently, arrangements for the latest Red Cross drive, or the plans on foot in the nearest town for opening a community kitchen in which to teach this summer, as they did last, the best methods of food conservation, and also to produce as much conserved food as possible; or to sell War Savings Stamps; or to care for the mothers and babies of soldiers who have been left behind; or give small-town or country girls training in something—typewriting, let us say—which will make them self-supporting in case the need for so doing befalls them.

Many, many movements and activities are under way—a movement in this particular county, for instance, and it is typical of thousands of others, no doubt—to determine the number of local women in local employment and the conditions surrounding their work—this, of course, at the behest of the State Council of Defense, now existing in every State, and the originator of so many movements of a like character; a committee which supplies an adequate automobile service for Red Cross, Liberty Loan, and any



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other war work, composed of a captain and seventeen women operating loaned machines in one community; a committee to obtain voluntary help for farmers at crop-gathering time, especially from men in other lines—one plan being to close the town stores at five this summer, and "all go out and help"; a lawyer's committee, at the county-seat especially, which sees to it that all difficulties in connection with government questionnaires and the like are solved free for those not familiar with such matters; a better baby committee, backed by the State Committee of Defense, of course, which looks after the careful and systematic weighing and clinical examination of babies and children in order that they may grow up to be stronger men and women. So many men being killed everywhere makes this rather more important than it once was, you see.

Then there is a committee—not in this county, but the next—which has given one hundred young country and small-town girls a three months' course in home nursing. There is a vigilance committee which has established a day-nursery, where babies of working mothers may be cared for. All charges for ice, milk, bread, heat, and light are met by generous citizens, and the local physicians give their services. There is a county home-demonstration agent in connection with all this home canning and preserving, actual demonstration in one home and another here and there, with a short course for girls' canning clubs at the county-seat thrown in for good measure. Seventy-five young girls were brought to the county-seat here from outlying districts recently. They were entertained in the best homes of the town, and seemingly the community laid itself out to make their stay pleasant such time as they were not attending classes. These girls have been organized into clubs of ten. Each group has pledged itself to send a given amount of jelly to the Red Cross for the men overseas, and to adopt a Belgian or French orphan! The courses consisted of lectures and demonstrations upon numerous phases of food production and domestic economy—poultry talks, demonstrations in soap-making, wheat substitutes, dyeing, spraying, pruning, staking tomato-plants, jelly-making, canning.

Each county has a food administrator. The one in this county started business by organizing what has been described as a local secret service. His idea was not to sit by and wait for proof of violation to be brought to him, but to go and get the proof, or, as he phrased it, "put the fear of God into the hearts of food slackers." There have been in this, as in many other counties, perhaps, a few farmers who had an idea that the wheat they raised, for instance, was their own wheat, and that it was no one's business how much of it they turned into flour and used at home. This particular agent has striven to correct such ideas, and he has been a bit strenuous at times. For instance, somebody might say that they believed Farmer Wilkens down below here was getting too much sugar in three or five-pound lots. Presto! Mr. Administrator would be down upon him. He would want to be shown all corners of his house, barn, sheds, just to get things straight. If there was no sugar, or no more than a reasonable amount, no harm done. If there was—! He has also been a bit strenuous with some merchants who rather foolishly thought they could play with the food rules. Seemingly bona-fide customers have arrived at stores and bought sugar at twelve cents a pound when they should have paid only nine. Presto! the calaboose or a long examination before the squire. The same, if a miller ground more flour for a farmer than he should—six bushels in so much time, I believe—or if the local hotel served more than two ounces of bread to one person instead of a whole plateful, as of yore. It is wonderful, really, the efficiency and effectiveness involved in all this.

But, on the other hand, take the helpful, hopeful, cheerful spirit of all the people who are for the war, and who don't need to be watched—do the watching, if necessary. This particular farm home and this particular farming vicinity of which I am speaking, and of which I hope to relate something more intimate than mere collected statistics ever are, however interesting they may be in themselves, is a very fine example. As I said before,

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this farmhouse parlor shelters so many women weekly. Here, as they "mark out," or cut, or sew, you may hear them discuss who's who in connection with all this—the Liberty Loans, the Red Cross drives, the "kitchen" canning classes, and the like—who is to do what, how, why. And running through it all is a sense of intense necessity as well as willingness—love of the opportunity to help, I should say, if in however small a way—which lifts it to the plane of "a lot," when you take into consideration all the difficulties and privations which so many of these individuals endure, and which they have endured years on years entirely apart from this. For, for some time now, right here in connection with this war, it has been give, give, give, not only from small enough means by way of ever-rising taxes and the cost of food and other necessities, but in out-and-out charity, as in the case of the Red Cross, the Belgian Refugee Fund, and these other agencies by which the American soldier in camp or on service work, or in travel—his wife, parents, or dependents in various instances—have been reached and comforted in the only way in which true charity can comfort—aid where needed.

Take, for instance, these very women. In the early days of the Red Cross in this region, before either local or general drives were organized, and yet when all the women wanted so much to help, each gave either a dozen eggs or a pound of butter in order to raise money to buy cloth, wool, needles, thread, etc., for the things which they so generously make and contribute. These they took to their country-store proprietor, who, in order to do his share, sold the goods, for which the eggs and butter paid, at cost. Between eleven thousand and twelve thousand surgical dressings, hospital garments, and Belgian refugee garments were and are still turned in monthly by this process.

Another of their ideas to get money for the Red Cross was to get permission from the auctioneers at public country sales to sell sandwiches, coffee, chicken-salad, pies, and cake to the prospective customers and bidders—the farm women about contributing the hams, bread, butter, coffee, chickens, etc. Another was, of course, the minute church or school "festival" (how many have you attended in your time?), at which donated cakes, home-made candy, lemonade, and ice-cream were sold, and there was the old-time "fish-pond" rechristened "parcel post"—and all for the buying of wool and material to make things for the soldiers. Again, one week they were "down and out," as the phrase has it, with no money to buy materials, when each interested woman in the district agreed to give one day's eggs, the same resulting in one hundred dozen, which they sold at thirty-five cents a dozen! And the thing which I would like to re-emphasize about all this is, that in contradistinction to Liberty Loan and War Savings Stamps buying, these things were given, whereas the others were and remain loans, on interest.

Another interesting feature of these same women's war service here and in other places has been and is the tireless hospitality, day and night, offered to the soldiers on motor-trucks or troop-trains which frequently pass through this region on their way to seaports or assembly-plants. No matter what time of the day or night these trucks or trains have passed, or may yet pass, through, the women of the towns and this county, through a special committee, have served, and still do, the soldiers with sandwiches and hot coffee. During one week last winter four contingents of motor-trucks in groups of thirty-one each, and manned each time by ninety soldiers, arriving without warning to put up for the night, each soldier was given a hot supper of buckwheat cakes, sausage, and coffee by a committee of women. Later, a special canteen committee was put permanently on duty to look after the comfort of the men whenever the trucks or trains arrived. What's the matter with that as war service—patriotic service?

But let us look a little more intimately, if you will, at these same farmers, the interiors of their homes and stores, where they may be seen in company and at ease, and where they express what they really think. It is, let us say, a typical farmland supper-table at seven of this beautiful summer evening. Outside are trees, birds, a sun that is an enormous red disk sinking over a near-by corn-field. The

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twelve cows recently stalled and milked in the neighboring barn are once more in the pasture, and the milk in cans in the spring to cool. The horses, pigs, chickens are fed, the latter by the wife and daughter, who also helped in the milking. Father and son are just entering, to eat of the fare provided by the wife and daughter and a grandmother, who are now inside giving the table its final touches.

Seven are to sit down, as you may now see: the father and mother; the grandmother (who has made the especially delectable war-bread and some of the preserves which will be eaten to-night); the son and brother, who has come in with the father (two other brothers are away at Camp ——, and this one, although the stay of the family and the one great asset of the farm, likely to be drafted this fall, although he is thirty-one, and in all common sense should not be, the farm needing him); and finally the one sister, always here helping her mother and grandmother; as well as a district school-teacher who is boarding here for a period, and myself as guest.

There is no least lack of food, as you would be compelled to testify if you had been here any length of time, only the former plenitude and even waste of certain things has been eliminated or greatly reduced. Those excellent wheaten biscuit that used to come on in stacks—where are they now? Gone under the wheat-saving, wheatless-day rule. I don't believe there is a single day here that isn't wheatless, this home being on a war-bread or mixed-flour basis. This bread, which the grandmother makes and which is as good as any, to my thinking—one part wheat to one each of oat and bran—is served regularly two or three times a week instead of corn bread, which takes the place of wheat the rest of the time. Out-and-out Hooverites, as you may see. They really want America to triumph in this war and in the world, and this is their way of showing it.

And those large home-made wheaten yeast loaves that we used to have everywhere in America, it seemed to me—not a sign of one since I have been here. The wheat flour is religiously mixed with something else—corn-meal, oatmeal, rye, rice flour—by the faded grandmother, who superintends this portion of the commissary department. Butter, eggs, vegetables, all are plentiful at each meal, as well as milk, cream, buttermilk for those who wish, but here because of the material principle involved, the caution to use fats sparingly, and to observe certain days as meatless, is strictly adhered to.

"Every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday are meatless with us," observed the father simply the first time I sat down with them. "We believe in helping Mr. Hoover, but we don't mind so long as there are enough vegetables, and nearly always we can have fish or eggs." Eggs, hard-boiled, sliced, and with a sauce over them, constitute the meat dish for this evening. Fish are to be had every Friday from a fishman who comes this way.

But it is not so much these meals, which offer corn bread instead of wheat, and a moderate allowance of sugar—since two pounds per person per month are all that one may secure besides fifty pounds in preserving season—which impressed me, as the spirit of and readiness to sacrifice for war, even though two sons have already gone and a third may. For, after all, a man, unless he loved his country very little, might not rebel or even complain concerning a comparatively slight alteration in his diet, but when it comes to added taxes and costs, two sons away in the army, a third likely to go, leaving him short-handed, meatless and wheatless days, a shortage of farm labor, constant calls to contribute to this, that, and the other—the Red Cross, Liberty Loan, Belgian Relief Fund, War Savings Stamps, and the like—it might be that a murmur would be heard. But not so here. From all I could make out, it was quite the other way round, no enthusiasm for war as such—the wonder of killing—but a solemn, even spiritual, obligation to fulfil the duties of an honorable citizenship to the last full measure. I could not help noticing, for instance, that here was no useless or futile rage against the Germans, but rather an earnest, quiet acceptance of the idea that either a great people were being misled by their military leaders or that the world was dealing with a grim and able if ruthless foe. I heard little if anything which did not relate

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more especially to America's duties and obligations, the duties and obligations of the particular citizens and residents in this vicinity. Had Janet, the daughter, written to her two brothers at Camp ——? She was to remember that they would no doubt soon be leaving for some port of sailing, and might not be able to get home again. Letters now, therefore, while they were still here, were precious. Janet had written.

There was an ethical question regarding a boy who had attempted to escape from a near-by concentration camp, and had been shot and instantly killed by a guard who had first fired two shots in the air, and then aimed the last one at the boy. In a sense, the youth was a neighbor, the son of a man in a near-by town.

Seeing the notice in a newspaper, the school-teacher, a humanistic and sympathetic soul, attributed his error, if so it was, to an intense desire on the part of the boy to see his mother, enough longing, as she looked at it, to cause him to want to run away and return home. But Janet spoke up at once:

"Yes, but from all we can hear, he wasn't such a good boy either, not very obedient, and, anyhow, once he was drafted he might have stayed there, don't you think? He ought to have had enough pride for that. We hear his parents always babied him, anyhow, instead of making him do what he ought. It's dreadful, but they have to maintain discipline; we couldn't have an army if they didn't."

"It is too bad," sighed the old grandmother, a woman of many past sorrows, so I learned. The father kept silence for a time, then finally observed:

"Yes—well, war is war. I'm afraid all of us will have to bend to more discipline, and perhaps in the end it will be better for us. I'm sorry for his parents. Maybe they might have helped him, though, by a keener sense of what we all owe to our country."

No more was said then. For the first time I felt the significance of war here in woods and fields, a fixed, simple resolve to do, be, sacrifice whatever was necessary to bring the ideal which was stirring here to a full fruition.

A few days—or perhaps it was a week or two—later, there was another item in the papers concerning another boy who had run away from some camp, prompted plainly by a similar motive, and after a vain search of a month or so by the authorities, he had been led up to his commanding officer by his father, who, holding his pathetic son by the hand, had said: "Colonel, I have brought back my son who ran away from here some little time ago. He has just come home, and I have made it quite plain to him that it is his duty to come back and serve as he has been ordered to do."

There was nothing said as to what was done with the boy, little if any more of color or detail to the story, but Janet, reading it one morning, exclaimed: "Now, there! That's the way I think all parents should do. If Frank Church's father had done that way with him the first time he ran away, he wouldn't have been killed!"

It was electric. Two boys gone—one likely to go—but if her brother had run away or had been killed as was the first boy, she would have felt precisely as she described, I believe, and her father also. Duty first and always here. When at dinner the matter was again discussed, I noticed that the father talked as before. The mother, brooding enough, no doubt, said nothing at all. She was doing her duty as she saw it, in her own American, religious way. It was electric really.

At another meal—many meals, in fact—questions came up in regard to free speech, the duty of buying Liberty Bonds, War Savings Stamps, and of contributing to the Red Cross in connection with the war activities of the country, questions which invariably aroused the deepest interest, if not emotion, in those present. One day it was some one who had just been sentenced to ten years for saying something about the government, or its motives, or those who were motivating it, and I was very interested to note how this topic would be considered here. In so far as I could make out, this family at least had no outreaching catholicity of feeling for those who, seeing the country at war, failed to sympathize with the motives which brought it there, or at least its present necessities.

It is, however, in the country stores hereabouts—at Feever's Corners (run by

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one Moses Feever, no less), Jensens' and Baker's, stores at different points and places—that one hears very much concerning the logic of the war, its essential necessity, what it is costing the natives, what sacrifices they are or should be making, etc. One of the best places, as I have found, is at Mr. Feever's, who keeps or sells "a general line of goods," as he says, which in the country means absolutely everything from reapers and four-row cultivators to spool silk, cigarettes, and candy. Mr. Feever knows who's who about this countryside, who are the good pay and who the poor, the slackers, the hoarders, etc., though he himself never talks. But this being a general meeting-place for the younger and older generations—older on Saturday afternoons and evenings, younger almost every night in the week, winter and summer, from half past seven or eight o'clock on until closing time—much is to be heard *in re* all these matters. No moving-pictures around here as yet—that is, none convenient—no ice-cream or soda fountains, and no liquor of any kind in this county—"an' it's a good thing, too, by heck! Don't know of anybody, man or boy, that it ever done any good to!" So there!

To-night, we will say—the same being Tuesday of a warm June evening—we are all outside on boxes, barrels, the porch's edge, and it is the American social or commercial slacker, the unessentially or non-usefully employed (those between the ages of eighteen and fifty, as the government ruling has recently phrased it), who is up for a highly humorous drubbing, for when will the native American, rural or other, not jest concerning the most fearful and dangerous things, or, as Kipling puts it, not "match with destiny for beers"? To-night the countryside wags and "twelve-o'clock fellers," all usefully employed themselves, as they serenely feel, are casting a waggish eye over the countryside to see who is not.

"Now there's Zebeedee Peters—what's the matter with Zebeedee? Why don't they come an' look him up, I'd like to know? He don't do no useful labor, as I kin see—a little tinkerin' around his cider-barrel maybe now an' then. I move that somebody inform on Zebeedee." This from a rusty, swarthy, waggish soul of about thirty-five, with an eye as sharp as that of a fox.

"Don't go so fast there, Bert," calls another, a lanky, brown youth, comfortably astride a stack of soap-boxes. "'Tain't no use. You'll never ketch Zebeedee. First place, nobody knows how old he is. Second place, Zeb'll swear to anything you ask him, from not havin' no money or no work to havin' too much, pertick'ler if you want him to come an' help you any time. Next place—" But here he is drowned by another voice.

"Besides, he's got that farm to 'tend to," puts in this other cheerfully. "Who'd be left to look after them ten acres an' them seven chickens he's got down there, I'd like to know?"

"Er that Holstein he keeps in that shed back of the house?" calls a fourth. "I heard Tom Rickey say she was only a half-stein."

Hearty country laughter, here, from all.

"Better look out, boys," counsels old Moses solemnly, for he is nearly always a genial smiler at, if not a participant in, the banter. "Zeb's not so bad. Saw him goin' past here this mornin' with a load o' rails he cut down at Wylies' place, I guess. You might start sompin, jist jokin' like that. Zeb ain't such a bad sort."

"Well, that's right, too," put in the one who had made the first charge. "Zeb ain' so much on work, maybe, but who'd we have to laugh at ef he'd go, havin' served his time as he has?"

This last referred to about three months spent as a railroad-hand in the Far West, I believe, where, as he is fond of phrasing it, he once "served his time"—worked for the company. He is really nothing but a poor old tumble-down widower of uncertain age who was born in the county just adjoining this and who, after "serving his time," immediately returned here, married, lost his wife, and then proceeded to eke out a meagre existence on ten acres—never working very hard apparently. There being no further reason for "pickin'" on Zebeedee, his case is dropped.

But there being many ne'er-do-wells—tomato-pickers, canners, fishers, hunters in season—who never do more than enough to keep body and soul together

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and who live in little shacks here and there throughout the community, the bantering goes on apace. Only recently an old farmer who had apparently worked very hard in his day and had made very little managed, owing to a government assembling-plant coming into this vicinity, to sell his farm for a good round sum —say as much as fifteen or eighteen thousand dollars. Still, in so far as any one could learn, and in the face of this comforting windfall, he hadn't contributed a cent—not bought a bond, a War Savings Stamp, or given a dollar to the Red Cross.

"They fixed 'im the other day, though," observed one of these same wiseacres in front of Feever's, serenely ensconced on a tumble-down chair. "They just got up a committee—Billy Wilkers wuz one of 'em—an' they just went right down there an' put it up to 'im straight. When he started on how pore he wuz, Eddie Fagan spoke up an' he says: 'How about all that money yuh got from the government, Gifford? There must 'a' been a little left, even ef yuh wuz in debt.'

"At that he shut up just as tight as a steel trap, but he took four Liberty Bonds, just the same, an' they made 'im come across with five dollars fer the Red Cross—he! he!—an' ef he'd 'a' give in the first place, he wouldn' haffta have give more'n a dollar er two. Ho! ho!"

General laughter and delight over the sad plight of said Gifford, contributor-extraordinary and willy-nilly, argue as he would.

But that isn't all either—not nearly. This countryside supervision is quite keen, albeit often with a humorous, if unintentional, twist to it. Not a semi-idle person or reputation but is nosed at in this same semi-jesting way, until finally, in a near-by town (in a spirit of laughter, of course), some one spreads the report that old Alex Lasher, who is in the real-estate business there and is a semi-humorous figure well known to all, is to be tried as a slacker before old Squire Shunk on the ground of being non-essentially employed, he, according to the rumor, report, or charge, not being able to make a living out of his business.

Instantly the countryside is alive with interest. At last, if you will believe it, there is to be an actual trial of a labor slacker *here*. But Alex Lasher, a long, lean, sad, and rather slow-speaking man, who has many friends and no special enemies, is furious. He knows who it is, by George, who has done this! It is that confounded Ferd Stuhmann who runs the village restaurant, and who is always playing practical jokes on people. Look how he played that joke on Bugher, the barber, saying that he wanted a second-hand set of harness—when he never had a horse and never would keep one! And people coming in from all parts of the country roundabout to sell him a set! But Stuhmann isn't going to get away with his joke this time. No, sir! Lasher's going to have him up before the squire. Besides, he can prove that he's made two thousand dollars since January 1—more than Stuhmann can show that he's made in that time, or even twice as long. He is going to demand a hearing now—demand to be permitted to show how much he does make—and also to *know* who made this charge, since Stuhmann, from cackling in the back room of his restaurant along with a half-dozen others over this great joke on Lasher, has grown suddenly silent, and denies that he ever made any such statement or that he intended to bring any such charge. The postmaster, the barber, the garage-keeper, and all of three grocers and two druggists take sides and try either to fan the licking flames of resentment and passion or cause them to subside.

"What I say," says Dankless, the druggist, "is this: this is no time to stir up feeling this-a-way, between man and man. This is the time for every man to take every other man by the hand and ask him if there's anything he can do to help him in any way. What's needed now is more Christianity, more charity and good feeling. The world's all torn up, as it is. The Bible counsels peace and good-will anyhow, and why not now, of all times?"

The smoke grows almost to a fire before Squire Shunk and others begin to take the whole thing seriously in hand, and beg the aggrieved Lasher not to sue. Why go to law? Editor Whelpley will print an apology. There are no witnesses. . . . So it goes. Finally the whole affair is hushed up and Lasher, appeased and

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apologized to, quits grieving to a certain extent, and Stuhmann, almost trapped in his gayety, decides that for "the period of the war" anyhow he will "lay off of" practical joking, and attend to his restaurant business before he is seriously injured as to that. All this, and more, can be heard at the country store and elsewhere.

One of the most amusing of all the stories that go the rounds here, among the initiate anyhow, is that which relates to Webster County, say seventy miles west of here, where, owing to the frequency of one drive and another and the uncertainty as to when another would descend on this, that latest war-prosecution contrivance, the war-chest, was either devised or adopted—I know not which. At any rate, the purpose of those who were engineering the scheme was to have every person with an income of over sixty dollars a month contribute one hour's income each week, one earning sixty dollars a month being expected to give twenty-five cents a week. As the income increased there was a slight increase in the amount expected, the assumption being that where there was a larger income there was a greater margin for curtailment of personal disbursement. Thus a man earning three hundred dollars a month, five times the income of the sixty-dollar-a-month man, was expected to give one dollar and seventy-one cents a week, although four times the contribution from the sixty-dollar-a-month man would be one dollar; and when the income reached five hundred and eighty-three dollars and thirty-four cents (or seven thousand a year), not twice that of the three-hundred-a-month man, the contribution expected was three dollars and eighty-eight cents a week, or something over twice the amount expected from the three-hundred-dollar-a-month man. Below sixty dollars a month the schedule read: "Give as your heart desires."

There was, of course, really a rush to give, for these countryside people are heartily pro-American. The poor people especially were prompt and liberal. But just the same and owing to the fact, there were some, many perhaps, who were better able than the others to give and who did not, or not as much as they should. There was considerable feeling and much investigating here and there. Some, decidedly more zealous than the rest, feeling that some others were not doing their duty, visited the same and with a threat of a somewhat chilly bath in a near-by stream induced them to subscribe liberally—one man so much as fifty dollars a year for ten years "in case the war lasted so long!" Another fixed his contribution at ten dollars a year for five years, handing over a check for the full amount in advance! The bath—or perhaps tar and feathers—must have seemed very close at hand! A story is told of one man, not so very patriotic, apparently, appearing without a war-chest button at some camp or mine of some sort where his highly patriotic fellow workers were and of being promptly kicked off the premises, his fellow workers all wearing one!

The solicitors and managers of the war-chest, on their part, put up with no foolishness from the relatively few among the more prosperous who were reluctant to do their part. They were thoroughly organized with ample sources of information, and they knew fairly well the income of every one, so that they were in a position to talk informally with the slackers, and they did. One of the most amusing facts of their end of the work was this: they gave each solicitor two sets of cards on which to make out his reports. One set was white—that was for those who did their duty. The other color was yellow—that color was selected deliberately. When a man failed to give what he decently should, he was reported on a yellow card, and steps were duly taken in the most effective way to remove the yellow streak. What some of these methods were we have seen. Moreover, when the well-to-do subscribed amounts which the board of review thought incommensurate with their incomes, the subscriptions were sent back with a statement to that effect and a suggestion that so much should be given or nothing at all. The managers held that it was unfair to the working man and farmer honestly putting up his hour's wages or his percentage a week to permit the well-to-do to slide under. In most cases those to whom the suggestion was made to think again promptly came forward with an adequate pledge. Some argued about it; the management of the

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war-chest argued, too. An instance was mentioned in which a very substantial business man objected to the management's idea as to what was due from him. Considerable correspondence passed, but the management stood pat. They thought they knew the man's income, and they wanted him to come clean or stay out altogether. He came.

But what more need one say? There are other pictures ready to one's pen if but space permitted—that of a Red Cross campaign being made at Christmas time when there was a heavy snow on the ground, drifts in some instances ten feet high, zero weather at certain hours, yet the campaigners, when ordinary vehicles became impossible, taking to bob-sleds and even cross-field cuts in order to speed up or close up their drive, visiting quite every home in the county, getting a dollar or two here and there until finally they had it all—and more. In the last Liberty Loan drive one town in this same county, with a population of but one thousand, raised $79,350 when only $43,500 was asked, an average subscription of between $79 and $80 for every man, woman, and child there!

Speaking of the particular county in which I happen to be just now, one of its Liberty Loan quotas was $238,600. The amount raised was approximately $346,000, nearly fifty per cent more, and not a dollar of this sum was subscribed by the banks of the county. The people took it all, the farming people showing up especially well. The last Red Cross appeal was handled with equal success. As against an apportionment of $7,000 there was raised $12,500 in cash, and in addition to that the business men of the county had previously raised $3,700 to buy materials for the Red Cross work in the county. It will be seen that $16,000 in all was raised where only an apportionment of $7,000 was asked.

However, it is not so much facts of that kind as Farmer Coulter himself, let us say, and Mrs. Farmer Coulter and all the little Coulters—their storekeepers, teachers, leaders, preachers—whom I wish to put before you in this instance. Dear old Farmer Coulter, who hitherto has never had, or at least has never felt that he has had, a dollar to spare from the pressing needs of his farm, on which there is still a mortgage of three hundred dollars, yet he buys a Liberty Bond out of money laid aside for the mortgage, and then during the Red Cross drive gives two dollars toward that—after, however (since the truth must be told), having pointed out very clearly all the needs and lacks about the place—a decent corn-crib, a new roof for the barn, water in the house for Mrs. Coulter, who has now to carry it a hundred feet, better fences about some of his fields, and what not. But then his equally determined rural collectors hold fast, and finally out comes that old worn wallet—containing how much? holding what small pathetic secrets?—and finally two musty one-dollar bills are handed over—his bit. Don't you think it ain't something, for it is!

You may smile, if you choose, or scoff, but Farmer Coulter was turned out without an education at fourteen to make his way as best he might, and to this hour he can neither read nor write. ("Didn't have time then, an' now I'm too old to begin.") He has two boys, neither of them old enough yet for your Uncle Samuel to take—although he may be before the war is over—so he hasn't that drag on his heart-strings yet, hasn't seen them go, yet—doesn't know, you see, what it means—yet. But he has slaved and saved, until now all but a fraction of this handsome property is his, and he naturally dreads to part with so much as a dollar for fear something will happen to him—yet—as it well may. "Those city fellers are always a-gettin' up new schemes to do the farmer, you know, because they don't know what it is to work hard. See? That's the way it is!"

But when you look at him and the vast countryside which he represents—those wide, wide and well-tilled fields—his worn old clothing and that of his wife and sons, if not daughters, the misfit hats, the way he gets up at dawn to start his day's work and lies down again at dark in order to be up early again the next morning at dawn, the fact that he actually ploughs our American fields, cultivates our crops, hauls or carries a little something now and then to the store in order to trade it in for something else or get a little change for himself or his wife, hibernates in a

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snow-bound realm in the winter planning his work for the next season, the chances for his children in the future—well, then, when you think of that, and then see him crowded now into stuffy little country halls or churches or schoolhouses these days, all his Fords or buggies ranged outside, his interested face upturned—he, his wife, and sons and daughters, even the very little ones, all present, eager, interested—singing whole-heartedly, "My Country 'Tis," and, at the behest of some suave orator from the city, trying to outdo Slaveytown or Bubs Corners in the amount that can be raised for your Uncle Samuel in any form that your Uncle Samuel thinks he needs it—well, what are you going to say?

Some farmer? Some American? Some lover of his native land? In the main a dear, lean, worn, fussy, dusty, and yet kindly soul, who is doing the very best he can with his intelligence and means, asking no man for anything and hoping the best for himself and his native land. Can you beat him?

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# DAWN AT LESBOS

## By John Myers O'Hara

UNDER lifting wings of the sullen darkness,
Ere the East was red with the blush of Eos,
Lesbos rose, an isle in a sea of opal,
Out of the shadow;

Dimly rose, and out of the dreaming distance,
Out of waves that woke with a sighing ripple,
Seemed a lyre for gods that the bending heaven
Guarded in silence;

But the ruthless lances of light assailed it,
Sudden light that, striking from hill to valley,
Made the olives shine on the crest and shimmer
Green to the water;

Green as waves that leaped in the sun to sapphire,
Waves that laughed and kissed with a foaming whisper,
While the wheeling legions of dawn were sweeping
Night from the summit;

Then our eyes, entranced with the ancient wonder,
Saw upflame the slope in a snow of blossoms,
Mitylene, trailing her bright Ægean
Vesture of azure;

Crowned again with pride of an olden April,
Pride of deathless song and of templed glory,
Seeming now, as once from a Roman galley,
Music to vision;

Yet we knew a strain to the ear diviner,
Not of dawn, the nightingale in the orchard,
Sappho's own, with myriad-throated rapture,
Mourning her ever.

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# SALT OF THE SEA

By William John Hopkins

Illustrations by Henry Raleigh

## I

THE bench by the door of Laban's Folly is not much of a bench, but it must be comfortable enough, for it has supported many a back against the wall of the Folly, while the sun shone warm upon it and the gentle southwest wind blew in the faces of the owners of the backs. It has even performed that office many times in the mornings, when the sun does not shine upon it but it is in shade. And on this morning the shade would not have been ungrateful, and the breeze would have fanned the faces of the sitters, and they would have sat there whittling, perhaps, or doing nothing but smoke their leisurely pipes; and they would have looked out over the wharf, and their gaze might have been arrested by the three men who sat upon the string-piece fishing silently.

And the gaze of the sitters would pass beyond the men fishing, as it would pass beyond the nest of piles at the corner of the wharf, as being a thing familiar and of no moment, and it would linger on the surface of the harbor, where many small boats and a few larger ones swung at their moorings, and where the breeze ruffled the water and little waves danced in the sun; and it would soon pass to the opposite shore of the harbor, where many windmills turned above little square, weather-beaten roofs, pumping up water for the making of salt. Here their gaze would linger the longest, and they would marvel afresh that Hannibal Horne should have bought the old salt-works some years before. They were never done wondering at that. But they marvelled still more that he was engaged in the making of salt —or, rather, it was Helena, his wife, who attended to that. As for Hannibal himself, the war had taken him elsewhere.

But the bench was empty when a big motor-car came swiftly and silently down the wharf, and came silently to rest beside it, and the door opened and a girl got out—girl or woman, it was not easy to tell which, for a veil covered her face. Her figure was that of a girl but her bearing that of a woman, proud but listless, as if life had turned to ashes in her mouth.

She looked about her and she pushed her veil aside, disclosing the face of a young woman of a cold and stony kind of beauty. She spoke to the chauffeur, and her voice was low and even and clear and hard as steel.

"This must be the place," she said. "There are the harbor and the boats and the wind and the opposite shore and the windmills. There is even this ugly square building on the wharf. I will sit here a while. You may wait."

The chauffeur bowed, and the girl sat down upon the bench, rigid and erect, and again she looked around.

"Eleanor told me," she murmured, "to sit here for an hour and not to think. I will do the best I can."

So she sat there, gazing out and seeing nothing, while the sunshine lay hot upon the wharf and the shadow which the building cast before her got less and less. And the soft wind blew gently in her face as she sat, and it made little soft noises with its blowing, and there were the gentle sounds of the little waves and little distant noises—the cluck of a block, the sound of oars in a boat, the subdued talk of men that she could not see, the soft, drowsing silence of a hot morning, the lazy clatter of a horse's hoofs on the wooden bridge, the gentle clacking of the windmills on the opposite shore as they turned in the sun.

The salt wind and the little soft sounds soothed the girl sitting there. She was no longer erect and rigid, but leaning forward, crossed arms upon her knees. Her eyes had a softer look. The clacking of the windmills was louder and more rapid,



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and there was no shadow before her, but the sunlight lay upon the bench and shone upon her dark hair where it had escaped beneath her veil, and brought out a tinge of red in it.

She sat straight once more. "Fayette," she said, "how long have I been here?"

"An hour and a quarter, Miss Challis."

There came a burst of clacking from the windmills. She rose and went toward the car.

"I will go now and see the salt-works —those clattering windmills," she said. "They make salt over there. I have a fancy to see the place."

There is a long rack, lean and tall, filled with brush, and with three windmills on top. And beside the rack are low square roofs in rows, like a squat fishing village with windmills here and there among its roofs. And each roof rises to a peak in the middle, and under the roof is a shallow vat about breast high; and in some of the vats is what seems to be clear water, and in others is a faintly colored syrup, and the bottom and sides of the vat covered with a thick layer of white crystals. And the narrow streets of this dwarf village are carpeted deep with seaweed long grown dry and brittle and bleached almost white with age.

Lydia Challis stepped out upon the soft white weed. Far down the aisle she saw the figure of a man cross and recross. It was an ancient figure, tall and spare and angular. His movements were stiff and deliberate as he pottered about the vats. He did not even glance up at the approach of Miss Challis, but kept at his work of filling a barrow with dripping crystals of salt, and she went on through a labyrinth of narrow passages, ducking under channels which carried sluggish currents of syrupy liquid, across soft carpeted aisles, and she came out in the heart of the salt-works.

It was a sort of little place or square, with an old ship's deck-house directly before her, set on low posts, forming one side. At the back of this place rose that long, lean rack, and against the rack, in the sun, lay an ancient ship's mast. It was a great mast that had journeyed over thousands of miles of ocean, and it lay now half buried in the seaweed and the earth, the upper side polished smooth and shiny with much sitting upon it. The floor of this place was covered thick with soft white weed, and on that weed, leaning against the old mast, sat a woman with uncovered hair, and her hair was in great ropes and coils that looked like half-pulled molasses candy. She was looking down and smiling tenderly, and at her knees as she sat were many shining new tins, and a baby about a year old played with the shining tins.

Miss Challis stopped short. There was a strange catch at her heart and in her voice.

"Oh!" she breathed. "A baby!"

The baby looked up and smiled adorably, and the mother smiled, too, and got quickly to her feet, her beautiful face flushing prettily. She was tall and stately.

"I feel like apologizing," she began, "for being found so. Baby and I spend most of our time here, and we have become accustomed to the lovely loneliness of it. We do not often have visitors. Will you sit down?"

"Oh, may I? Let me sit among the tins—with the baby."

The mother smiled once more. It was a lovely smile.

"The baby will be delighted," she said, "and so shall I."

Miss Challis bent and swept a place for herself clear of tins, which made a great clatter. The baby looked up and laughed at the noise and beat upon a tin between her knees with a soft little fist. Miss Challis sat on the white weed and leaned against the mast, with the baby and the tins at her right, and the mother sat as she had been sitting, with the baby and the tins at her left. It was a most desirable arrangement.

The baby looked up again and laughed and tried to take two tins in her hands to beat them together. They made a beautiful noise when they were beaten together so, but her hands were too small. So Miss Challis helped her with one, and her mother helped with the other, and one tin beat gently on the other, and they made a gentle noise. The baby laughed with delight, and the mother laughed, and Miss Challis laughed. She laughed aloud,

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just a joyous ripple of laughter. It was not just what would have been expected of Lydia Challis.

Miss Challis could hardly believe it herself. There was a lovely flush upon her face as she looked up with soft eyes.

"Do you know, Mrs. Horne," she said, almost with awe, "what you and your baby have done? I have not laughed for months."

"Oh, I'm sorry," said Helena Horne softly; "and I'm glad baby has done that."

And she bent to the baby, while the windmills clacked above them and the wind blew softly; and the baby smiled and made soft little noises, and the tins rolled away unheeded, and they sat for a long time in silence. Then the baby turned to Miss Challis and stretched her arms toward her, and Miss Challis took her. And she made a dive at a little gold chain that was about Miss Challis's neck, showing but a glint of the gold at the bosom of her dress.

"I am Lydia Challis, Mrs. Horne," Miss Challis began, holding the baby close. "I was told by a friend to come down here and to sit on the wharf for an hour and think of nothing. I did so this morning with some benefit. Then I was to go over your salt-works, and I came, thinking to find—almost anything but a baby."

The baby had been busy, meanwhile, tugging at the gold chain. Now she raised her head, regarded Miss Challis solemnly, and made a baby's sound of interrogation. She was holding up her hand with the chain dangling from it, and on the loop of the chain hung a ring which shone with colored lights.

Lydia Challis went red as the ruby in her ring, then white.

"Is it pretty?" she asked quietly. "Is it, baby?"

The baby signified that it was. She seemed to think that it might be good to eat, but Helena stopped her.

"No, treasure," she said. "Give it back now. See, there comes Mr. Barnet with the salt."

Miss Challis dropped the ring into the bosom of her dress.

"I'm afraid," Helena went on, hesitating, "it is time for us to be going. I—I should be glad to have you come home to luncheon with me—unless you have some other——"

"I have no engagements in the world. If you really want me, it will be a charity."

Helena looked at her shyly. "I really want you if you care to come. Baby and I are all alone, except for the servants, and I don't know when they may leave us. My house was burned down last winter, and I am in a cottage close by while it is being rebuilt. And I will not bore you with my salt-making. Eleanor Hamilton used to call me a salt herring."

Miss Challis smiled. "It was Eleanor Hamilton who sent me here."

## II

Lydia Challis sat on a pile of lumber and inhaled its fragrance and watched the men at work. She was Mrs. Horne's guest, and had been for three weeks, for Helena Horne was lonely, with Hannibal away, and had longed for an excuse to ask somebody to visit her; and Lydia Challis had been lonely and only too glad of an excuse to stay. Eleanor Hamilton had been the excuse.

And Lydia had been sitting on that pile of lumber, as it dwindled from day to day, leaning forward, her chin in her hand, and with interest in her eyes; or she had fished from the string-piece of the wharf, and had caught, perhaps, three chogset an hour; or she had gone to the salt-works with Helena and the laughing baby; or she had been sailing with Helena in the little white schooner.

Helena came out of the cottage, the baby in one arm, and stopped beside Lydia Challis.

"Will you go sailing?" she asked shyly.

"To the ends of the earth."

Helena smiled. "There will hardly be time to go so far."

The little white schooner was ready, with her mainsail up. Lydia took the wheel and the baby, while Helena went to help Gotthard. It all went like clockwork. Helena walked aft and sat down beside Lydia.

"I didn't suppose you knew so much about a boat."

"Or a baby," said Lydia. "You thought, I suppose, that I was one of

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those useless women who don't know how to do anything but scream and who have no interest in life. Well," she added slowly, "I hadn't an interest in life—until I found you at your salt-works, Helena. And if you begin to tire of me you must let me know."

"Will you stay until I do? So long as you can put up with my cottage and with me——"

"And your disagreeable child," Lydia interrupted. "You are talking great nonsense, Helena."

The baby was growing sleepy, and now her little sunny head drooped against Lydia's side, and Lydia's arm tightened about her. There was a brisk wind, but they were well in the lee of the land, and there was no sea, only little waves which made a soft plashing as the schooner pushed through them.

And the soft salt breeze blew in their faces, and it made a sound as it blew, and above their heads there was the measured tapping of a slack rope on the taut canvas, and from the bow the sound of water as it was pushed aside, and down by the lee scuppers the gentle hissing of breaking bubbles that passed swiftly astern. Lydia's eyes were fixed on the far horizon, on the hazy blue line of the islands, and the baby was fast asleep in Lydia's arm, and she smiled in her sleep. And Gotthard was sitting on the coaming of the galley hatch, and he gazed out ahead and leaned his elbows on his knees.

They passed great bare rocks, like huge apple-dumplings, near the shore, their surfaces scarred with cracks and weathering, and of a tender brown, like pie-crust. And they passed a rocky cliff crowned with dwarf cedars that were gnarled and twisted, and a keg set high upon a spindle in the midst of the waters; and another rock, covered with barnacles, and with a fringe of rockweed waving gently in the water. And they came to the white lighthouse with its white dwelling, set upon the top of another rock, and anchored to it lest it slide off into the sea. Here the seas were suddenly greater, for there was no longer the lee of land, and a tide-rip ran past the rock. And the schooner began to bow gracefully, then to pitch and to throw the spray high; and suddenly Gotthard sprang to his feet and threw the hatch cover over, and the water fell upon the deck with a great noise and came racing down the scuppers.

The noise of the hatch cover and of the water falling woke the baby, and she opened her eyes and looked up at Miss Challis and laughed gleefully. And once more the baby caught a glimpse of gold shining, and she clung to Lydia Challis's shoulder and pulled herself to her feet, and she snatched at the gleam of gold, and she got it, and she pulled forth the ring. And she pulled so suddenly and so hard that the slender gold chain was broken and the ring fell, and it bounded once upon the deck and rolled into the scuppers.

"Oh, *baby!*" Lydia cried. "My ring! What have you done!"

"I'll get it, Lydia," said Helena. And she went down upon one knee and retrieved the ring.

"Here it is, Lydia," she said, smiling. "It's not hurt at all."

Lydia sighed deeply. "If the ring had gone overboard," she said, "I think I should have gone after it." But she made no move to take it.

"I don't see," said Helena, "but you will have to wear the ring."

"Oh, no, no!" cried Lydia, looking up with tears in her eyes. "Never again, Helena. I couldn't." She smiled faintly. "Sit there and hold it."

She fixed her gaze once more upon the islands, which were no longer a hazy indigo line upon the horizon, but she could see the stone walls and the spire of a little church, with some sheep feeding in the bare brown field beyond.

"Two years ago," she began, gazing at the little church, "I was wearing that ring, and I thought I was happy. Then, one day, he came to me, hesitating. He had something to ask of me. He had fallen in with some British officers—they may have been Canadians—at his club. These officers had been talking of the war, and the result had been that quite a bunch of men, as he called it, had enlisted with the Canadians, and he was one of the bunch; and he wanted me to marry him within a fortnight. He was to go in three weeks.

"It was not much that he asked, and I ought to have been glad to do it. But it

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meant sacrificing my plans, and I was a proud, obstinate fool and I made difficulties. The war had never seemed very near; not our war, not *my* war. I said just that, and that I knew he looked upon it as I did, and that he was going because of some absurd spirit of adventure, and I was not inclined to humor him.

"He was as obstinate as I.

"'No, Lydia,' he said, 'you're wrong. I haven't yet got to the point of going because of Belgium and the *Lusitania* and all that, but if those men need my help, they're going to have it. They're fine men in a tight place. I would have gone before but I didn't realize their situation.'

"Then I forbade his going. He only smiled and said that it was too late; that he was not regretting, and that what he asked of me was not so impossible. Thousands of girls had been married on half an hour's notice.

"I made some retort, for I was angry and hurt.

"'Lydia,' he said, 'does that ring mean nothing to you?'

"For answer I drew it off my finger and laid it on the table beside me. Then he laughed.

"I don't know how I got out of the room. Presently I heard the door shut. I was listening and waiting, and instead of his voice calling me softly, I heard the door boom like a distant gun.

"I ran down, and there was the ring on the table where I had put it. I snatched it up and went to the door, but he was gone. I have not seen him since."

She glanced at Helena with a little mournful smile; but the smile broke down and her eyes were brimming.

"Didn't he answer your letters, Lydia?"

"I didn't write him for a year and a half," said Lydia in a monotonous voice.

"But even in a year and a half—surely he answered that?"

"I did get a reply—of a sort—to that. They wrote me that he was missing and that they feared he was killed. It was not so blunt as that, but that was the substance of it."

Suddenly there came to them the measured tolling of a bell from the midst of the waters. Lydia started. "What is that?"

Helena pointed. "A bell-buoy, Lydia. Nothing more."

## III

Again the windmills clacked lazily in the gentle southwest wind, and the sunlight lay warm and comforting on the little square roofs and on the soft white weed that lay between the vats, from which came the sound of slowly trickling water, and upon the old log half buried in the weed, and upon Helena's coils of hair. Helena was sitting upon the log in an attitude of dejection, her head in her hands, gazing down with sombre eyes at a row of tins ranged before her and pretending to be busy inspecting the filled tins. She had to keep busy.

She did not look up even after she had become aware of a silent presence, for she thought it was the old man with his barrow of salt. But he did not move, and after a long time she looked up, and it was not Barnet she saw standing at a little distance before her, but a young man, or the wreck of one, tall and bronzed, but lean and thin to emaciation. His cheek-bones hung like ledges over his hollow cheeks, his hair was gray, and a great livid scar ran across one cheek; his upper lip was nothing but a scar, and his mouth seemed to have been cut back at the corners as if by a tight bit that was sharp. It was hard to imagine what he had looked like before he lost those great pieces out of his face, but he was not unpleasant to look upon even now. Strangely, his scars seemed to dignify him.

His hat was in his hand. "I beg your pardon," he said in a pleasant voice. "I landed here in my boat to look about the old salt-works, and I met an old man who directed me in here. I am afraid I have no excuse for my trespassing."

Helena had got to her feet. "We do not regard visitors as trespassers."

"I have never before seen a place of this kind," he said. "It is most soothing. I should like to spend a month or two in such a place. I suppose the old man can do all that is needed?"

"Why, yes," said Helena slowly. "Did you——"

"I want to get something to do in a quiet place like this for two or three

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months, or on a boat that is not too large."

Helena gave him a long look up and down.

"Forgive me, but are you strong enough to do the work on a boat?"

He laughed a little wryly. He could not laugh naturally, with those great scars.

"Is it so bad as that? I have been sick, but I hoped it was not so evident. I am quite able to do the work."

"Would you engage with me," she asked, "as a sailor on my boat? I am short of men."

"If the boat is not too large," he answered, "I will gladly."

Helena smiled. "It is that little white schooner."

"Then it is a bargain?"

"If you like. The pay——"

"The pay is not important. Make it what you please. The only condition I make is that when I am fully recovered you will release me. I must go back as soon as I am able."

"Back?" Helena asked. "Back where?"

"To France."

"Oh," said Helena softly. "And you are over here——"

"On sick leave. I have been pretty sick—body and soul—and my nerves rather battered about, but I am picking up. I got over on this side about three weeks ago, and have been nosing along the coast from New York in a borrowed cat-boat. When I got in here I thought I'd like to drop anchor for a while."

"What is your name?"

"You might call me William Henry. I'll go aboard now if I may."

Helena nodded, and she watched him striding catlike over the white weed and to the shore. She waited only long enough to give him a good start, then she went running to her boat.

Lydia was sitting sidewise on the string-piece of the wharf, leaning over and looking down at her line, when Helena came up behind her.

"Lydia, I want to ask you something. What did your man look like?"

Lydia lifted a startled face.

"What did—my man look like? Haven't I told you? Why, he was tall and rather handsome in a way, inclined to heaviness, but not stout. His face was well filled out, and he had brown hair and merry eyes, and a hearty laugh. I suppose," she said cynically, "that by this time he would have been a typical club-man, fat and blear-eyed and—and fat-headed. No doubt," she added, looking down at the water again, "I am well out of it."

"Don't!" said Helena.

## IV

William Henry was crouching on the overhang just behind Lydia, where he seemed to like to be. And he trimmed the sheet in or eased it off at Helena's nod, and he watched the curve of Lydia's cheek, which was more than half turned away from him, and he watched the little curls at the back of her neck, and he caught glimpses of the foam sliding past under him, and of breaking green seas, and of the distant blue islands as the schooner rose and fell gently, and he was as content and happy as a man with his tastes and in his position ought to be.

He had been on the schooner for a week, and they had gone out every day, and it had got to be an established custom for him to crouch on the overhang; then he talked when Helena wished it, but he watched the curve of Lydia's cheek, and as soon as he saw signs that she was beginning to be bored he stopped. William Henry was a man of discretion.

On this afternoon there was more than a cupful of wind, and the schooner drove through the seas in a smother of foam and spray, and rose and fell in a way that made their hearts leap and made them all silent. The galley hatch was not an inviting seat, and Gotthard stood by the main shrouds, looking out ahead. Helena and Lydia sat silent by the wheel, also looking out ahead, their hair blown about. And William Henry watched the mad way in which the wind played with the curls at the back of Lydia's neck—watched enviously and smiled while he watched. Suddenly Lydia turned and spoke. She almost caught him at it.

"What regiment were you in?" It was the first time she had spoken to him directly, and perhaps she realized it, for she flushed faintly.

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He pitched down with hands outstretched into the lee scuppers.—Page 754.

"With the Canadians, Miss Challis." And he told her the name and number of the regiment.

At his answer Lydia flushed the more and looked away.

"Were you? And did you happen to know a man named Seagrave? I believe he was in that regiment."

William Henry smiled faintly.

"Harriman Seagrave?" he asked. "I



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have heard the name times enough, Miss Challis, but I have never met the man face to face."

She looked up quickly. "Why have you heard the name so often? Did he do anything—anything——"

"Heroic?" William Henry supplied. "I don't know that he did anything worth mentioning; nothing more than hundreds of others did."

"Anything disgraceful?" Miss Challis demanded, rather stern.

"No," William Henry answered softly. "Nothing disgraceful. I think I am safe in saying that. If he had done such a thing—if any man in the regiment had done such a thing—I should be likely to know of it."

Lydia had lost her sternness. "I am very glad of that," she said. "Do you know what became of him?"

"He was missing one day, and it was generally supposed that he was killed. Simply disappeared. *Spurlos versenkt.*"

He saw a faint shudder shake her shoulders.

"Shall I get you a wrap, Miss Challis?"

"Thank you, no. I am not cold. It is horrible to think of a man's being blotted out so utterly—as if he had never been."

"There are many horrible things," William Henry observed, "but that particular thing does not seem so bad. It's better than—oh, well, many things—some ways they have of putting a man out."

Lydia turned and glanced at him, at his scarred face. Then she stared forward again. The schooner drove through the seas, throwing the spray high at every plunge. Helena and even Gotthard had been giving more attention to William Henry than to the boat and her way upon the waters. A towering sea came with breaking top tumbling over, and it was followed by two others. Nobody saw it, and before Helena knew it the sea was upon them and had dumped its load of green water and tumbling foam upon the bows. The boat heeled a little more, stood almost upon her stern as the sea passed under, and the water on her decks came sloshing aft, filling the scuppers and running over the gunwale.

Lydia's hand was at her bosom, in the region of her heart, and William Henry half rose to his feet, when his legs seemed to give way under him. He pitched down with hands outstretched into the lee scuppers, made a futile effort to recover himself, and as the second huge sea came on in its turn he slipped quietly into the waters of the bay. But Helena saw that he was laughing, and one hand seemed to be clenched.

They picked him up; it took some minutes. Lydia was thankful, she found, and her heart sank gently back to its place, and she breathed more easily, and there was a flush upon her cheeks; but she did not look at William Henry. Seeing him in the water had stirred some memory—and she put her hand to her heart again and cried out.

"My ring, Helena!" she said. "It's gone."

"Oh, Lydia, I'm sorry. If you had it when we started it must be on the boat somewhere. If you see Miss Challis's ring, William Henry, will you give it to her?"

"I value it," said Lydia, in a low voice, "above everything."

"I have no doubt it will turn up, Miss Challis," said William Henry cheerfully, "and I will find it and give it to you."

He was smiling to himself as he turned away and went forward. He was much too wet to crouch upon the overhang.

## V

As time went by and days grew into weeks William Henry said nothing about the ring. Lydia said nothing about it either, which may appear strange. It may have seemed strange to her. And she had little to say to him, although she made no objection to his sitting on the string-piece of the wharf while she fished, which he did several times, and she let him bait her hooks and take off the fish that she caught. And he said little to Lydia, although he may have had much to say; but he attended to his duties on the schooner, and in the mornings when he was not baiting hooks for Lydia he was usually at the salt-works, where he pottered about after Barnet or wandered slowly over the soft white carpet of seaweed, or sat on the old log, with Helena and the baby on the weed near, and spoke when he was spoken to and sometimes when he was not. But he would not talk about the war or his own part in it. And the sun shone upon them, and the south-

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*Drawn by Henry Raleigh.*

"After the shell I must have fainted, for the next thing I knew I was a prisoner."—Page 756.



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west wind blew gently and the windmills clacked lazily, and each one of them lacked something to complete happiness, except the baby and perhaps Barnet.

One morning Helena and Lydia were sitting side by side on the old log, and the sunshine lay warm and pleasant on the log and on the white weed, and the gentle breeze fanned their cheeks, laden with pleasant odors of the earth and of the sea and of standing grass drying in the sun, and the windmills had almost ceased their clacking. William Henry was wandering somewhere among the vats, the baby in his arms.

"Lydia," said Helena, "you've never got your ring, have you?"

"No," said Lydia briefly, looking down at the seaweed and poking it with her foot.

"William Henry ought to have something to say about it, at least," Helena pursued. "Shall I speak to him about it?"

"No," said Lydia again. "It's no matter."

"Why, Lydia! You cherished it so! And he promised."

Lydia shook her head. "It's no matter," she said. "Let him wait until he is ready—or let him keep it, if he has it, until he has use for it."

Helena looked at her for a long moment. "*Why, Lydia!*" she said, and she laughed a little. "Do you know what you are saying?"

Lydia went red. "I don't care. I mean it." She fell to poking the weed very industriously with her foot. "Why shouldn't I? Would you think it strange and terrible? And you are not to think——"

"Sh!" said Helena. "Here they come now."

And in another moment William Henry strolled in with the baby in the crook of his arm. One of the baby's little dimpled brown arms rested about William Henry's neck, and she sat there a picture of utter content.

Helena laughed softly. "My nose is out of joint," she said. "Oh, treasure, *don't!*"

For the baby had laid her hand upon the great scar on William Henry's face and was stroking it gently.

"Don't mind, Mrs. Horne," said William Henry. "At first it was sensitive, but not now. Her touch is like down."

"How did you get it?" Lydia asked unfeelingly.

"Lydia!" Helena cried low. "How can you!"

"I want to know," Lydia replied quietly.

William Henry laughed, a crooked laugh.

"Oh, I'd as lief tell you. A piece of shell raked off that side of my face, Miss Challis. The whole thing was gone, from my ear to my mouth. I thought it never could be closed up again, which would have been inconvenient. But they patched me up. They have very skilful surgeons over there."

"And the rest of it?" Lydia pursued, without pity.

"The rest of it? Oh, you mean these?" He indicated the long, curved scars at the corners of his mouth and on his upper lip. "The Germans did the rest. After the shell I must have fainted, for the next thing I knew I was a prisoner. And they did things to me. They did things to others, too, many of them worse than mine. You wouldn't think it strange if we hated to have to take prisoners. That is not the worst of their iniquities; but I don't like to talk about them."

Lydia breathed a faint, shuddering sigh. "Thank you," she said, and she got up slowly, and slowly she walked off between two vats and disappeared.

William Henry looked at the narrow path between the vats. "I'm afraid I've driven her off with my tale of horrors. I'm sorry."

"It's her own fault and serves her right," said Helena. "But you'd better go after her and try to drive the horrors away. I'm sorry she asked you. You were very good to answer her. Give me the baby."

It was a long time before he found her, but he saw her at last in the farthest corner of the farthest aisle, seeming much interested in the contents of a vat. As he approached she looked down at the weed, her hands clasped before her.

"I'm very sorry, Miss Challis," he began. "I shouldn't have told you."

As she raised her eyes he saw that they were full of tears.

"It was not too horrible for me to hear," she said. "It was not that. Of course, I have read of these things, but I

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haven't half believed them. I am cruel, too, and I should like"—she clenched her hands—"I should like to see them all boiled in oil."

William Henry laughed. "It would take a lot of oil," he said, "and oil is not so plenty. And think what a mess it would make!"

Lydia laughed, too, which was what William Henry wanted, no doubt.

"I want to ask you something," he said hesitatingly. "Do you find it—is it so very bad—my having these scars to carry? Is it—do they make me repulsive? I wish you would tell me the truth. I have a reason for asking."

"No; oh, no," Lydia breathed quickly. "Not repulsive."

"But I suppose no woman could care for a man so disfigured?"

"Is that it?" She was looking at him under lowered lids, a faint smile upon her lips. "Why, I don't know that. Some women, no doubt, would be repelled, but not a woman like—like Helena Horne, for example. Most women do not set such store by a man's looks, and when he has got his disfigurement in the way you have—but why? Is there some woman you would like to have care?"

He nodded, leaning his spare figure against the side of the vat and looking down at her.

"There is—just one woman in the world. And I don't know what to do. If you were in my place—having these unpleasant scars—and you had found the woman, would you venture to show how you felt? Would you dare to ask her?"

"So much depends upon the kind of woman she is."

"Will you advise me? If the case were reversed—if it were your own case, and a man as badly disfigured as I am should ask you, how would you regard it?"

Lydia laughed low, her eyes cast down.

"Oh, that! Ask her, by all means. If she is like me she couldn't resist those badges of honor."

"But, Lydia—I beg your pardon, Miss Challis."

She glanced up at him. "Go on."

"Do you mean that?" His voice was low and it shook a little. "Shall I go on?"

There was a laugh in her eyes as she leaned against the vat and looked up at him. "Yes," she said, "go on."

William Henry was plainly nervous. "Thou art the woman, Lydia. Of course you knew it."

She did not move. "Well?"

He looked puzzled and said nothing.

"Well?" said Lydia again. "I am impatient." She tapped her foot upon the weed. "You have something to ask me?"

"Oh," said William Henry desperately. "I have. Will you marry me?"

"Well," said Lydia, with a sigh of relief, "you did get it out at last, didn't you? I thought you never would. And my answer is yes, on one condition. But wait," she added hastily, for he had moved suddenly. "Isn't it customary to say something else first? A sort of preamble to the resolution? Whereas——"

"Oh!" said William Henry again. "Whereas I love Lydia Challis with a great love, and hold her above all other women——"

"That is better," sighed Lydia softly, "but you don't——"

"I don't!" he said indignantly. "I'd like to know——"

"But you aren't holding me at all," said Lydia more softly yet.

He laughed. "You change so fast, Lydia." And the matter was instantly remedied. At last they reached the point of speech once more.

"How can you bear, Lydia," William Henry asked, "to marry a wreck like me?"

She laughed, and her eyes were very tender.

"It is not so difficult," she said. "But you remember that I said there was one condition."

"Anything at all," he replied. "I feel as if I could take Berlin."

"It is easier than that," she said. "My condition is that you marry me soon—in a week, or to-morrow would be better; or I should like it if we could be married to-day."

She laughed to see the amazement in his face.

"Then you will not do it?" she asked. "Have I scared you off?"

She did not seem to be much afraid that she had scared him off, but she stood there, smiling up into his face tenderly



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but mischievously, as if she knew some huge joke which she was keeping back.

William Henry caught his breath. "Will I do it! But you took my breath away for an instant. I thought you didn't like to be—but I will attend to the preliminaries now, and then I will capture a minister, if it has to be done at the point of the bayonet." He was starting, but he turned back. "I hate to leave you, Lydia, even for an hour and for that."

"You will not have to, for I will go with you; and we can go more quickly in my car. But I want to finish that preamble first—and the resolution. First position! As you were!"

They were as they had been. "Now," she went on, "it's my turn." She was holding her head back that she might see his face the better. "Whereas I, Lydia Challis, hold in great honor and love with all my heart——"

He interrupted her. "Wait, Lydia. I have something to tell you first. Listen, and perhaps you won't want to——"

"I know what it is. Put it on my finger. I have been waiting for that." And she held out her left hand, and he, smiling shamefacedly, drew her ring from his pocket and slipped it on her third finger.

She shut her hand with a little sigh of content.

"I'll hold it fast," she said.

"I picked it up from the scuppers that day when I went overboard," he said. "But, Lydia, that wasn't all. There is something else."

"Oh, you make me angry," she cried. "Don't you want to hear my preamble? Well, then, don't interrupt again. Whereas," she began again, a touch of amusement and of anticipation in her voice, "I, Lydia Challis, do love with all my heart and hold in great honor above all other men a certain man named Harriman Seagrave——"

"What!" cried William Henry. "You do!"

Lydia buried her face in his shoulder.

"I do, I do. Oh, Harry, Harry Seagrave, how long did you think I could be deceived? I am ashamed that it took nearly a week for me to know you; but you are changed so, Harry—for the better, dear love."

He laughed at that. "Oh, Lydia, Lydia! Shall I enter in the next beauty show?"

She was clinging to him passionately, her eyes still hidden.

"You look beautiful—divine—to me," she said. "Your poor face, Harry! And your hair! And your two years of horrors! And my pride that sent you away without comfort! But it was never my heart, Harry, and my pride is humbled. I could go on my knees to you and ask your pardon."

"No, no," he said. "It is I who should ask pardon of you for my effort to deceive."

She smiled up at him. "Did you dream," she asked, "that I would let any other man put your ring on my finger? But how did you happen to come here, Harry, of all places?"

"Just happened to, poking along the shore in the catboat. And I saw you fishing from the wharf. It nearly finished me, Lydia, but my mind was made up at that instant to stay here until——"

"The bitter end," said Lydia, "I suppose."

They heard the baby's laugh.

"There's Helena—and the baby," said Lydia, "looking for us. Come, and we will meet them."

Hand in hand they went toward the sound of the baby's laughing, and they met Helena as she came between two vats. She smiled as she saw them coming hand in hand. She was not surprised.

"Let me present Harriman Seagrave, Mrs. Horne," said Lydia with a sweeping curtsy.

"What!" Helena cried. She was surprised now. "Lydia, is it true? Oh, I *am* so glad! William Henry!" she said in tones of reproof, turning to him. "The duplicity of it!"

There was no chance for William Henry's excuses.

"And, Helena," Lydia pursued, "we're going to be married quite soon—but not until after luncheon—and we've made up our minds to be married on the wharf in front of Laban's Folly. I've a fancy for it."

"Mercy on us!" said Helena.

Lydia laughed gayly and so did the baby.

"Thank you," said Lydia, "for your so happily expressed good wishes."

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# "LES BOYS" MAKE FRIENDS IN FRANCE

By Emmanuel Bourcier
Author of "Under the German Shells"

"HELLO, Jean!"

"Hey there, Pierre! Hello, Jules! See the Americans!"

"Gy! There they are! Wow! Come on! Let's follow them!"

They follow. Like rats the crowd of small boys swarms forward, capering and yelling, turning somersaults, the tails of their shirts sticking out of the rents in their torn trousers.

Other urchins loafing along, picking herbs or looking for insects, join in the push and the whole band, reinforced by new recruits—volunteers anywhere from three to ten years of age—together with small girls, curious and venturesome, dash onward.

Down there by the crossroads the battalion in khaki advances in a cloud of white dust. "Les boys" march along, rifles slung across their broad shoulders, the heavy haversack on their backs, their sturdy legs incased in puttees and the comfortable overseas service cap, familiarly known as the "beanie," adorning their heads.

The fleet advance-guard of the youngsters arrives breathlessly. After that the main body and last of all the littlest ones, whether boys or girls it is hard to determine, as tangled curls half hide their faces and their nondescript clothing precludes even a guess at their sex. The whole bunch, chattering excitedly, stop and gaze at the Americans.

"That one said 'howdy do' to me!"

"Pipe that one there!"

"Which one?"

"The one holding his mess-kit in his hand!"

They make friends quickly. Cordial greetings from hoarse throats are called out to the kiddies, flushed with pride at being so distinguished. Questions are fired at them.

"Nom of village?"

"What?"

"Nom!"

"How you call this town?"

"Yes."

"Saint-Firmin."

"All right."

The youngster is happy and proud. He feels tremendously important. He is a protector. He has *his* American, handsomer, stronger, taller than the others, his own particular American, in fact! He adopts him. He will stick by him to the end. He falls in step with him, a step far too long for his short legs, and follows gravely, escorted by three or four urchins, less lucky, who eagerly await a chance to be questioned, also, and to reply, also, and to be chosen by and to devote themselves to some American, also!

But the battalion has finished its day's march. The village, through the middle of which runs the road, turns out to receive it. Every doorway is filled with the curious, every window with heads. The notables of the village get busy. The mayor replies to the major, offering everything at his command—billets, stables, watering-places, straw. There is a bakery, if these gentlemen desire it. There is also a château, if Monsieur le Commandant—or Colonel—one doesn't yet know accurately these foreign military ranks—wishes to be well housed. The one policeman, very important and anxious to give information to any of the newly arrived, circulates about, squinting an eye, a habit formed in the hot countries, and limping from an old wound received during "l'Année Terrible," "the terrible year," of the war of '70—"the other war, what?" as he puts it. And in the big living-room of the "Café du Commerce" the proprietor, overwhelmed, arranges the tables, gets out the glasses and scolds his wife and the two frightened servants.

"But what do these Americans drink?"

"Beer, of course—like the English."

"No wine?"

"How do I know? Get it ready, anyway—we'll see later."



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While the squads of "doughboys" methodically and gayly get ready to encamp and the swarm of youngsters, thick as flies, successfully manage to get in every one's way, a rangy young American officer, keen as a whip, rosy as a girl, but adorned with the imposing spectacles of a scholar, enters the "Café du Commerce."

"Bong joor!"

The proprietor, his wife and the two scared servants precipitate themselves forward to receive his commands. Undoubtedly this rosy young officer is going to order largely of drinkables, of food, perhaps. Well, they are ready for him. Whatever he wants shall be his instantly. They know how to cater to his sort. Haven't they entertained many troops on the march since the war began? And their officers—French, English, Australian—had always been delighted with the service of the "Café du Commerce."

But, instead of ordering, Monsieur the American lieutenant looks all around the room.

"What can he be after?"

He crosses the room, gives an order to the man following him, who salutes, goes out, and returns with a placard—a placard in English—which he fastens up on the wall. If only one knew what all that foreign writing meant!

Monsieur the American lieutenant will take nothing? Nothing. He goes out in his turn. Well and good! He has made his reconnaissance of the excellent "Café du Commerce," and will return, without doubt.

"Dinner is at seven," says the proprietor.

"Yes."

"Seven o'clock or eight, if monsieur prefers."

"Yes."

And he is gone! Will he come back or not?

"Wait and see!" says the innkeeper hopefully, somewhat taken aback, nevertheless.

There is not long to wait. A sentry is stationed at the door, another at the rear of the house. Is he under guard? Can it be possible? No! It is a simple precaution taken to prevent the men from buying liquor and getting drunk on the spot, or taking it away secretly with them. They are free to buy anything else there is for sale, however, as is amply proven by the rapid disappearance of all the stores amid a confusion like that of the Tower of Babel.

"Eggs! Ham! Bread! Water! Cheese!"

Saint-Firmin, put in great good spirits by the advent of the Americans, quickly fraternizes with them. The mayor goes off with two captains and three lieutenants. The notary talks with the major, quotes his son, an adjutant in the Somme sector at present, introduces Madame la Notairesse, and his daughter, Mademoiselle Rose, crimson with agitation. From the neighboring houses friendly greetings are shouted. Each inhabitant has taken possession of an American, two preferably, three if possible and four if in any way it can be arranged. The captors cannot speak English nor the captured French. It makes no difference. They manage to understand each other.

And the youngsters, enchanted, stand around embarrassed, admiring. Grown bolder they run errands, begin to ask questions, and laugh fit to split their sides at the French of the doughboys.

"Run, get me some milk from Julie's."

"Yes, mama!"

They start off, two or three together, and return, triumphant. "There wasn't more than a quart left!"

"They'd eaten all the eggs at Julie's, mama!"

"One of 'em let the bucket fall into the well."

"'Tain't so—the bucket fell in itself. They were fishing it out!"

Nothing matters. Everything is all right—splendid! Everybody is grandly contented. At last the Americans are here. Saint-Firmin can see just what they are like, can talk with them, can touch them. Their clothing is minutely examined, their shirts, their trousers, their shoes. Everything is new, wonderful, admirable. It's a change from the poilu in his everlasting horizon-blue—rarely seen now, by the way. Formerly the poilu was everywhere. There had been a constant succession of relief troops passing through Saint-Firmin. The narrow streets were always full of soldiers. There

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were the usual details for water and straw, for grub for the non-coms and mess for the officers. It had been amusing, then it had begun to be a little tiresome, finally it got to be monotonous. The regiments changed but the show was always the same. The soldiers were all alike and they all had the same story to tell. They had been in the thick of the fighting, they had lost a lot of their comrades at Verdun or at the Somme or in Champagne. They were from the north or the south, Bretons or Normands or men from Bordeaux. There had been cavalry and infantry, regulars and reservists. But they were all pretty much alike —same officers, same sergeants, same troop trains, same military regulations, same men.

Then all that feverish activity had gradually ceased. The village became once more a deserted village, isolated, unchanging, and silent in the midst of the turmoil of war, subsiding little by little within itself until it was again the quiet place that it had been in the peaceful years before 1914, when the men were all in the fields. They were in the fields now—the battle-fields down there, from which was borne back the news of the death of first one and then another and another and another. . . .

In Saint-Firmin they began to murmur against a war so long, so costly, so terrible. They had learned of the entry of America into the world struggle by the newspapers, but it was hard to believe. Someway they couldn't take it in.

"American soldiers! Go on! What good can they do? They're too far away. They'll never get over here!"

Oh, won't they? They are here already! Arrived without warning and in the act of making themselves very much at home. And how fascinating these big, strong, good-looking doughboys are! They seem to be enjoying themselves down to the ground. They laugh, they make themselves extremely useful. Old Mother Jeanne just couldn't get over it. Two of them had gathered and split her wood for her and another had brought home the cow.

"It is scarcely to be believed!"

Dame Tongue became enthusiastic, too. "With a twist of the wrist, before we had the time to say "Ouf!" four of those jolly fellows had made me a door, had hung it and fairly well, too, if you'll believe me, in the place of my old broken one that wouldn't shut, and threatened to fall off its hinges!"

Their praises were sung by all. The Americans were as rich as—as Americans! In the twinkling of an eye they had carried off all the vegetables they could lay their hands on, paying a good price for them, cash. They went through the one notion-store, buying up everything in sight with their silver dollars. Wherever they went a stream of wealth poured forth.

"A whole calf didn't last longer than a cutlet!" recounted Sarlu, the butcher, radiant. "And three sheep disappeared the same way in an hour. . . .!"

That completed the conquest of the village. These Americans were certainly corking. They were live wires and not a bit stand-offish—ingenious and practical enough to amaze the most knowing. In less than an hour they had made themselves comfortable, had unpacked, set up their tents, drawn water, lit the oven-fires, distributed rations, and started making the soup. Their tenue remained correct, impeccable. Some bathed, some shaved, others worked at their typewriters, set comfortably on the tables of their hosts, and all laughed. They laughed at the children and played games with them, games involving improvised bats and balls and balloons, just as though they had nothing in the world to do but to run about and limber up their muscles and enjoy life.

That sort of thing was new to Saint-Firmin and far from displeasing. And the village, conquered, offered of its best. It was hard to know what more to do to show honor to the unexpected guests. It laughed with them at everything and at nothing—at the difficulty of understanding each other, of exchanging opinions, of asking for what they needed.

"A bottle, please," says one American.

"A what? Une botte? A boot? What's he saying? What does he want?"

"A bottle," repeats the soldier firmly.

"Je ne comprends pas."

Then he points to one.

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"Une bouteille! Ah! Seigneur Dieu! Bou-teille! Bou-tei-yi."

"Oh, yes—*bou-tai*."

"Eggs?" says another.

"Quoi?"

"Eggs."

"Eggs? What can that be?"

A saucepan, a broom, a pail of water, the pitcher, and the clock are pointed out. He smiles and shakes his head. "No—no—eggs!"

They are at their wits' end. Then the doughboy has a bright idea.

"Cockle-doodle-doo!"

Ha! They get him! A chicken! They point out a chicken.

"Poulet. Pou-let."

"No! Cockle-doodle-doo!"

He curves his hands into the shape of an egg and everybody goes off into a gale of laughter.

It's the same way everywhere. The presence of the Americans is a joy—a joy that spreads and deepens. Night does not check it—renders it more intimate and pleasing, on the contrary. Each household has its American, its Americans, who dine, make big eyes, praise the soup and omelette, and, already at home, get to their feet, the muscles of their big bodies rippling beneath the khaki, and help themselves to what they want and don't know how to ask for—the salt, drinking-water, grapes from the garden. They are their friends—brothers. These are the same men as those others who are down there, fighting side by side with the poilus, to beat back the Huns, to free France.

"May we offer you a glass of wine?"

They accept. A very old bottle, a veritable ancestor, is brought out. Beneath its dust and cobwebs is imprisoned a wine, the best vintage of this old earth, light as the sky of France, warm as its sun, gay as its spirit. The cork is drawn.

"To America! To America!" toasts the family in chorus.

"Les boys" bow. "To America" let it be—to that great land they have left behind them, to its immense prairies, its broad rivers, its big cities. To America! To her enterprise, her daring, her freedom!

"To France!" replies an American.

Another one thinks of a more stirring toast:

"To the death of the Kaiser!"

Each one feels a thrill of the heart. To the death of the Kaiser—yes, to the death of that bandit who has caused so many other men to die, who has caused such countless tears to flow, who has caused such awful sorrow and ruin throughout the world.

They raise their glasses, touch them. They understand each other now.

"On les aura!"

Yes, "we'll get them." That much is sure—for aren't the Americans here?

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THIS has been a season of sudden friendships. There is a spirit of loneliness in every one's heart in France which calls to the other spirits who present even a quarter of the way's advance. So many people are far from home with every familiar thing lopped off; they wander with no backgrounds; they are themselves plus what they remember of their home world—those precious memories locked up in their hearts. The men from their twelve-thousand-miles-away homes in Australia, the lads from Canada, the boys from home, the "Tommies" nearer, and yet far enough off in all conscience from their beloved "Blighty," and the poilus, too—so far, so hideously far removed from their homes when they are, alas, in the invaded districts of northern France.

Sudden Friendships—France, 1918

The French women, also, even when they are still living in their own accustomed houses, have the world so changed about them, have their hearts so constantly uprooted by the departure of their men, that they also seem homeless. And those poor refugees, thankful enough to have escaped the hated Boche with their children and themselves alive, how lastingly homeless they are; *dépaysé* (uncountried), the French say. The word seems to express it better than any of our own.

Yes, "everybody's lonesome"—one may be pretty sure of that, and going on that basis, what sudden and spontaneous friendships one makes! There is hardly a person who will not smile back at you eagerly if you smile first, or who has not his or her tendrils out to grasp and cling to the faintest show of sympathy. With an American officer or private one has only to begin, "What part of the States are *you* from?" to put the acquaintance on its first footing; if you are lucky enough to know his town, or if by a still happier chance you were born in it, or once lived in it, the acquaintance rapidly ripens into almost a feeling of friendship; if you know any of the people he knows, the miles of rolling ocean between you and home dry up and disappear. You are both transported "back there" in a twinkling of a brain-cell; and "Do you know So-and-so? — and So-and-so?" — just the names sometimes that open vistas of memory. Pretty soon, in a talk of any length at all, the man will reach into his inside pocket and pull out a photograph case. "That's my wife—those are my babies; I hated to leave them, but they are really why I volunteered"—and then, as you admire them: "Say, that's the greatest little kid. . . ." Oh, dear, the plucky lonely fathers going into this great struggle—going into it because they want their children to know when they grow up that their father took a part in this great World War; and also that these children may be protected from what has happened so hideously in the path of the invader.

We always talk when we travel, and we have done a lot of travelling this winter. We don't know the names of the people we talk with, and we part at the end of the talk undoubtedly never to meet again, but in the meantime we have talked of many real things.

The Frenchmen like to give you their cards, and many of them pray you to send them a *carte postale* when you get back to America and they will not fail to send you one if they live. "*On ne sait pas, vous savez, dans cette maudite guerre!*"

One spirited French *sous-lieutenant*, coming back from his "permission" with his wife and four children, to go up into this last great battle, told me of his growth of hatred of the Boche: "In the beginning, we were in a quiet sector, very little went on—and the Boches signalled over to us, and we used to signal to them; they would send over men to say that they hated fighting and would be quiet if we would. We are simple children, we Frenchmen, and we believe what we are told. We made almost friends with them—and we sometimes exchanged cigarettes by emissaries into No Man's Land; then suddenly one day we all blew up from underneath! While they had



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distracted us aboveground, they had their miners underground. . . . Ah! but they did not play that trick more than once. No more pleasantries now—that is over. Then they used to say 'Kamerad! Kamerad!' and we, poor children, would go across to take them prisoners, but there were others behind who did not throw up their hands, but who shot us down as we came nearer. We take no prisoners now—that, too, is over." We parted at his station with a warm shake of the hand all round; he left gayly to go back to the front line with a promise to send me a post-card. "I shall surely send it—but—if it does not come, madame—*eh bien, souvenez-vous de mes os!*"

Another talk with a very dashing French captain of a tank corps, also going into this present battle, remains in my mind. He showed me his telegram, recalling him after four days of his "permission"—every officer and man was recalled. "My wife has wept very much," he said, "but what do you want? We must all go, and this time—THIS TIME—we shall have them!" We talked an hour or more, he with a fluency, an emotional patriotism, a courageous determination that would have done credit to an orator. At his departure about midnight, to change into another train for the front, he gave me his card and wrote upon it, *fabricant de corsets à Lyon.* "That is what I do in peace-times," he said. This fiery warrior a maker of women's corsets! I could hardly adjust my mind to the camouflage.

On the platform of a station of a little town in the centre of France I noticed among the sad little family groups assembled to say good-by to their poilus going back from *perme*, a wistful little woman in rusty black. She was carrying a piece of the equipment of her rosy-cheeked young poiluson, and they stood together without speech, waiting for the train. I commandeered some cigarettes from one of the men in our party and went over to them. "These are for you with good luck, monsieur," I said. His face brightened, for tobacco has been a great luxury to the French all this winter. "*Merci, madame,*" he said, shyly taking them. The mother joined in: "He returns now to his regiment—ten days of permission every four months—he has been back now many times; he is in the army two years, ever since he was old enough. He starts now for the Orient. It will be long; a year or more, perhaps, before I shall see him again." She told me her story. It was one of hard struggle, like the stories of most of these peasants, a difficult unending endeavor to make both ends meet without a man to look after things, for her husband had long been dead, and now this war had come and she and her little girl did all they could. "*C'est bien dur, madame, et quand est-ce que ça va finir?*"

At her request I gave my address and name to her boy, and he has showered me with post-cards of good wishes ever since. At parting I slipped a little money into her hand for good luck. The letters that she has written me since are beautiful. What an art these French people have for self-expression! She had lived all her life in a tiny walled town; she had never seen an American woman—and had never talked with a stranger—but she has written as she felt, and she has the gift of feeling. We have exchanged several letters. It is a *soulagement* to her, she says, to have an American friend.

How quickly these things may be done in this special time when every one's heart-strings are out for the pulling. What, after all, is the use of all the formalities? Smiles and tears, they are the same in any language. The joys and the sorrows of life are fundamental and based on common experiences. Let us just be "human folks" as we go along, just humanly sympathetic, true members of the large family. Never were friends more needed in the world than now—never more eagerly received.

Hands out, then, and "Well met, Brother," let us greet as we each pass on our way.

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# THE FIELD OF ART

*MR. CHARLES M. PRATT'S GIFT TO VASSAR COLLEGE*

This collection was brought together by Dr. Oswald Sirén, and the attributions are for the most part his.

IT is no longer good form in teaching the history and criticism of painting merely to inform one's students by lectures delivered *ex cathedra* and supplemented by occasional references to some tidy but meagrely and poorly illustrated handbook. It is also becoming somewhat antiquated to aim at instruction in art only through the medium of lectures, complementary reading, and a concomitant study of specified photographs. No one, of course, questions that the latter are infinitely superior to the illustrations of the ordinary handbook as a means for reproducing the effect of the original paintings, but, good as they may be, even photographs fail to recreate the impression which the artist wishes to convey through the agency of his pigments. Painting, as the word implies, is that form of intellectual intercommunication which depends for its effect primarily upon color. Drawing, composition, yea, many other elements, obviously contribute to the effect sought by the artist, but with its color omitted his work is shorn of its crowning glory.

Madonna, Child, and Saint John. By Giannicolo Manni.

For this reason those institutions which are so happily situated that they can send their students to museums for personal examination of originals have been quick to see that direct contact with paintings is



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much more instructive than discourses, be they never so learned, about these paintings. Excellent as this practice has proved to be, better results have obtained, owing to a certain inertia inherent in most students, when, as at Harvard and Yale, the colleges can form their own collections and have them instantly available. Then, at once, and without difficulty, the lectures, with their adjunct slides, photographs, and supplementary reading, can be reinforced by direct reference to original works of art.

Since there are but few institutions able to give instruction in this ideal fashion, Vassar has reason to plume itself because of its recent acquisition of fourteen fine Italian paintings which have been wisely selected with a view to their instructional value for the history and criticism of Italian art. The pictures represent most of the important schools of painting in the peninsula and include both primitive works as well as those created in the later days of the Renaissance. For this notable gift the college is indebted to the thoughtful generosity of Charles M. Pratt.

Five pictures belong to the Venetian school. The earliest is a panel showing against a golden ground a half-length figure of the Baptist. While unsigned, the painting is a fine example of the style of Bartolommeo Vivarini, whose dry handling cleaves more closely to the Byzantine tradition than does that of his younger contemporary, Alvise. The searching drawing is Bartolommeo's, and even the position of the right arm reappears in another Baptist painted by him and now in the Frari. In the Vassar panel the artist, as usual, tempers Byzantine asceticism with a gentle meditative quality. His color scheme is a delicate harmony of mellow brown, dove gray, rich green, and dull gold. Repainting is visible only where the mantle shows above and below the left arm. The panel comes from the Earl Grimthorpe collection.

Tintoretto's portrait of a procurator, like Vivarini's Baptist, is an unsigned work. But since the artist more often than not left his pictures unsigned, there is no reason for doubting the authorship because the signature is lacking. In fact the head is painted with the same breadth observable in the artist's own full-front portrait by himself, and the robe, which is a softly glinting brown velvet, is executed with Tintoretto's usual skill in realizing surface effects. The awkwardly painted right hand is the same as that in the artist's likeness of Superantio (Academy, Venice), and the peculiarly puffy, triangular ear is repeated many times in his works. Our picture was formerly in the Arthur Hughes collection.

The decorative style of the generation following Titian and Tintoretto is represented by a work in the manner of Andrea Meldolla, commonly known as Il Schiavone. The canvas, over ten feet in length, exhibits the Arts and Sciences grouped entirely from the decorative point of view. Conceived in the spirit of Raphael's "Parnassus," it is much finer than Schiavone's picture of the latter subject now in Munich. The soft colors pleasantly suggest a time-softened tapestry and the painting most satisfactorily fulfils its function as a mural decoration.

Later yet in time comes a view of some public square in Venice—executed probably by Marieschi. The picture is a good illustration of the outdoor painting which became so popular in the city of the lagoons toward the close of the Renaissance. It belongs to the period when men like Guardi and Canaletto, with whose name our picture has been associated, were satisfying a decadent taste which found its pleasure in correctly drawn topographic pictures of streets and canals rather than in the imaginative works of Giorgione, Titian, and Tintoretto.

To the Florentine group belongs a pair of interesting *cassone* panels illustrating the wanderings of Ulysses, and with an almost primitive naïvete showing several episodes in each picture. On one panel, for example, is seen the flaming city of Troy, the ships of the departing Greeks, the wrecked vessel of Ajax, and the blasted form of the hero. In the sky is a diminutive figure of Athena, below on the shore the sea-god Neptune. These details are but incidents. The chief interest resides in the prostrate Polyphemus who obligingly reclines in order that Ulysses and his companions may the more easily blind him with the tree-trunk which they have pointed and hardened in a near-by fire. Not far away the Greeks make their escape from the Cyclops's cave by clinging to the bellies of the sheep, while at the extreme right the blinded giant strides into the sea to cast a huge rock after the fleeing heroes.

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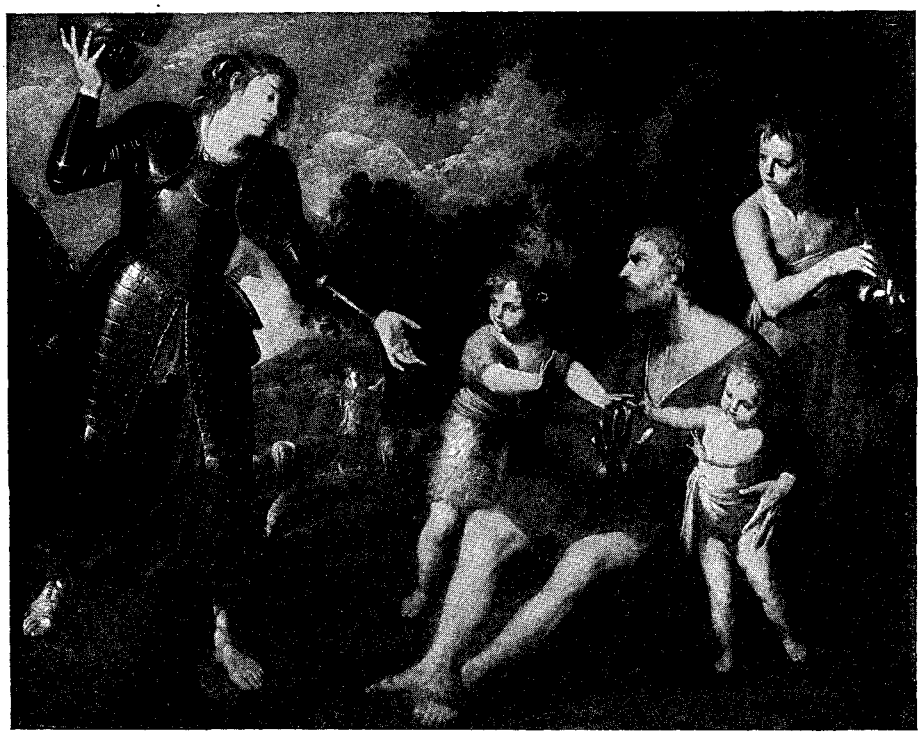
The artist who painted these pictures is a member of the school of Antonio Pollaiuolo. He betrays the same interest in the nude as does the head of the school but lacks the latter's power to depict ferocious strength.

Also of the Florentine school is an attractive "Nativity," which formerly formed a part of the collections of Lady Theodora Guest and the Marquis of Westminster. The picture was exhibited years ago at the Manchester Gallery as a work of Lorenzo di Credi, but one finds it difficult to understand how such an attribution could have been made. In certain details the panel brings to mind an "Adoration of the Magi," by Bartolommeo di Giovanni, in the National Gallery, London. The latter, however, is inferior to the Vassar picture in the charm of its landscape. A spirit of eclecticism broods over the work, betraying in the figure of Mary the hand of an artist not a stranger to the style of Botticelli, and in the figure of Joseph, with his coarse, gnarled hands, the drawing of one familiar with the male type found in Domenico Ghirlandajo's "Adoration of the Shepherds" in Florence.

The last member of the Florentine group is a "Baptism of Christ," originally in the Wynn Ellis collection, which exhibits certain distinctive features peculiar to the style of Bacchiacca as it is displayed in the "Descent from the Cross" in the Seminario Patriarcale in Venice. A landscape similar to that in the Vassar picture appears in the "Adoration of the Magi" in the Crespi Gallery, Milan, and in the "Preaching of John the Baptist" in Budapest. Both are by Bacchiacca.



Erminia and the Shepherds. By Mattia Preti.

The little panel showing Mary, the Child, and two diminutive saints is by Fiorenzo di Lorenzo of the Umbro-Florentine school. The artist has drawn the retreating hair above the temples of the infant Jesus just as he did on the Christ Child who is carried by Saint Christopher in the "Crucifixion with Saints Jerome and Christopher" in the Villa Borghese, Rome, and has placed Mary's right hand in almost the same position that it takes in the "Madonna and

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Child in a Garland," Perugia. The movement of the left hand is repeated in the "Marriage of Saint Catherine," also in Perugia, while the brocade, seen in the hanging of the Vassar picture, is introduced in the dress of the "Madonna of Mercy," Montone, and in the "Virgin and Child with Saints Christopher and Sebastian" of the Städel Institut, Frankfort-on-Main. The influence of Benozzo Gozzoli, by whom Fiorenzo was affected, shows itself in the winsomeness of Mary and the Child in the picture at Vassar.

A splendid example of the Umbrian school, as it is illustrated in the work of Perugino and his immediate followers, is the *tondo* showing the lovely Madonna and Child with the little Saint John. The picture is so strongly tinctured by the style of Perugino that perforce one must seek its author among the artists who were most indebted to that painter. The only possible reason which might be adduced for doubting the attribution of this panel to Giannicolo Manni would be the fact that the picture is not so saturated with Perugino's well-known affectations as are most of Manni's works.

Madonna and Child. By Fiorenzo di Lorenzo.

To the Sienese school belongs an exquisitely beautiful Madonna and Child with four small adorants painted in the style of Bartolo di Fredi, who, in this excellent work, still retains the gentle beauty which Duccio bequeathed to Sienese art.

Padua contributes to the collection a late fifteenth-century triptych representing three saints—Francis, Jerome (?), and Anthony. The gaunt, ascetic types, which later evolved into the austerely vigorous forms drawn by Mantegna, here still keep in touch with the older, mediæval tradition. The predominating color effect of the panel is that of a cool, low tone.

The last picture in this notable gift—a large canvas from the collection of Martin Colnaghi—represents Erminia's visit to the shepherds, as it is related in Tasso's "Gerusalemme Liberata." It is painted in the sombre blacks affected at times by the Spanish school and its Roman and south Italian followers. The name which naturally springs to one's lips in connection with this work is Ribera's, who, as we know, was fond of painting in this gloomy key. Even the brilliant chiaroscuro suggests this artist's hand, but with Ribera's passion lacking it is safer to attribute the picture to Mattia Preti.

In a discussion of the character of the foregoing one is apt, in searching for authorship, to lose sight of the more important but often forgotten fact that pictures, being things of beauty, ought to be appraised at their face value. An artist's name, after all, is only a label with which critics may conjure. Its absence should in no wise militate against one's appreciation of a picture, because the worth of the painting lies not in the label but in the pleasure the picture itself elicits.

From this point of view Mr. Pratt's fine gift is indeed a thing of beauty. From the contemplation of it one carries away an awakened sense of the dignity of splendid color created by the Italian schools of painting.

OLIVER S. TONKS.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found on page 24.

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# THE FINANCIAL SITUATION

## THE SURRENDER OF GERMANY

BY ALEXANDER DANA NOYES

MANY of us whose personal reminiscences do not run back as far as the Civil War have often wondered just what it must have meant to be alive on April 10, 1865, when the bells were being rung to celebrate Lee's surrender, when the newspapers were headed "Victory, Union, Peace," and when Northern citizens dropped business by common consent to assemble in the churches and public halls. Some of us have wished that we might have been present when all the houses in London were illuminated after the arrival on June 20, 1815, of the mud-spattered messenger who had ridden hard from Brussels to Ostend, crossed as the single passenger of a packet-ship, and hurried by relay of horses from Colchester to London.

**The News of Victory**

During the past four years, all of us have sometimes vaguely imagined whether, supposing we had the choice, we should choose to be at the Brandenburger Thor "when the Allied armies march down Unter den Linden," or on the Champs-Elysées when the French troops reach home by way of the Arc de Triomphe, or at the Grand Place in Brussels when King Albert and his Belgians re-enter the capital. The present war (as is always apt to be the case with such expectations) is approaching its end under somewhat different circumstances from those which had been pictured beforehand. Following an unexpectedly sudden turn of events, the King of the Belgians had been welcomed home by Ostend and Bruges in advance even of an armistice, and the parade through the streets of Berlin is not now one of the probabilities. It is, however, the very magnitude of the victory which is occasioning these changes from the more picturesquely dramatic incidents that marked the termination of other wars. Even the financial markets have been stirred more profoundly than they were in either 1865 or 1815.

THE attitude in which the Allied public on the one hand, and the Stock Exchanges on the other, received the first overtures of the German Government toward military and political surrender was in each case characteristic. Each threw light on the nature of a situation which was in some respects without a parallel in modern history. Public opinion—especially when Berlin first "accepted the programme set forth by the President of the United States," and when President Wilson asked in reply whether Germany meant that it "accepts the terms" and wishes "only to agree upon the practical details of their application"—was certainly governed by distrust of Germany's good faith.

With the evidence which soon accumulated that Germany was not only in earnest but desperately anxious for peace on any terms, the popular attitude of suspicion changed to one of astonishment. The President had demanded, as preliminary to any discussion of an armistice, that the Central Powers "immediately . . . withdraw their forces everywhere from invaded territory." Three days later the German Foreign Secretary, after replying that the President's general terms of peace were unqualifiedly accepted, declared that Germany was "ready to comply with the proposition of the President regarding evacuation."

**Conditions of the Armistice**

When to this Mr. Wilson rejoined



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that conditions of an armistice "must be left to the judgment and advice of the military advisers" of the Allies, that such armistice must "provide absolutely satisfactory safeguards and guarantees of the maintenance of the present military supremacy" of the Allied armies, and that no armistice would be considered "so long as the armed forces of Germany continue the illegal and inhumane practices which they persist in," the Berlin Foreign Office again answered meekly. Germany, it explained, had assumed that conditions "should be left to the judgment of the military advisers," the guarantees to be prescribed by them. Only, it hoped that the President "will approve of no demand which would be irreconcilable with the honor of the German people." As for violation of the rules of war, the German Government "protests against the reproach," but has given "the most strict instruction" and "has caused orders to be despatched" to stop them.

On top of all, the President had on October 23 declared, "without any attempt to soften what may seem to be harsh words, that the nations of the world do not and cannot trust the word of those who have hitherto been the masters of German policy." If it is with them that the United States is expected to deal, then "it must demand, not peace negotiations, but surrender." Here is laid down a condition almost unparalleled in history, certainly unprecedented in the case of a state whose armies were not crushed or whose territory invaded: the virtual deposition of the reigning sovereign. Yet from Berlin, four days later, comes the mild response that Germany's constitution is being reformed; that it is now "a People's Government" to which "the military powers are also subject," and that "the German Government now awaits proposals for an armistice." Apparently the one anxiety of that government was lest it might not be permitted to surrender at once.

THIS amazing correspondence—exchanged within the compass of three weeks, or hardly any longer time than was occupied in arranging the protocol of peace in our Spanish War—inevitably left the mind of the Allied peoples in bewilderment. Only three conceivable explanations could be imagined for such humble submission, such readiness to stomach conditions not hitherto prescribed except to a prostrate and ruined foe. Either Germany's military commanders must have reported that complete disaster was unavoidable unless a quick arrangement were made with the enemy; or else the government itself must be immediately confronted with revolution of the Russian sort; or else the fear of retaliation in kind, on Germany's towns and people by the enemy army, must have driven her rulers into desperation.

**Why Germany Had to Surrender**

Very possibly these alternative theories will remain a matter of historical controversy. Military critics, even on the Allied side, agreed pretty generally that the German army was not yet crushed and that a "greater Sedan" was not possible; though all of them predicted complete defeat next year when the full American reinforcement should be in line, and though one of the best-known English critics laid stress on the supposition that production of war material in Germany was breaking down. Political experts, while conceding the outside world's ignorance of real conditions within the German Empire, and while admitting that social collapse of any sort was possible in Austria, had insisted on the improbability of a Bolshevik Germany.

The suggestion that dread of the *lex talionis* was the underlying motive appealed on different grounds. It was at least not unreasonable to assume that the German people, trained as we now know them to have been in belief that what other nations called "atrocity" was the proper way of making war, were looking with consternation toward the hour when Foch's armies should cross the frontier. With such an education back of them, and with the panicky feelings arising from it emphasized by a guilty conscience, the people in Germany who applauded the crushing of Belgium and the ruin of northern France may have made their voice heard at Berlin.

(Continued on page 52, *following*)

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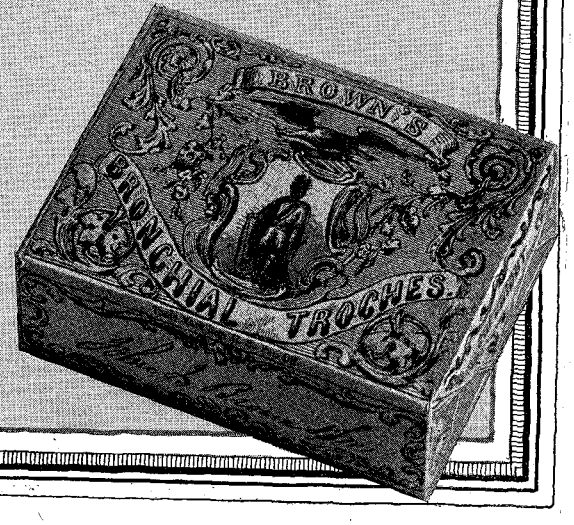


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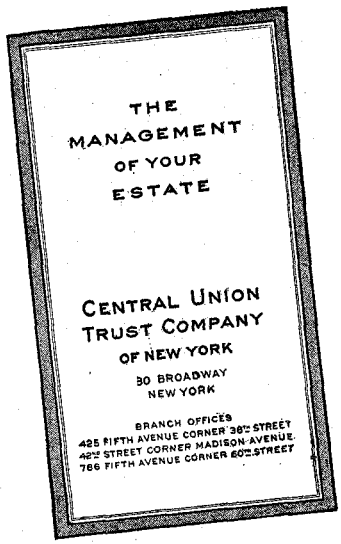
Financial Situation, continued from page 770

THE progress of events may settle this extraordinary question. But in the meantime, it is impossible to doubt that the world has just been witnessing a kind of downfall for a famous and arrogant military power, such as past history wholly fails to record. The Kaiser's share in the reckoning only adds one touch of color to the picture. The first Napoleon disappeared from European history in an atmosphere of dignity and tragedy. Our own South laid down its arms when resistance was no longer physically possible. The French people of 1871 fought with their back to the wall, long after both of their armies and nearly all of their war material had been captured. But Germany's surrender, offered as it was, and with its armies still on the enemy's territory, will stand by itself in military and political history.

**The Downfall of Kaiserism**

Whatever history's ultimate verdict may be on the episode, the present verdict of the outside world is in no doubt whatever. It is, that for a government which began the war without provocation, and which conducted it without regard for the laws of honor or common morality, to confront defeat only with an abject appeal for mercy, is quite in character. Such judgments are harsh; but the whole episode of the European war must be judged accordingly.

Financial Situation, continued on page 54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Financial Situation, continued from page 52

EXCEPT for its rather evident bearing on the plan for a League of Nations, it is not yet at all clear how the incidents of the surrender of Germany will affect the general European situation of the future. The immense political changes which are apparently ahead of us in Europe—a greater and independent Poland, a Turkey expelled to Asia, the Austrian Empire disintegrating with its Emperor's consent—have now fairly superseded in popular interest the long-discussed problem of the coming economic changes. I have already pointed out that the Stock Exchanges of October did not take the doubtful and sceptical view of the early German overtures which was prevalent in the community at large.

In the sweep of these tremendous events, the course of financial markets at once became a focus of interest—not because of the question of speculative gain or loss as a result of the European news, but for two far more important reasons. At any such juncture in the military, political, and economic fortunes of the belligerent states, it is the well-known double office of a Stock Exchange, first to pass judgment on the meaning of actual or impending events; second, to foreshadow the economic character of the aftermath of peace. In a historic climax of such supreme importance it seemed that even the restrictions placed on speculation by the governments, during this present war, would be swept aside.

**Response of the Stock Exchanges**

On the London and Paris markets this did not happen. It is true that the old British consols rose 3 or 4 points in the week or two following Bulgaria's surrender on September 29, some of the British war loans advancing 1 per cent. But the market for other securities moved very little, and at Paris the stock-market did not move at all. On the New York Stock Exchange the news of Bulgaria's capitulation and of Germany's first appeal for peace was greeted at first by extremely conflicting movements. During one full week, shares of companies holding extensive war contracts declined 3 to 9 per cent while, in the face of that decline, shares of equally important enterprises, not primarily concerned with producing war material, advanced 3 to 12 per cent. Here was an obvious effort, though undoubtedly on narrow lines, to discriminate as to after-effects.

But the discrimination did not last. Another week or two, with the multiplying signs of Germany's military collapse and political submission, and an excited rise was under way in prices for every kind of stocks; running to 5 and 10 per cent in both railway and industrial shares, with transactions of unusual magnitude. The bond-market followed suit; in the three weeks following Germany's note of October 6, advances of 2 to 8 per cent occurred in standard investment securities of that class; though it should be remarked that even after that recovery they still as a rule remained 10 per cent or thereabouts below the prices of July 30, 1914. As might have been expected, the short-term bonds which the French and English Governments had placed in our market during 1915 and 1916 rose rapidly. Compared with the period of the "German offensive" six months before, their prices at the end of October showed such gains as 7 per cent for the "Anglo-French 5's," 9 per cent for French Government 5½'s, and 17 per cent for City of Paris 6's.

Not least of all as a sign of financial sentiment, our own outstanding 4 and 4¼ per cent war bonds rose 2 per cent, in face of the immediately impending issue of another $6,000,000,000 loan, and continued throughout the extraordinary achievement of an oversubscription of this huge sum by $866,000,000. Indeed, the really impressive consideration in the New York market arose from the fact that this great advance occurred at a time when conservative banking and governmental influence was powerfully applied to prevent any Stock Exchange activity at all.

**Collapse of the Berlin Market**

HAD prices on the German stock exchanges been quoted daily in the cables, as they used to be and as French and English prices are quoted to-day, the reports would have been scanned by Wall Street with the closest interest. The German Government, however, has prohibited publication of such prices ever since 1914. It was known in a general way from the German newspapers that the Berlin stock-market had risen substantially in 1915 and 1916, had fallen for a time when the United States declared war in 1917, but had presently passed into another violent and prolonged advance. How far this last-named movement resulted from the inflated German currency, how far from the glowing hopes aroused by the "Ludendorff offensive," how far from the illusion, not abandoned even last summer in the speeches by statesmen of the Tirpitz school, that a huge war indemnity was still sure to be somehow extorted from the Entente Allies, it is impossible to say.

What we do know is that the whole stock-market was rising at Berlin when the German retreat was fully under way, and that, very shortly before the news from Palestine and Bulgaria, not only shares of "war-order companies" but shares of ocean steamship lines which had lost their foreign trade, their foreign docks, and their steamers interned in foreign ports, were selling in some cases at double the prices of July, 1914. It was on such a market that Bulgaria's surrender threw a white light of disillusion. The sequel on the market was described by the chief financial newspaper of Berlin as "a reminder of what happened at the outbreak of the war." Such sudden collapse in prices had been "seldom experienced in the whole history of the Berlin Stock Exchange." With speculative holders and actual investors anxiously trying to realize on their stocks, outside capital was absolutely with-

Financial Situation, continued on page 56



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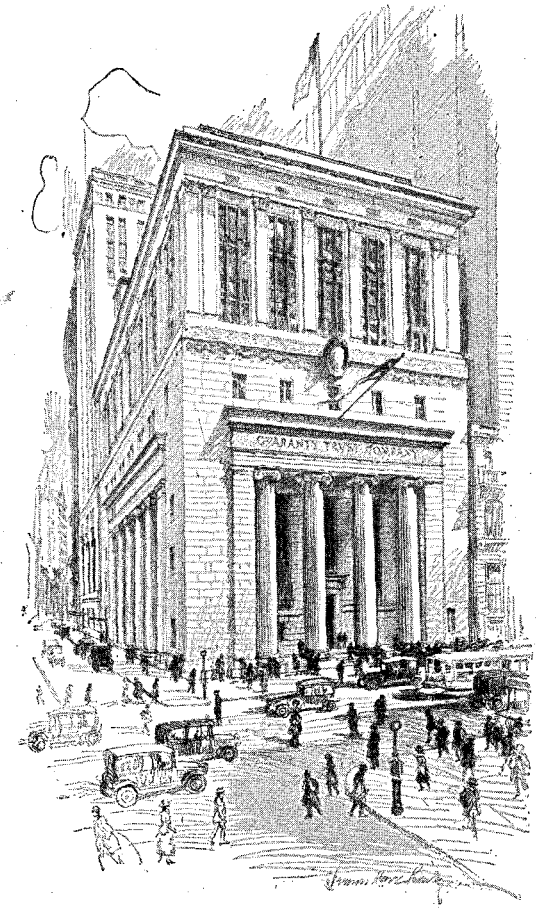

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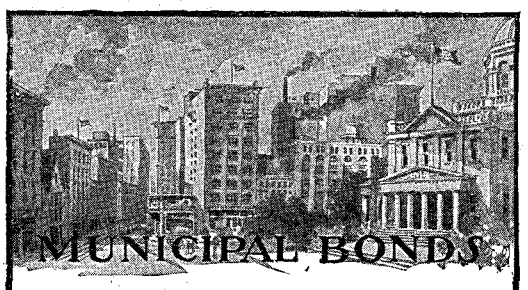


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36 years without loss to any investor


Financial Situation, continued from page 54

drawn from the market. On one day prices of numerous stocks fell 30 to 80 per cent.

In this contrasting action by the markets of the Allied countries and by those of Germany (whose course was followed closely at Vienna and Buda-Pesth) there was nothing unusual or surprising. Regarded purely as response to victory and response to defeat, it was in line with experience. But since these markets were bound in some degree at least to reflect not only popular sentiment over the war news but financial expectation of the future, it should be interesting to inquire what New York, or London, or Paris, or Berlin had reason to expect as the sequel to a surrender by Germany.

It is impossible to doubt that victory or defeat in a great war, taken quite by itself, has its influence, and at times a very powerful influence, on the future economic fortunes of a state. How great that influence will be depends on the circumstances of the case—on the character of the war, on the issues won or lost by it, on the nature of the peace which terminates it, on the political and economic changes brought about by the terms of peace. The part which was taken by the results of the Seven Years' War of a century and a half ago in launching England on her colonial career, and by the defeat of Napoleon in promoting her financial and industrial primacy, is familiar history. Exactly what social or political conditions will prevail after this war, in the world as a whole, is a matter of controversy. But, waiving the very remote possibility of a complete change of existing principles and institutions, there is no possible doubt as to which nation will be raised to the pinnacle of economic and political prestige by the circumstances under which the war will have been terminated.

**The United States after the War**

EVEN with the wide divergence of modern politics and finance from that of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, it is difficult to imagine that all the prestige acquired by the British Empire at those two historic junctures can match the similar prestige with which the United States will emerge from this war. The achievements of the American army at the hour when, as is now frankly admitted by European military critics, the fortunes of war hung at an even balance; the immense display of physical resource with which our country swept away in behalf of its Allies the embargo on shipping, the threatened famine, and the menace of financial collapse; the spectacle of a President of the United States laying down terms to the German Emperor and the Austrian Government with an authority which neither Metternich nor Bismarck was able to assert—all this necessarily foreshadowed something very remarkable in our country's international position after the war.

It is not strange, then, that even governmental restriction failed to hold back the American

Financial Situation, continued on page 58



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Mortgage No. A 1888. Samuel and W. Bert Horton. Amount $3,500. Security (our appraisal), $14,145.00. Interest 6%, payable semi-annually May 1 and November 1. Principal due Nov. 1, 1923.

Borrowers are father and son, owning $10,000 equipment of horses, cattle, pigs and implements, free of debt, and $25,000 equity in other farm land. They are thoroughly practical, successful farmers, who borrow to complete paying for the land.

The security is 320 acres of rich black loam soil, every acre tillable; 269 acres in cultivation, all fenced and cross-fenced, watered by well and windmill, only 3½ miles from railway town.

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**What other *safe* investment pays so high an interest rate?**

**Wells-Dickey mortgages mean money wisely loaned in the best grain-growing sections of this country and Canada.**

**Your money fights for Democracy on the farm by helping to raise food for the Allies.**

**Make an investment which is at once safe, profitable and patriotic.**

***Send for descriptive pamphlet "SN" today***

WELLS-DICKEY COMPANY
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stock-market from its expression of enthusiasm. England's position will be powerfully fortified by the outcome of the war into which she entered in defense of international faith and treaty rights, and in which the spontaneous action of her colonies gave convincing evidence of the British Empire's political soundness. France will not only have disposed of all doubts which existed five years ago over the question whether hers was a progressive or decadent people, but the outcome of the war will also have removed the overshadowing question whether France was not destined to be destroyed politically by a malicious neighbor. But the result in neither of these states can possibly measure up, from the viewpoint of the change in international position, to what has happened with America.

The effect of a great war on the future fortunes of defeated states is governed by the circumstances of the case, even more powerfully than is its effect on the victors. There are instances, such as Austria's overthrow by Frederick and Prussia's by Napoleon, in which a whole nation appeared to have been crushed. But Spain, for instance, was not actually hurt at all by her defeat of 1898. Her position may even be said to have improved by it, because she had long been pursuing a fallacious and costly policy both in Cuba and the Philippines, and because, in place of the exhausting drain to which her administration of both colonies had subjected her finances, she received $20,000,000 gold from the United States Government for her surrender of them. The Transvaal's economic condition after its defeat in 1902, when intelligent and progressive British administration of the colony replaced the archaic absolutism of Kruger, was stronger than ever before in its history.

Even in France after 1815 and 1871, the rapidity with which industry and finance recovered from the two great military débâcles is in many respects one of the most striking chapters of economic history. In January, 1876, five years after the imposition of the crushing $1,000,000,000 war indemnity by Prussia, a London reviewer of European finance wrote that "France still holds on to her large stock of treasure, refusing to resume the payment of specie." But in January of 1879, only three years later, the same reviewer wrote that "the French have made large investments in British Treasury bills," and the most reassuring belief expressed regarding London was that, "by a steady improvement in our trade, our debt to France will be discharged." That is to say, the lapse of less than a decade had converted France from a seemingly hopeless debtor nation to an international creditor.

WHAT, then, of Germany after 1918 or 1919? Even Germany cannot contend that her case is in all respects identical with that of France of 1871. No doubt the outstanding fact, of downfall of the military power previously dom-

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We offer Farm Mortgages netting 6%, in denominations of $100 and up. Let us tell you why our service is "different."

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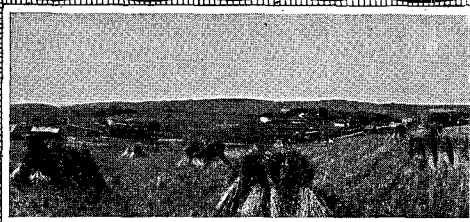

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inant in Europe, is common to both episodes. It may be alleged that, even if Germany loses Alsace-Lorraine to France in 1919, France lost the same province to Germany in 1871 and yet was capable of swift economic recovery. But there is something else to consider. France had no reckoning to meet except with her one victorious antagonist, and no one yet ventures to measure the reckoning which Germany has heaped up against herself with the entire civilized world.

**Germany after Her Defeat**

It is not my desire to judge the influence of this past conduct in the light of sentiments which the news of it inspired at the time in every generous heart. That Germany's manner of making war has rendered it difficult for the most humane individual, outside of Germany, to escape the feeling that a nation so notoriously criminal ought to be punished in kind, is proved by the recent wide-spread demand, even in America, that no appeal for peace be listened to until the Allied armies should have subjected Germany to some of the treatment which her armies visited on law-abiding Belgium. But what we are now considering is hard facts and practical probabilities, and those must be judged by experience and human nature.

IN the question as to Germany's tangible losses, as a direct consequence of the adventure of her war lords, there is some ground for judgment. As such things were measured then, the trade of France was of considerable magnitude before the Napoleonic wars, and highly flourishing on the eve of 1870. In both periods it was a trade which was readily resumed after those wars were over, and which other countries neither desired, nor were able, to dispense with.

Germany's commerce with the rest of the world amounted in 1913 to $5,350,000,000. To this her recent Allies, now in large measure economically ruined, contributed only $500,000,000. Her exchange of goods in that year with the South American states was $411,000,000; with China and Japan, $105,000,000; with the British colonies, $420,000,000; with Belgium, France, England, Italy, and the United States, $1,929,000,000—a total of $2,865,000,000, all at present non-existent trade, much of it lost to competitors during the four-year blockade of the Teutonic states, some at least of it absolutely irrecoverable, since other producing and exporting markets have learned to supply the needs of what used to be Germany's peculiar field.

**The Problem of Foreign Trade**

Foreign trade in the past has been to Germany a problem solved not only by production in quantity, but by establishment, subsidizing, and extension of her own mercantile marine. To-day the European shipping authorities estimate that, of the 5,134,720 tons of merchant vessels flying the German flag in 1914, all but 2,500,000 have been captured or sunk, a sixth of the remainder being still interned in neutral harbors. During the war, however, the German



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shipyards are known to have been building large new merchant steamers with an eye to the post-bellum future; one of the largest of them, so we are informed, having been christened by its owners, the Hamburg-America Company, with the highly ingratiating name of the *Tirpitz*. It is also true that the merchant marine of her antagonists has been greatly reduced by Germany's undersea boats.

But both England and the United States are now turning out new ships on a scale which Germany cannot possibly match. It is scarcely to be supposed that her government will be allowed to escape scot-free from the reckoning for its piratical achievements on the sea; indeed, that government, when forced a year or more ago into an awkward corner, voluntarily and officially committed itself to the principle of reparation for neutral vessels thus destroyed. The account which she would have to meet for her unlawful depredation on the merchant marine of Spain, Holland, Scandinavia, and Argentina would be a formidable offset to investments in her own shipyards.

Not only so, but the whole of the plant and property necessary to the business, and acquired by German shipping lines in the ports of her present enemies, has been seized and sold under the laws of war. The immensely valuable docks and office-buildings of the German lines in England, China, and the East, have passed into other hands, and with them the business of the German-owned banks, manufactories, and insurance companies. Reporting last summer to its shareholders, the North German Lloyd tried to speak hopefully regarding some aspects of its future; but the loss of the great river-front property at Hoboken could not be replaced. That loss, the report frankly confessed, was a "heavy blow" to the prospect for recovery of the American trade.

**Financial Consequences to Germany**

IN this as in other fields of international relations Germany now has to begin anew. So doing, she will be confronted with a peculiarly embarrassing financial situation of her own. The position even of the Entente states regarding taxes, public debt, and paper currency inflation, will be sufficiently trying after the war. But in two respects Germany's position is vastly worse.

The Entente belligerents long ago virtually "pooled" their enormous aggregate resources to prosecute the war. The strong have helped the weak, and, complicated though the resultant mutual obligations will inevitably be, it is equally certain that they will be worked out somewhat on the idealistic plan of a League of Nations. Germany stands in no such position. Her government has indeed been compelled to finance its allies on a very extensive scale; but the resultant situation is that German paper money is outstanding in huge amounts in Bulgaria and Turkey, while as an offset to such

Financial Situation, continued on page 62


# What It Means to Invest in a Forman Farm Mortgage

**Safety**— No investor ever lost a dollar invested in our farm mortgages.

**Profit**— Our current offerings yield 5½% to 6½%.

**Convenience**—Our service relieves the investor of every detail.

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Experienced and successful individual investors hold many hundred million dollars in farm mortgages.

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Individual and institutional investors should read our booklet "Investors Service Tested for 47 Years." Write for free copy.

MAXWELL INVESTMENT CO.

*Established 1871* Kansas City, Missouri

Financial Situation, continued from page 61

liabilities she will hold only the obligations of three governments which will have deserted her politically, and which are bankrupt in the sense that their debts will almost certainly be scaled or repudiated.

The second consideration adverse to Germany is the state of her own finances. The war-time paper money issues of the Reichsbank have not increased in actual amount as largely as those of the Bank of France, though the German ratio of increase, 650 per cent, compares with only 560 per cent in France, and is, moreover, complicated by the $2,600,000,000 currency issues of the "Loan Banks," an expedient not used at all in France. But when one comes to loans and taxes, Germany's 5-per-cent war loans of some $25,000,000,000 call for annual interest payment of $1,250,000,000. The empire's total revenue in the year before the war was not quite $900,000,000, and even that included $240,000,000 gross receipts from railway and telegraph systems, which were offset by a 90-per-cent expenditure for operation.

**War Debt of Germany and Her Enemies**

NOW, it is true that interest on the war debt of some of Germany's enemies exceeds their pre-war public revenue; even England stands in that position. But the immense increase of England's war taxation has brought her present budgeted revenue to $4,200,000,000 as against $990,000,000 in the last year of peace; an increase which would cover interest on her war debt nearly three times over. Even France has made similar though less abundant provision through new taxes. But Germany's latest budget of $1,800,000,000, including all railway and telegraph receipts, exceeds by less than $400,000,000 the annual interest on her war debt, and that sum is less than half what it cost her to run the government in peace-times. The well-known cause for this unhappy situation is the refusal of her government, during the early years of war, to impose war taxes at all.

The war indemnity on the enemy, so the finance ministers repeatedly assured the people, was to meet the cost of war. But the practical upshot is, that Germany is now paying part of the interest on her old war loans with the proceeds of new ones, and that after the war she will either have to borrow again for the same purpose, or else impose an immensely increased tax burden in the face of defeat, or else resort to direct issue of fiat money. What her government will have to pay for the illegal money exactions by her armies and their destruction or plunder of private property cannot be left cut of the reckoning. The government which forced on Russia an indemnity of $1,200,000,000 for damage done by the Russian armies to Germany, and which has already been collecting that indemnity in gold in $250,000,000 instalments, will hardly be able to plead avoidance in the suit of France and Belgium.



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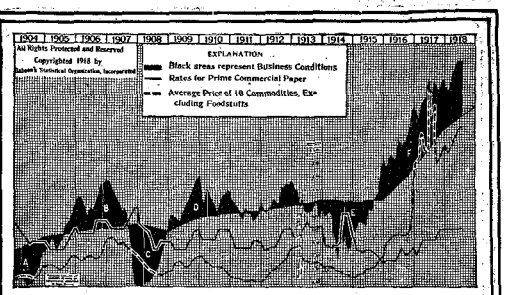
PRECISELY what would be the economic meaning of surrender by Germany of Alsace-Lorraine and of her overseas colonies, is a question involving other considerations. The French people's passionate longing for "recovery of the lost provinces" has been pre-eminently a matter of national sentiment. It would undoubtedly have been as strong if the provinces were only mountain country or grazing-land. But Germany's angry unwillingness to discuss restoration has had a recognized basis which is very different.

**If Alsace-Lorraine Is Lost**

When Alsace-Lorraine was torn from France in 1871, the district cut no paramount figure in industry. Even as lately as 1892, its production of iron was half a million tons below that of Prussia. But when this present war began, three-fourths of the German Empire's iron ore was produced in Alsace-Lorraine; the coal output of the province was one-fourth of the empire's total, and in manufacture of iron it surpassed any state of Germany. It is not easy to say just how the German iron and steel industry, the corner-stone of the empire's industrial achievement, would be affected by the loss of this rich province. Power to conduct a future war would at all events be curtailed. What we do know is that the German iron manufacturers' association urgently petitioned the government last December not to relinquish even the iron deposits of that part of the district which was not annexed in 1871, and which in 1917 was held by the German army.

Concerning Germany's colonies, not much more need be said to-day than that they represent a notoriously mismanaged estate, in behalf of whose future welfare, if the case were one of a private enterprise, the previous management would be at once and summarily removed. For this, as for many other factors bearing on the future, we must await the verdict of the peace conference. Perhaps we shall then be able to foresee more clearly what industrial and economic future is actually in store for Germany. Nowhere among thinking men does there exist a wish that the industrial usefulness of the German people shall be crushed, or that Germany shall become a huge political and economic derelict; but, on the other hand, nowhere is there any intention of allowing Germany to regain even industrial supremacy through the methods employed by her in the past. If, moreover, there arises a question as to whether the world's economic progress may not have lost something through the collapse of Germany, the other question will follow, as to what would have been the future of the civilized world if Germany had won the war.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He insists that the principal be adequately secured and that he receive a fixed and liberal interest with absolute regularity.

Our 6% farm mortgages meet these requirements in every particular.

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In years to come you will look back on prevailing security prices, and regret you had not the money to invest in such bargains.

By waiting until you save sufficient money to invest, the present opportunities will be lost.

Our booklet "*Partial Payments for Investment Securities*" explains how advantage may be taken of prevailing prices, even though you have but a limited amount of cash available.

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We have in course of preparation a booklet giving in convenient form a digest of the provisions of the new War Revenue Bill, including comparisons with the Act of 1917, Income Tax table, War Profits Tax example, and other interesting data and statistics.

This booklet will be ready for distribution within a few days after the bill has been signed by the President. As the edition will be limited, we suggest that those interested write at once for a complimentary copy.

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*Investment Securities*

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# THE STORY OF THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

*VI—The Committee on Business Conduct*

By William W. Craig

(This is the sixth of a series of short articles on the Stock Exchange appearing in the Investment Section of Scribner's Magazine.)

THE New York Stock Exchange undertook in 1912 to lay before the public many facts about itself and its business methods—facts which the authorities felt had become distorted through the numerous attacks on "Wall Street." At the same time the governors of the Exchange sought to eliminate every sort of business practice of its members and member firms which might lay the board open to criticism, the chief end in view being the protection of persons who bought and sold securities through the medium of Stock Exchange houses.

Not long after the campaign of education got under way the subject of manipulated prices for stocks came into active discussion, in political quarters largely, and the Exchange found it necessary to make a thorough study of the ways in which artificial movements of quotations might be stimulated by unscrupulous traders. Possible agencies for promoting undue price changes both on and off the Exchange were looked into and measures were taken to prevent such phenomena. Out of this inquiry grew the Committee on Business Conduct, consisting of five members of the Exchange, whose reputations for square dealing with their clients and fellow brokers had been established by many years of activity on the board.

The Committee on Business Conduct is unique among organizations having to do with confidential business matters. It quickly became the most powerful committee on the Exchange in respect to its authority over the rank and file of members, and while its original purpose was to shut off the first signs of manipulative tactics in the market, the committee soon found its work extending over numerous other details of affairs on the Exchange. When the government's stock transfer stamp tax was superimposed upon the New York State tax after the outbreak of the European war, it became the committee's duty to insure the full observance of the statutes. When in the enthusiasm of the war boom in stocks during 1915 and 1916 the advertisement of new flotations grew to large volume, the committee became the censor of such advertisements, seeking to curb publicity which was felt unbecoming to the dignity and position of the Exchange. The committee extended its supervision from dealings which contained a hint of manipulation to others in which the question was involved of a broker's proper responsibility to his client.

In brief, the task came upon the committee to see that all transactions in which Stock Exchange members were concerned lived up to the letter of the rules and also to the prescriptions of the law.

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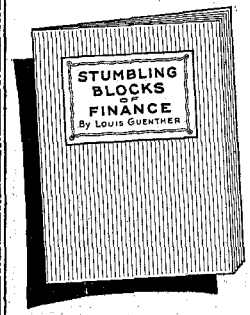


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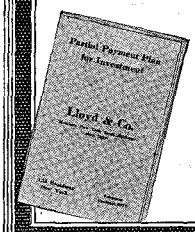


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Naturally, such an undertaking demanded close knowledge of what the members were doing. The relations between broker and customer had previously been held sacred, being open to no other member except, on occasion, when a customer felt moved to complain. The Committee on Business Conduct was empowered by the Board of Governors to sweep aside this custom where it had reason to believe conditions warranted such a step.

The committee received authority to examine the books and accounts of any member of the Exchange at any time and without giving any explanation. It could summon any broker and subject him to the most intimate questions about his business. If deviations from the established methods of conducting business were found, the committee could refer their findings to the governing committee, with recommendations for a trial and a penalty if members were found in error.

The powers settled upon the committee were decidedly broad, and might almost have been expected to promote distrust among the members of the use which the five men might make of the information they secured. There is no evidence, however, that such a feeling developed. Being a voluntary association, and self-governing, the members realized that supervision of the kind centered in the Business Conduct Committee added strength to the appeal they could make to the public. The committee has never been accused of taking advantage of what has been learned from scrutiny of the books of the members, and the exercise of tact and discretion in performing its work has promoted confidence in its work.

When the governors thought it essential, after the United States entered the European war, to put a check on deliberate efforts to depress stock prices, and ruled that member firms should deposit daily with the Business Conduct Committee a record of the customers for whom they had borrowed stock, the brokers did so without hesitation. The names were put into sealed envelopes, to be opened by the committee if market developments warranted an inquiry as to the active participants, and so far as is known few, if any, of the envelopes were ever examined.

From the point of view of the public the expansion of the Business Conduct Committee's functions was of considerable importance. An additional safeguard was supplied through the committee for investors in securities dealt in on the Stock Exchange. Responsible members of the board were frank to admit, prior to the educational campaign of 1912, that occasional derelictions on the part of members had occurred; they have emphasized statements since the committee was formed that questionable business practices have small chance of success.

It is safe to say that the brokers, as well as their customers, have reason to take satisfaction in the oversight of trading which the committee members exercise. They feel that through this guardianship of the business ethics of the Exchange the institution has gained an additional right to the confidence of the public.



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Vol. LXIV. No. 1 JULY 1918

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# The August SCRIBNER
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## Fiction Features

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KATHARINE HOLLAND BROWN
RALPH D. PAINE
ABBIE CARTER GOODLOE
MARY DOWLIN
GEORGE HIBBARD
LAWRENCE PERRY

## Phases of the World War

E. H. SOTHERN continues his account of his visit to the fighting front for "America's 'Over There' Theatre League." A remarkable record of a most interesting trip by the famous actor, who has just returned to the front.

"SHELL-SHOCK," the new terror of this war, described and explained *by M. Allen Starr, M.D., LL.D., Sc.D.*, Emeritus Professor of Neurology, Columbia University.

"WOMEN IN WAR FINANCE," *by Mary Synon*, since the beginning of the war Treasurer National Woman's Liberty Loan Committee. This is the first complete statement of the great work which women have accomplished through this organization.

MAJOR LAUCHLAN MacLEAN WATT, of the Black Watch, makes another vigorous appeal and interpretation of what this war really means to thinking people.

"THE FAITH OF THE MAN IN THE RANKS," *by Lieutenant Harold Hersey*, Personnel Officer, Fort Hancock, New Jersey. A statement by one who knows of the spiritual evolution effected by the war.

Another stirring war poem, "THE BABY AND THE BABY," *by Mary R. S. Andrews*, with illustrations by Maud Tousey Fangel.

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OTHER FEATURES:

A Color Frontispiece, *by Hoffbauer*, of the French Army, "A Wet Day in the Somme, 1917."
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THE FIELD OF ART, "The Heinz Collection of Ivories," *by Myra Sawhill*. Illustrated.
THE POINT OF VIEW.
THE FINANCIAL SITUATION, *by Alexander Dana Noyes*.

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# The September Scribner

## The World War

RAYMOND RECOULY (*Captain X*) finds himself in ALGERIA, aide to the Governor-General, and is sent on "A War Mission in the Sahara." He describes this romantic adventure with many pictures, some from aeroplanes.

LEROY BALDRIDGE, an American artist with the French army, has made numerous sketches of "The Smallest Poilus of All"—the ***Dogs of War,*** which are often decorated and mentioned in despatches.

"WOMEN IN WAR FINANCE," *by Mary Synon,* since the beginning of the war Treasurer National Woman's Liberty Loan Committee. This is the first complete statement of the great work which women have accomplished through this organization.

The *French Ministry of Marine* has given special facilities to *Robert W. Neeser* to examine the records and write on "FRANCE'S NAVAL AIR SERVICE IN THE WAR." The remarkable illustrations are from the French Government.

MAJOR DONALD GUTHRIE, a brother of the Solicitor-General of Canada, who has been a censor and a chaplain for several years with the army at the front, writes of "Songs in Flanders," showing how singing has become a vital part of the life of the soldier.

"FIGHTING UNDER THE GROUND," the Unseen Warfare, is described by an engineer officer, *Captain H. D. Trounce,* who took an active part in it.

MAJOR-GENERAL WILLIAM H. CARTER, who has long advocated the idea, describes "The American General Staff" and how it works at the present day. It is the great agency for efficiency in the War Department.

A group of WAR POEMS by Grace Ellery Channing, Joyce Kilmer and others.

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OTHER FEATURES:

A Color Frontispiece, *by Claude-Oscar Monet,* "Lady in a Garden."
Dean Arthur Hobson Quinn, of the Pennsylvania University, has a satiric essay on "*College and Business Efficiency,*" showing that the college can give big business points.
The delightful vagabond serial, "*A Runaway Woman,*" by Louis Dodge.
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THE FIELD OF ART, "French Etchers of the Modern School," *by William A. Bradley.*
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# The October Scribner

## The World War

WILLIAM BEEBE, the distinguished ornithologist, is also a "birdman" of the other kind; he is a flyer and photographic observer and has recently returned from the battle-line in France and Flanders. He writes of "Battle Photography," with eight marvellous photographs taken from the air.

OSCAR S. STRAUS, the eminent diplomat and statesman, writes a stirring appeal for a broad international view of our obligations, and shows its relation to the Liberty Loan.

ALICE McKAY KELLY, widely known for her educational work in the Philippines, writes of "Italy and the American Red Cross"—how the two countries have been brought closely together by the great work of mercy.

GEORGE McLEAN HARPER, who was an orderly in a Paris hospital and wrote about it for the Magazine, has had an opportunity to see the returned American wounded at a Base Hospital in the United States, and describes the workings of a huge government hospital, once a hotel.

CAPTAIN J. R. CORNELIUS, C. E. F., now stationed at Princeton, describes how "landscape targets" are used to teach men musketry indoors. The pictures were painted by Howard Russell Butler, vice-president of the National Academy.

THE RULE OF THE RED GUARD, *by Miss Meriel Buchanan*, daughter of Sir George Buchanan, British Ambassador to Russia, 1910–1918.

BATTLE PICTURES, *by F. C. Yohn*—a series of striking full pages, revealing, as no photographs can, actual conditions in modern warfare at dramatic moments—"*British Cavalry Cutting Out a German Gun in a French Village*," "*Red Cross Nurses Carrying a Wounded Man from a Bombed Hospital*," "*Allied Airplanes Flying Low and Harassing German Line*," "*United States Troops Driving the Huns from a French Village*," "*American Gunners in Gas-Masks Serving a Gun*."

---

OTHER FEATURES:

HENRY VAN DYKE, whose outdoor stories show his familiarity with the French-Canadian, in a series of brief sketches of Quebec makes a powerful plea to these people for loyalty.

JOHN JAY CHAPMAN, the essayist, contributes a striking poem, "Autumn."

UNITED STATES RAILWAYS, CONSOLIDATED, is by *Francis Lynde*, who was for more than twenty years a railroad man before he became a novelist. What the public sees in government control is pictured.

The vagabond serial, "A Runaway Woman," *by Louis Dodge*, is dramatically concluded.

MRS. WELLES has another *naval story*, "A Day's Work"; J. B. CONNOLLY, a *sea story of Hiker and Wally*, "Bill Green"; "Mushrooms" is the *story of a soldier by* WILLIAM ADDLEMAN GANOE; "The She-Quitter," *by* EDWIN C. DICKINSON, is a *curious love story*.

THE FIELD OF ART describes the "Hudson River School" of American painters.

THE POINT OF VIEW.

THE FINANCIAL SITUATION, *by Alexander Dana Noyes*.

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# The November Scribner

## The World War

"THE TRAGEDY OF THE CAUCASUS," *by Thomas Dann Heald*, for more than a year working with the American Committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief. This is one of the obscure but very important growths of the Russian revolution. The author is familiar with the whole situation, and he outlines what the Allies ought to do.

"BUILDING FOR VICTORY," *by Colonel W. A. Starrett, U. S. N. A.* Colonel Starrett writes a vivid account of how a fifty-million-dollar powder plant was built in record time and shows the kind of organization that has made possible building projects that before the war were unheard of.

"THE REGULATION OF FOOD PRICES," *by John Lambert Payne*, Controller of Statistics, Canada. This article was suggested by Mr. Harger's "Three-Dollar Wheat" article in a recent number of the Magazine. Mr. Payne elaborates the conditions which control the food output.

"UP THERE" is made up of extracts from the letters and diaries of the late *Lieutenant Robert D. Garwood*, of the Royal Flying Corps, recently killed by accident in Texas. Lieutenant Garwood wrote the wonderful account of "Victims of a Submarine" in January, 1918.

LIEUTENANT HAROLD HERSEY, U. S. A., who has made a study of the personnel in the army, contributes "*The Soldier's Idea of 'The Folks Back Home.'*"

"HOW OUR MARINES FOUGHT IN THE TRENCHES," *by Lieutenant Newton Jenkins*, recently returned to this country to be instructor in one of the camps. This is a first-hand account of the "Devil Hounds" in action. Every American will be proud of them.

"THE SIBERIAN POLITICAL CHAOS," *by Johan W. Prins, A.M., LL.B.*, a Y. M. C. A. man who has just returned from his work among the Czecho-Slovaks and Bolsheviki. The writer gives a description of his many months in Siberia, his visits to many prison camps, explains how the present political chaos came about, and the aims of the different groups which are now fighting for supremacy in this biggest of all countries.

LEAVES FROM THE SKETCH-BOOK OF A CANADIAN GUNNER. A series of War Pictures *by Thurston Topham*, Canadian artist and late gunner of the 1st Canadian Siege Battery, made during the battle of the Somme. Some of the ten:

> "*Villa of Fricourt and 'Happy Valley' After the Bombardment and Capture by the British*," "*Ambulance, Under German Shell Fire, Passing through a 'Street' in Mametz*," "*Search-Lights Guarding Dover Harbor at Night*," "*Shells Bursting at Night Close to a Trench Near Montaban*," "*Unloading Shells from a Lorry at Night on the Albert Braye Roadside*," "'*Over the Top*,'" "*An Impression of a Charge at Night.*"

### OTHER FEATURES:

SENATOR HENRY CABOT LODGE, Republican leader of the U. S. Senate, has turned aside from his arduous work to write a charming literary paper entitled "*Familiar Quotations.*"

CORINNE ROOSEVELT ROBINSON contributes a poetic appeal and appreciation "*To Italy.*"

MARY R. S. ANDREWS, whose war poems have gone all over the country, contributes "*The Boy in France.*"

THE SHORT STORIES ARE: "THE BLOOD-RED ONE," *by Maxwell Struthers Burt;* "LOADED DICE," *by Mary Synon;* "BETWEEN THE TREATY PORTS," another naval story *by Harriet Welles;* and others.

THE FIELD OF ART describes "The Children's Art Centre, Boston."
THE POINT OF VIEW.
THE FINANCIAL SITUATION, *by Alexander Dana Noyes.*

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, 597 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

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# The Christmas Scribner

THE NUMBER WHICH EXPRESSES BOTH WAR AND PEACE

## SHORT STORIES *by*

HENRY VAN DYKE: The story of three college men in a French dug-out.

ARMISTEAD C. GORDON: The story of a negro who was drafted, with inimitable pictures *by A. B. Frost.*

JOHN GALSWORTHY: A story of an unusual Englishwoman.

HARRIET WELLES: Another story of the navy.

W. J. HOPKINS: The love-story of a returned soldier.

## *A Group of* WAR POEMS *by*

G. E. WOODBERRY, KERMIT ROOSEVELT
HELEN GREY CONE, and others.

CAPTAIN X has visited the Americans at the battle-front for Scribner's Magazine and vividly describes the whole "Second Battle of the Marne."

EMMANUEL BOURCIER, author of "Under the German Shells," describes the joyful reception of *American troops in a French village.*

PROFESSOR GRAHAM LUSK, of the International Food Commission, gives a clear explanation of "Science and the World's Food."

"WHAT ARE THE PROSPECTS OF A REVOLUTION IN GERMANY?" A remarkable article *by Lieut. Henri de Man,* of the Belgian Army, who understands the various Socialist groups in Germany and interprets the situation from intimate knowledge.

"RURAL AMERICA IN WAR-TIME." Described *by Theodore Dreiser.*

"SISTER TO A MILLION MEN." A scene in an American hospital in France, described *by Roy Durstine.*

DRAWINGS MADE BY PRISONERS IN SIBERIA, with a description *by Johan W. Prins,* recently returned from that country.

MAJOR L. MACLEAN WATT, of the Black Watch, pictures the "Procession of the Brave" across the Atlantic as he saw it recently from a transport.

THE FIELD OF ART. The Pratt Gift to Vassar College.

THE POINT OF VIEW.

THE FINANCIAL SITUATION, *by Alexander Dana Noyes,* who presents, every month, up-to-the-minute information.

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# The January Scribner

## UNUSUAL ARTICLES

"ACTING WITH MARY ANDERSON," *by E. H. Sothern.* After thirty years of retirement Mary Anderson has been playing *Macbeth* with E. H. Sothern before American soldiers in Great Britain. She wore a street costume and Mr. Sothern a Y. M. C. A. uniform.

"THE AMERICANS" as seen *by Madame Waddington.* She has talked with our soldiers in France and has seen the parades in which they appeared. Madame Poincaré said to her, watching our troops go by: "This is your day of glory, Madame Waddington."

"OUR PACIFIC DEMOCRACY," *by Professor Sloane.* A sympathetic interpretation of the people of the Pacific slope by an Eastern man who carefully observed their enthusiastic war activities.

"WOMAN AND WAR WORK," *by Doctor W. Gilman Thompson.* This is an authoritative article about the effect of heavy war work on women in the munition factories.

"BUILDING CHARACTER IN THE ARMY," *by Allen D. Albert.* This is a sequel to the efforts instituted by Raymond B. Fosdick and described in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for April, 1918. This effort has shown marvellous results.

"FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS." A delightful literary paper *by Senator Lodge.*

"FIGHTING WITH THE MARINES"—BY ONE WHO WAS THERE—*Lieutenant Newton Jenkins.*

THE SECRETARY OF THE EMBASSY AT ROME, *Norval Richardson,* describes "Commuting from Frascati to Rome."

## STRIKING FICTION

EDITH WHARTON contributes a story about an American missionary in Morocco.

HENRY VAN DYKE has a story of refugees from Belgium.

HARRIET WELLES has a tale of our island in the Pacific, "Guam and Effie."

OTHER STORIES *by* WOLCOTT LE CLÉAR BEARD and KATHARINE BAKER.

BATTLE PICTURES *by* F. C. YOHN.

FOUR ETCHINGS *by* HERBERT PULLINGER depicting the inside of the Bethlehem Steel Works.

POEMS OF WAR AND PEACE—THE FIELD OF ART—THE POINT OF VIEW—THE FINANCIAL SITUATION.

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